THE

European Magazine,

For DECEMBER, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of COLONEL WATSON, late Chief Engineer at Bengal. 2. A View of the MUSJID at JIONPOOR, designed by Mr. HODGES. And 3. A Second Plate of FAC SIMILES of EMINENT PERSONS in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.]

CONTAINING

Page

Account of the Musjid at Jionpoor — 439
A Narrative of Facts relative to the late Dispute at Trinity College, Cambridge ib.
Original Letter of Charles II. to the Earl of Sandwich — 442
Account of the Persons whose Signatures are inserted in the abovementioned Plate ib.
Power of Corrupt Society and False Shame over the natural Feelings of Virtue: exemplified in the Story of Father Nicholas — 445
On the Shortness of Life. By M. L'Abbe Pasquet — 451
On Good Kings. By M. Mercier 452
The London Review, with Anecdotes of Authors.
Gulielmi Bellendeni Magistri Supplicum Libellorum Augusti Regis Magnæ Britanniæ, &c. De Statu Libri Tres
A Free Translation of the Preface to Bellendenus; containing Animated Strictures on the great Political Characters of the present Time
Remarks on the New Edition of Bellendenus; with some Observations on the extraordinary Preface — 453
Whitaker's Mary Queen of Scots vindicated [concluded] — 457
Dr. John Jebb's Theological, Medical, Political, and Miscellaneous Works 460
Sketch of Commotions and Disorders in the Austrian Netherlands. By Dennis O'Flaherty, Esq. Emended into English by the Editor — 462
A Panegyric on Frederick III. King of Prussia. Translated from the French by Henry Charles Christian Newman, B. A. — — 464
Hoole's Edward: or, the Curate. A Poem ib
E. Knipe's Six Narrative Poems — 465
Edward and Sophia. A Novel. By a Lady 466
The Platonic Guardian; or, the History of an Orphan. By a Lady — ib.
Adventures of Jonathan Corncob, Loyal American Refugee — ib.
The Sympathy of Souls. By Mr. Wieland ib.
More last Words of Dr. Johnson, &c. &c. ib.
Account of the late John Astley, Esq. 467
Extracts from a Tour in Catalonia. By Arthur Young, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

Page

[concluded] — 469
The Album: or, Ministerial Amusements. No. I. II. III. and IV. — 472
Gough's Observations on the Female Dress of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries — 478
Letters of the late Mr. Sterne [continued] 481
Journal of the Proceedings of the Fifth Session of the Sixteenth Parliament of Great-Britain: including Lords Debates on King's Speech—Lords Address, with his Majesty's Answer — Substance of Mr. Hastings's Defence delivered to the Lords — 485
—Commons Debates on the Speech, with his Majesty's Answer—Estimates of, and Conversation on, the Expence of the late Armaments——List of Commons' Committee for managing Mr. Hastings' Impeachment — Commons' Replication to Mr. Hastings' Defence —Debates on Army Estimates—— Charges exhibited by Sir G. Elliott against Sir E Impey — 488
Anecdote of rigid Justice in an Irish Magistrate of Galway — 496
Sketch of the Life and Character of the late Colonel Henry Watson — 497
Theatrical Journal: including Occasional Address, spoken by Mr. Palmer, on the Benefit Night for the Marine Society—Prologue and Epilogue to the New Peerage—Prologue and Epilogue to Julia—Prologue to All on a Summer's Day—Occasional Address spoken at the Royalty Theatre on Mr. Sedgwick's first Appearance——Farewell Address of Mr. C. Lee Lewes—— Prologue and Epilogue to Matilda, spoken by Mr. Fector at his private Theatre at Dover — 499
Poetry: including Ode to the Cape of Good Hope—The Rose——To John Fonblanque, Esq. on the Death of a much-lov'd Parent, &c. &c. — 506
Foreign Intelligence 509
Monthly Chronicle, Preferments, Marriages, Monthly Obituary, Barometer and Thermometer, Prices of Stocks and Grain, &c. &c.

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Manchester Prologue* in our next.

C.—Manlius—R. P.—Martinus Scriblerus—An Admirer of Dr. Price—Scotus—C. D.—Veteran, and ſome others, are received.

We have received a letter from Mr. *Davies*, in which we are informed, that the "Select Dramatic Pieces" mentioned in the table of contents to our laſt, as written by him, were the production of another gentleman. We are ſorry for the miſtake, which had been diſcovered before the receipt of his letter.

Marriages and Deaths from anonymous Correſpondents are never admitted.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Dec. 17, to Dec 22, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	11	3	5	2	11	2	2	3	1
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middleſex	5	8	0	0	2	11	2	5	3	1
Surry	5	8	3	0	2	10	2	3	4	4
Hertford	5	3	0	0	2	10	2	1	3	6
Bedford	5	0	3	2	2	7	1	11	2	11
Cambridge	4	11	3	2	2	7	1	9	3	2
Huntingdon	4	11	0	0	2	5	1	9	2	7
Northampton	5	2	2	10	2	6	1	9	2	9
Rutland	5	1	0	0	2	10	2	1	2	9
Leiceſter	5	2	3	6	2	9	2	1	3	10
Nottingham	5	5	3	5	2	11	2	3	3	3
Derby	6	0	0	0	3	1	2	4	4	2
Stafford	5	6	0	0	2	11	2	5	4	9
Salop	5	8	3	10	2	11	2	0	5	2
Hereford	5	4	0	0	3	1	2	0	2	8
Worceſter	5	4	0	0	2	11	2	0	3	4
Warwick	5	1	0	0	2	9	1	11	3	7
Glouceſter	5	4	0	0	2	8	1	10	3	9
Wilts	5	4	0	0	2	7	2	0	4	3
Berks	5	6	0	0	2	8	2	1	3	0
Oxford	5	1	0	0	2	7	2	2	3	7
Bucks	5	3	0	0	2	9	2	0	3	0

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Eſſex	5	4	0	0	2	9	1	11	2	10
Suffolk	4	11	3	1	2	7	2	0	2	9
Norfolk	4	9	3	0	2	5	2	0	0	0
Lincoln	5	1	2	11	2	6	1	11	3	2
York	5	7	3	7	2	11	2	0	4	3
Durham	5	2	3	6	2	10	1	11	4	0
Northumberl.	4	9	3	5	2	7	1	10	4	5
Cumberland	5	9	3	4	2	10	1	11	4	10
Weſtmorld.	5	10	4	2	3	0	1	11	0	0
Lancaſhire	5	11	3	9	3	1	2	2	4	2
Cheſhire	5	9	3	8	3	1	2	3	0	0
Monmouth	6	0	0	0	3	0	1	10	0	0
Somerſet	5	7	2	10	2	9	1	11	3	1
Devon	5	6	0	0	2	8	1	7	0	0
Cornwall	5	5	0	0	2	9	1	5	0	0
Dorſet	5	7	2	8	2	7	1	11	3	10
Hants	5	3	0	0	2	7	2	0	3	7
Suſſex	5	2	0	0	2	9	2	1	3	9
Kent	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

WALES, Dec. 10, to Dec. 15, 1787.

North Wales	5	8	4	3	3	1	1	9	4	8
South Wales	5	2	3	7	2	8	1	5	4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

NOVEMBER.

Barometer.		Thermom.	Wind.
26—30 — 28	——	36 —	E. S. E.
27—30 — 30	——	32 —	E.
28—30 — 31	——	31 —	E.
29—30 — 47	——	31 —	E.
30—30 — 37	——	29 —	E.

DECEMBER.

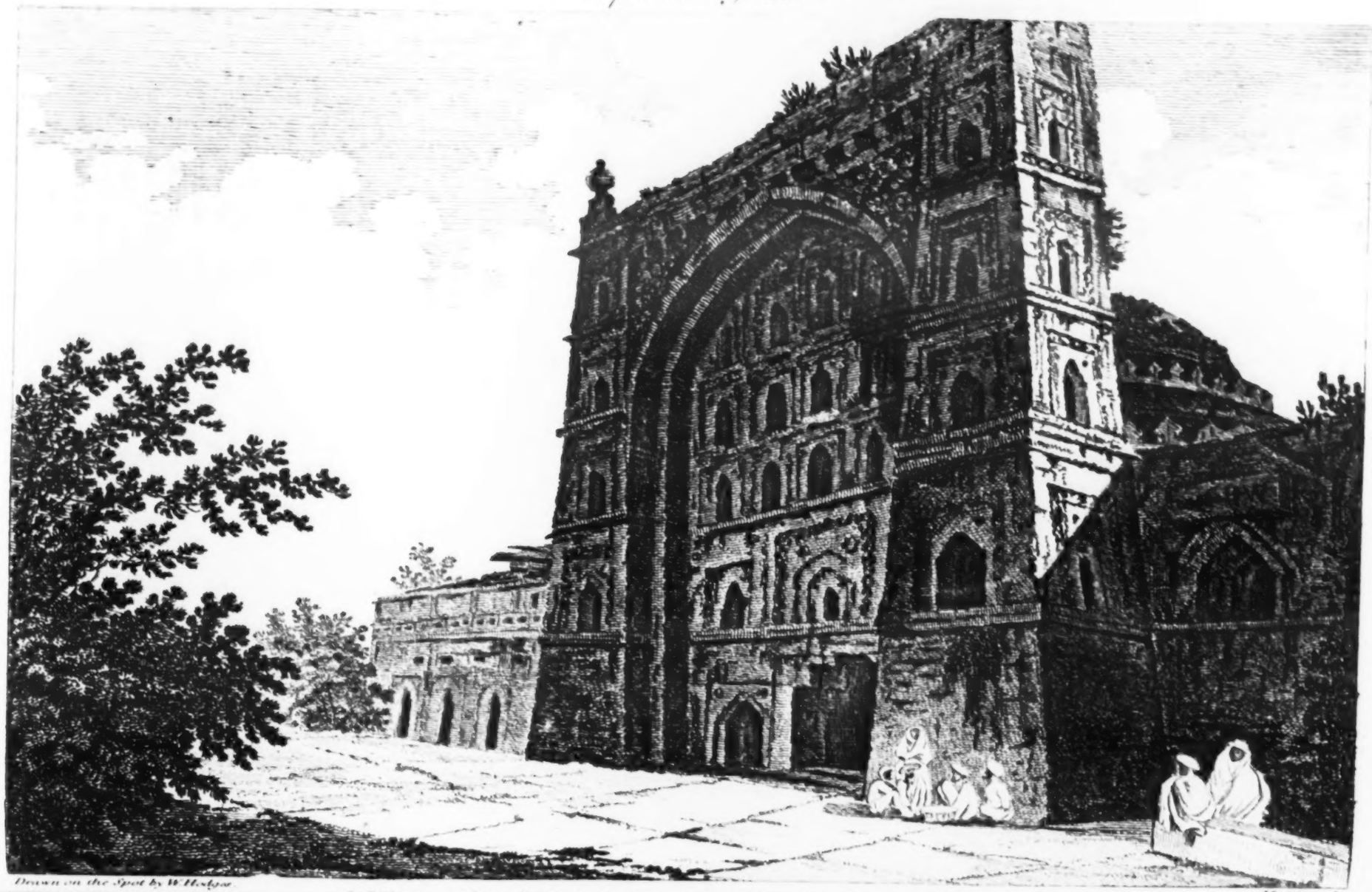
1—30 — 14	——	39 —	W. S W.
2—29 — 70	——	39 —	W. S W.
3—29 — 64	——	41 —	S. W.
4—29 — 60	——	39 —	W.
5—29 — 55	——	46 —	S. W.
6—29 — 50	——	41 —	N.
7—29 — 93	——	39 —	S. S. W.
8—29 — 92	——	46 —	S. S. W.
9—29 — 72	——	55 —	W. S. W.
10—29 — 87	——	48 —	S. S. W.
11—29 — 76	——	50 —	S. W.
12—29 — 46	——	53 —	S.
13—29 — 76	——	44 —	N.
14—29 — 43	——	51 —	S.
15—29 — 44	——	47 —	N. W.
16—29 — 44	——	47 —	W.
17—29 — 30	——	48 —	S. W.
18—29 — 28	——	49 —	S.
19—29 — 45	——	47 —	W.
20—29 — 36	——	47 —	W.
21—29 — 74	——	40 —	N.
22—29 — 53	——	32 —	N. E.
23—29 — 53	——	30 —	N. E.
24—29 — 30	——	31 —	N. E.
25—29 — 26	——	32 —	N. E.
26—29 — 52	——	31 —	W.
27—30 — 09	——	35 —	N. W.
28—30 — 44	——	33 —	W.

PRICES of STOCKS,

Dec. 29, 1787.

Bank Stock, ——
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 95 ⅛
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, ſhut
3 per Cent. red. 76 a 75 ⅝ a 76
3 per Cent Conſ. ſhut 77 ¼ for the op.
3 per Cent. 1726, ſhut
3 per Cent. 1751, ſhut
3 per Ct. Ind. An. ——
South Sea Stock, ſhut
Old S. S. Ann. ——
New S. S. Ann. ſhut
India Stock, ſhut ——
India Bonds, 77s.
New Navy and Vict. Bills, 2 ⅛ p. ct. dif.
Long Ann. 22 3-8ths a 7-16ths
30 yrs. Ann. 1778, ——
Exchequer Bills, 22s. prem.
Lottery Tick. 16l. 13s.

European Magazine



Drawn on the Spot by W. Hodges.

Morris sculp.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW, For DECEMBER, 1787.

ACCOUNT OF THE MUSJID* AT JIONPOOR.

(WITH A VIEW OF IT.)

THIS Musjid was built by CHAJA JEHAN, the Vizier of SULTAN MAHUMMOOD SHAH, and who, during the minority of his ſon, Sultan MAMMOOD SHAH, and the troubles that enſued, aſſumed the name of SULTAN SHIRKI, (or King of the Eaſt) took poſſeſſion of BAHAR, and fixed his reſidence at JIONPOOR.—This building was erected in 796 or 7 of the Higeira, and 1393 or 4 of the Chriſtian æra.

This rebellion does not appear to have ſucceeded beyond the perſon of CHAJA JEHAN, no Dynaſty having been formed from it; for in the year 1393 TAMERLANE entered HINDOSTAN, and ſwept empires from before him:—Sultan MAMMOOD SHAH fled from before the arms of the Conqueror, and remained exiled until the retreat of TAMERLANE, when he returned to DEHLI, and, after a reign of twenty years that was diſaſtrous, interrupted, and inglorious, he died.

The above View is copied by permiſſion from the admirable collection of Mr. Hodges, which requires only to be ſeen to enſure the approbation of every perſon of taſte or judgment.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A NARRATIVE of FACTS relative to the late DISPUTE at TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

(*Concluded from Page 471.*)

AFTER the redelivery of the Memorial the Fellows who ſigned it received a notice to be in College on the 6th day of December, when the Memorial would be taken into conſideration.

They accordingly all attended except Mr. Matthew Wilſon, who was prevented by indiſpoſition, and on the 8th they were ſent for before a meeting of the Maſter, Mr. Meredith the Vice-maſter, Mr. Backhouſe, Mr. Peck, Mr. Higges, Mr. Poſtlethwaite, Mr. Collier, Mr. John Wilſon the Burſar, and Mr. Hodſon, the eight ſenior reſident members, when each of the Memorialiſts having acknowledged his ſignature, and declined withdrawing it, they were informed that the Maſter and Seniors had come to certain reſolutions which were read in the words following.

Dec. 8th, 1786. After mature conſideration of the following Memorial, addreſſed to the Maſter and Seniors, and ſubſcribed by ſeveral Fellows of the College, [here the Memorial is inſerted verbatim] in which Memorial (as appears above) complaint is made, "that in ſeveral late inſtances of elections of Fellows, ſome of the electors have never given the candidates any examination, and that inſtances have even occurred where a Senior has come into College after the expiration

* MUSJID, the place of worſhip among the MOHAMMEDANS, and frequently their tombs.

piration of the time appointed by the Statutes for the examination in ſeveral branches of learning, and has even given a vote at the election to the excluſion of one who would otherwiſe have been an elector, and who had actually examined the candidates for that purpoſe:"

It is agreed by the Maſter and Seniors, that it be recommended to all the electors to examine perſonally the ſeveral candidates; but that it does not appear to them that they have, or that it was intended by the Statutes they ſhould have, the power to exclude any one of the Seniors who may be preſent at the time of election, and willing to take the oath preſcribed by the Statutes, which oath hath been regularly taken by all the electors at the time of election of Fellows, Scholars, and Officers, and which to the beſt of their knowledge hath not been violated in any inſtance whatever.

It is agreed further, that it is uncandid, illiberal, and indecent, to ſuppoſe that any elector who may not (from indiſpoſition or other accident) have perſonally examined the candidates, has not diligently informed himſelf from one or more electors who have examined, ſo as fully to ſatisfy his own conſcience as to the reſpective merits of the ſeveral candidates in literature.

Agreed alſo, that it appears that the perſon avowed by the Subſcribers to be pointed at in the latter part of the above Memorial, was in College part of the third, and on the whole fourth day appointed for examination of the candidates, although he was accidentally detained and prevented from being preſent ſo ſoon as he intended.

It is alſo agreed, that after the Maſter had diſapproved of the mode of proceeding as haſty and violent, and had expreſſed his apprehenſions that it might produce animoſity and diſtraction in the Society; after he had offered to ſpeak privately to the perſon alluded to, and if his interpoſition was ineffectual, had expreſſed a readineſs to take the ſenſe of the Seniors on the neceſſity of any future regulation; the Subſcribers, after a week's deliberation or more, did redeliver the ſaid Memorial in the very form and words wherein it had been firſt preſented; and that in ſo doing they appear, to the judgment of the Board, not to have had in view only the redreſs of the abuſe complained of, but a deſign to inſult one or more of the members, if not the whole Board of Seniority.

Agreed alſo, by the Maſter and Seniors, that the terms in which the Subſcribers deſcribe the abuſe complained of, "as in its conſequences diſhonourable to the Society, ſubverſive of the firſt principles of its foundation, and highly detrimental to the public," appear to the Board to be indecent and unjuſt, tending to excite the moſt alarming ſuſpicions, and cauſe diſſentions within the ſociety, while they bring diſgrace and infamy upon it from without.

Agreed alſo, that the conduct of the Subſcribers to the Memorial, concluding with the above cited expreſſion, is directly contrary to the third Statute, which requires even from a Senior to a Junior Fellow, that in a caſe of actual delinquency, "*Illum amice commoneſciat hortetur que, et quæ peccatum ſit ab eo per imprudentiam mature corrigat.*" Contrary alſo to the 20th Statute, which requires, "*Ut inferiores omnes erga ſuperiores ſubmiſſe ſe, et reverenter gerant, diſcipuli erga baccalaureos, baccalaurei erga magiſtros artium, illi erga baccalaureos Theologiæ et doctores, et omnes tum erga magiſtrum tanquam ſummum moderatorem tum erga octo ſeniores tanquam patres et primarios viros.*" Contrary alſo to another clauſe in the ſame Statute—*Statuimus porro mandamus, et hortamur, ut magiſter, ſocii, diſcipuli, et cæteri in collegio vitam degentes, concordiam unitatem pacem et mutuam inter ipſos charitatem pro viribus alant foveant et obſervent. Scurrilitatem, obſcœna verba, ſcommata, juſjurandum, probra, ſcandala, verbo vel facto, omnino vitent.*" Contrary alſo to the 40th Statute, which directs, that if the Maſter is found to be "*In ſuo officio obeundo admodum negligens, per vicemagiſtrum et reliquos ſeptem ſeniores aut per majorem partem eorum quorum conſcientiam quantum poſſumus in hac re onerapus ſicut domino Jeſu rationem reddituri ſint omni lenitate et modeſtiâ admoneatur, qui ſi hoc modo admonitus non ſe emendaverit, ſecundo ſimiliter admoneatur.*"

It is agreed, that for this offence, which the Maſter and Seniors wiſh may rather be imputed to imprudence and inconſiderateneſs, than to any ſtudied deſign to injure; the Subſcribers to the Memorial, viz. the Reverend George Waddington, John Baynes, the Rev. Thomas Cautley, the Rev. Miles Popple, the Rev. Thomas Jones, the Rev. Harry Porter, the Rev. Kingſman Baſkett, John Hailſtone, the Rev. Matthew Murſitt, ſhall together

and

and ſeverally receive *the firſt* admonition, to behave themſelves for the future with more moderation, decency, and reſpect to the Maſter and Seniors.

Agreed alſo, that the Rev. Matthew Wilſon be not included in this ſentence, if upon his return to College, he aſk leave to withdraw his name from the Memorial; but that if he refuſe ſo to do, that then he alſo be included in the above admonition.

JOHN PETERBOROUGH, M. C.

When the Maſter came to read that part of the Reſolutions which firſt appeared to have a tendency to cenſure the Memorialiſts, Mr. Waddington endeavoured to addreſs him to requeſt a copy of the charge againſt him, and to allow the reſt an opportunity of being heard in their defence; but he was inſtantly ſtopped, and told with great heat *, that it was an inſolent and impertinent interruption; and the admonition being ended, Mr. Baynes, who had been reprimanded for taking notes during the tranſaction, complained of the injuſtice of puniſhing him without previouſly letting him know what he was charged with, and hearing him in his defence: to which the Maſter replied, that it was unneceſſary to hear them in their defence, as the Board of Seniority had proceeded on nothing which did not appear on the face of the Memorial itſelf. Mr. Baynes however, not ſatisfied with this anſwer, requeſted leave to read and take a copy of the Reſolutions, which were refuſed, as not being cuſtomary. The Memorialiſts were then diſmiſſed, after being told the Reſolution ſhould not be entered in the Concluſion Book, if they would ſign a paper humbly begging pardon for having behaved irreverently to the Maſters and Seniors in preſenting a Memorial expreſſed in improper terms.

A few days afterwards Mr. Popple † waited upon the Maſter, and applied to him again for a copy of the cenſure; when his Lordſhip ſaid, that he wiſhed it to be underſtood that he never would grant a copy of it, though the whole Seniority ſhould conſent to it, without an injunction of the King's Bench; and on Mr. Popple's complaining that the Memorialiſts had been called up to receive ſentence before they knew that any crime was laid to their charge, he was told that it was the intention of the Board to keep them in the dark.

To a cenſure, as they conceived, ſo unmerited, Mr. Popple and Mr. Baynes were determined not to ſubmit, and accordingly preſented a petition to the Lord Chancellor, as Viſitor of the College, ſtating the ſeveral circumſtances of the caſe, and praying that the cenſure might be declared illegal and void, and that the ſame might be expunged from the Concluſion Book; that the Statutes, Charters, and Concluſion Book, might be produced at the hearing of the Petition; and that in the mean time the Petitioners might be at liberty to inſpect and take copies of the ſame; which laſt was immediately ordered, and Mr. Baynes went

* This is the account in the affidavit of Mr. Baynes, Mr. Popple, and Mr. Hailſtone. The Maſter, however, it ſhould be obſerved, in his affidavit ſwears, that throughout the whole of this tranſaction, either in any private interview with either of the Subſcribers, or at the Board of Seniority, he did not uſe any expreſſion, to the beſt of his recollection or belief, which could be conſtrued into warmth or provocation, unleſs the following expreſſion could be ſo conſtrued. In anſwer to the Rev. George Waddington, who on the queſtion being propoſed, whether he was induced by any threat to ſign the Memorial, or did he ſign it willingly and of his own accord? he, Mr. Waddington, replied, the queſtion was an inſult to him. To which he believed he might ſay—You, Sir, who are ſo tender in your own feelings, ought to have had more regard to the feelings of others. And in another inſtance, when complaint was made by one of the Seniors, that Mr. Baynes was a ſecond time taking notes contrary to the orders of the Board, he ſaid to him—If you perſiſt to take notes, do it at your peril.

† The Maſter in his affidavit ſays, that with reſpect to this application, he underſtood Mr. Popple's viſit to have been made in conſequence of an offer which had been made him to take charge of the education of the Maſter's ſon. On this occaſion ſome converſation might paſs concerning the refuſal of a copy of the ſentence, yet he did not recollect any direct requiſition of ſuch copy being made. He did, however, recollect ſome converſation to have paſſed, and that he expreſſed a concern at having found Mr. Popple's name in the liſt of Subſcribers. He alſo admits that he made uſe of the following expreſſions: That from the conduct of the Subſcribers it ſeemed that the Junior Fellows thought the government of the College would be better in their hands than in the hands of the Seniors; but as the Statutes had appointed otherwiſe, he meant to uſe his endeavour to keep the authority where he found it.

to Cambridge, and was allowed acceſs to them.

The hearing of the Petition came on the 30th October 1787; and the reſult of it being already given at p. 430 of our laſt Magazine, is unneceſſary to be repeated.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AN Admirer of your valuable Work never having ſeen the following original Letter in print—would eſteem the inſertion—and for ſuch indulgence may tranſmit other ſimilar curioſities. I am, &c.

JOHN FRANKLIN WILLIAMS.

(COPY) SLOANE M. S. S. No. 1519.

Whitehall, 9 June, 1665.

My Lord Sandwich,

THOUGH you have already done me very eminent Services, yett the great part you have had in this happy Victory which it hath pleaſed God to ſend us, adds very much to the former obligations I have to you. I ſend this bearer, my Lord Hawley, on purpoſe to let you know more particularly my ſenſe of it, and will ſay no more myſelf till I ſee you, that I may take you in my Arms, and give you other teſtimonies how truly I am

Your affectionate Friend,

CHARLES R.

To the Earl of Sandwich.

ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERAL PERSONS WHOSE SIGNATURES ARE INSERTED IN THE ANNEXED PLATES.

(1.) SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, ſecretary of ſtate. He was born in Kent, and educated in King's College, Cambridge, and then travelled abroad for his improvement in the knowledge of languages and men, as he afterwards did in the reign of queen Mary on account of religion. He was employed by her ſucceſſor in ſeveral embaſſies, particularly to the Court of France twice, and once to Scotland and the Low Countries. The offices of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaſter, and of the order of the garter, which he held together with that of ſecretary, did not prevent him from dying in very neceſſitous circumſtances in April 1590, with the reputation of having carried on the public ſervice at the expence of his fortune.

(2.) John Whitgift, archbiſhop of Canterbury; born at Grimſby in Lincolnſhire, educated at Cambridge; in 1577, advanced to the ſee of Worceſter, and from thence, in 1584, to that of Canterbury. He died of a palſy, February 29, 1603, at Lambeth, aged 70 years.

(3.) Thomas Egerton, lord high chancellor, was the natural ſon of Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley, Cheſhire, by Alice, daughter of Mr. Sparke, of Bickerton in that county. He was born in 1539; entered of Brazen-noſe College in Oxford, about 1556, and then removed to Lincoln's Inn. On 18th June, 1581, he was appointed ſolicitor general, and on June 2, 1592, attorney general. On 10th June 1594, he was made maſter of the rolls, which office he held with that of lord keeper until the firſt year of king James the firſt. He was advanced to the degree of baron Elleſmere in Shropſhire, on 21ſt July 1603, and on the 24th of that month conſtituted lord high chancellor of England. In 1610 he was created viſcount Brackley in Northamptonſhire, and died at York-houſe in the Strand, on 15th of March 1616-17, having on the 3d of the ſame month reſigned the great ſeal.

(4.) Thomas Sackville, lord Buckhurſt; born at Buckhurſt in Suſſex; educated both at Oxford and Cambridge; after which he became a ſtudent of the Inner-Temple, where he wrote the tragedy of Gorboduc. He was ſeveral years a member of the houſe of commons, and on the 8th of June 1567, was knighted, and advanced to the dignity of baron Buckhurſt. He was employed as ambaſſador both to France and the Low Countries, and on the death of lord Burleigh, became lord high treaſurer of England. At the acceſſion of king James I. he was continued as lord high treaſurer, and died ſuddenly at the council-table, Whitehall, April 19, 1608. He was interred in Weſtminſter Abbey.

(5.) William Cecil, lord Burleigh; born at Bourn in Lincolnſhire, Sept. 13, 1520; ſecretary of ſtate to queen Elizabeth. He died Auguſt 4, 1598.

(6.) Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln, knight

knight of the garter, appointed lord high admiral for life in the 4th year of Edward VI. He died January 1584-5, and was ſucceeded in his office by Charles lord Howard of Effingham.

(7.) Thomas Ratcliffe, earl of Suſſex, of a very ancient and noble family, honoured through many deſcents by the title of viſcount Fitzwalter. He had been employed in Ireland, where he had performed ſignal ſervices to queen Elizabeth at her firſt coming to the Crown, till ſhe recalled him to court, and conferred on him the office of lord chamberlain, in which he died 1583.

(8.) Robert Dudley, earl of Leiceſter, maſter of the horſe to queen Elizabeth, was ſecond ſon of John earl of Warwick, afterwards duke of Northumberland. He had been made maſter of the buck hounds for life, in the 4th year of Edward VI. and the year following ſworn one of the ſix gentlemen of the king's privy chamber. When queen Mary recovered the crown from lady Jane Grey his ſiſter-in-law, he was committed to the Tower, and attainted with his father, but releaſed in October 1554, and made maſter of the ordnance at the ſiege of St. Quintin's in 1557. Soon after the acceſſion of queen Elizabeth to the throne, he was raiſed to the great office of maſter of the horſe, and two years after elected knight of the garter, and appointed conſtable of Windſor Caſtle, and in September 1564, created earl of Leiceſter. The year following he was made chancellor of the univerſity of Oxford, as he had been before high ſteward of that of Cambridge; and in 1566 was honoured by Charles IX. of France with the order of St. Michael. The extraordinary ſhare of her majeſty's favour which he enjoyed from the beginning of her reign till his death in September 1588, at which time he was poſſeſſed of the ſeveral poſts of lord ſteward of the houſehold, general of the army, and earl marſhal of England, was leſs owing to the qualities of his mind, than to the advantages of his perſon and addreſs; for he was the moſt obnoxious in his private character of all who were employed by her, and ſuſpected on good grounds of the moſt ſhocking crimes, which he affected to conceal under high pretenſions to piety.

(9.) Sir Francis Knollys, whoſe ſiſter married to ſecretary Walſingham. He was born at Rotherfield Gray, near Henley in Oxfordſhire, and educated in Magdalen College, Oxford. His firſt entrance at court was in the place of gentleman penſioner to Henry VIII. in the latter end of his reign. Under king Edward VI. he diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much by his zeal for the reformation, that he thought proper to retire into Germany when queen Mary ſucceeded to the crown; but upon her death he immediately returned to England, where he was ſworn of the privy council to queen Elizabeth, who afterwards made him her vice chamberlain, treaſurer of her chamber, and at laſt, treaſurer of her houſehold, and knight of the garter.

(10.) Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, knight, lord Hatton, and high chancellor of England. He was of an ancient rather than a conſiderable family, at Holdenby in Northamptonſhire, and educated in St. Mary Hall, Oxford. He removed thence to the Inner Temple, where he had not continued long before he diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much in a viſit at court, by the graces of his perſon and his activity, that her majeſty appointed him one of her gentlemen penſioners, then of her privy chamber, captain of the band of penſioners, afterwards vice chamberlain, and of her privy council, and at laſt lord chancellor, in 1587. In that great poſt he ſupplied his own defects by the aſſiſtance of the ableſt men of the profeſſion, and his integrity in the adminiſtration of it was unſuſpected. His death, which happened in 1591, was haſtened by an unexpected demand of money from the queen, urged in ſo ſevere a manner, that all the kindneſs ſhe afterwards ſhewed to him was inſufficient to remove the impreſſion it had made.

(11.) Dr. Thomas Wilſon, a civilian; and native of Lincolnſhire; educated at Cambridge with Sir Francis Waiſingham, and was afterwards tutor to Henry and Charles Brandon, ſucceſſively dukes of Suffolk. He travelled abroad during the reign of Mary, in the laſt year of which he was impriſoned at Rome by the Inquiſition, on account of two books which he had publiſhed in England, upon the arts of rhetoric and logic, but eſcaped death upon a fire happening in the priſon, the people of Rome forcing the doors of it open, and letting out the priſoners. The acceſſion of queen Elizabeth to the throne occaſioned his return to his own country, where he was appointed one of the maſters of requeſts, and maſter of the hoſpital of St. Catherine, near the Tower of London, and was ſent ambaſſador to the Low Countries in 1576, and the year following, ſecretary of ſtate. In 1579-80 he was made dean of Durham, which dignity, with the poſt of ſecretary, he enjoyed until his death in 1581.

(12.) Sir John Popham, ſecond ſon of Edward

Edward Popham, esq. educated at Baliol College, Oxford; afterwards studied the law in the Middle Temple, and became successively, serjeant at law, sollicitor general, attorney general, and chief justice of the king's bench. He died 10th June, 1607.

(13.) Robert Cecil, youngest son of lord Burleigh, and the first earl of Salisbury. He was born June 1, 1563; knighted June 1591; sworn of the privy-council in August; and in 1596, appointed secretary of state. In 1599 he was made master of the court of wards, and in the same year went to France, to negotiate a peace between that country and Spain. On the accession of king James he was created lord Cecil, and viscount Cranborn, and in 1605 earl of Salisbury. In 1608 he was constituted lord high treasurer, in which post he died May 24, 1612.

(14.) Roger North, afterwards the second lord North, was ambassador extraordinary from queen Elizabeth to Charles IX. king of France. He was constituted treasurer of the household 1597, and died Dec. 1600.

(15.) Sir William Knollys, treasurer of the household to queen Elizabeth. He was appointed by king James master of the wards, and a knight of the garter, and by king Charles I. earl of Banbury.

(16.) Sir John Fortescue, appointed chancellor, and under treasurer of the exchequer, 1590. He died 23d Dec. 1607, being then chancellor of the dutchy of Lancaster, master of the great wardrobe, and a privy councillor.

(17.) Charles Howard, earl of Nottingham; born 1536; appointed lord high admiral of England, 1585, and earl of Nottingham, 1597. In 1599 he had the title of lord lieutenant general of all England, an office unknown to succeeding times, conferred on him, and during six weeks exercised almost regal authority.—He held several considerable offices under James I. and died 14th Dec. 1624, aged 87.

(18.) George lord Hunsdon, appointed lord chamberlain 1597.

EPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.

DR. BEAUCLERK, the late Bishop of Hereford, having preached but *one* sermon during his being a Bishop, reminds me (says a Correspondent) of a similar fact, attended with much more curious circumstances of a Bishop of Cork.

Dr. WILLIAM LYONS, who was preferred to the Bishoprick of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was originally a captain of a ship, who had distinguished himself so gallantly in several actions with the Spaniards, that on being introduced to the Queen, she told him he should have the *first vacancy that offered*.

The honest Captain, who understood the Queen *literally*, soon after hearing of a vacancy in the See of Cork, immediately set out for Court, and claimed the Royal promise.—The Queen, astonished at the request, for a time remonstrated against the impropriety of it, and what she could never think of as an office suitable for him. It was, however, in vain; he said, the Royal word was passed, and he relied on it. Her Majesty then said, she would take a few days to consider of it, when, examining into his character, and finding him a sober, moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, she sent for Lyons, and gave him the bishoprick, saying at the same time, "she hoped he would take as good care of the church as he had done of the state.

Lyons immediately set out for his bishoprick, which he enjoyed for above twenty years with great reputation to himself, but never attempted to preach but once, and that was on the death of the Queen. On that melancholy occasion he thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his Royal mistress, and accordingly mounted the pulpit in Christ Church, in the city of Cork, when, after giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the Queen, he concluded in the following warm but whimsical manner:

"Let those who feel this loss deplore with me on this melancholy occasion; but if there be any that hear me who have secretly wished for this event (as perhaps there may) they have now got their wish, and the D—l do them good with it."

The writer of this article gives it on *good traditional authority*.—The Bishop's name and the date of his appointment (1583) are on record in the Consistorial Court of Cork; and his picture in his Captain's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, is still to be seen in the Bishop's Palace at Cork.

POWER

The POWER of CORRUPT SOCIETY and FALSE SHAME over the NATURAL FEELINGS of VIRTUE: Exemplified in the STORY of FATHER NICHOLAS.

[From "The LOUNGER," lately publiſhed.]

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de ſon crime. CREBILLON.

THE effects of moral inſtruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by ſome grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indiſputable proof of their unimportance. Among thoſe, ſay they, on whom Moral Eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ableſt and moſt perſuaſive guides, how few are there whoſe future conduct has anſwered to the inſtruction they received, or the maxims which were ſo often repeated to them. Natural diſpoſition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the ſermon that perſuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who liſtens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the diſcourſe or the ſtory are uſeleſs and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and thoſe which conſtantly aſſail will prevail over others which ſeldom occur. Paſſion therefore will ſometimes be obeyed when reaſon is forgot, and corrupt ſociety will at length overcome the beſt early impreſſions. But the effects of that reaſon, or of thoſe impreſſions, we are not always in condition to eſtimate fairly. The examples of their failure are eaſily known, and certain of being obſerved; the inſtances of ſuch as have been preſerved from ſurrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and ſtrike us leſs when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner ſo ungracious as neither to command their attention, nor conciliate their liking. He who ſays I am to inſtruct and to warn, with a face of inſtruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tireſome, or fear as unpleaſant. A more willing and a deeper impreſſion will be made when the obſervation ariſes without being prompted, when the underſtanding is addreſſed through the feelings. It was this which ſtruck me ſo forcibly in the STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS. I never felt ſo ſtrongly the evils of diſſipation, nor ever was ſo aſhamed of the ſhame of being virtuous.

It was at a ſmall town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumſtances had induced me to take up my reſidence for a few weeks. They had ſome pictures which ſtrangers uſed to viſit. I went with a party whoſe purpoſe was to look at them: mine in ſuch places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the ſhifting ſcene which prompts obſervation, we ſee in ſuch ſecluded ſocieties a ſort of ſtill life, which nouriſhes thought, which gives ſubject for meditation. I confeſs however I have often been diſappointed; I have ſeen a group of faces under their cowls, on which ſpeculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Moſt of thoſe in the convent I now viſited were of that kind: one however was of a very ſuperior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a diſtance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark *Rembrandt* ſhade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impoſſible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his croſs. The ſimilarity of the attitude, and the quiet reſignation of the two countenances, formed a reſemblance that could not but ſtrike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whiſpered our conductor, "who is of all the brotherhood the moſt rigid to himſelf, and the kindeſt to other men. To the diſtreſſed, to the ſick, and to the dying, he is always ready to adminiſter aſſiſtance and conſolation. No body ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an intereſt, or requeſt good offices which he refuſed to grant: yet the auſterity and mortifications of his own life

life are beyond the ſtricteſt rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one ſuppoſes him to feel any touch of humanity." The ſubject ſeemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthuſiaſtic; it ſunk into my heart, and I could not reſt till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not uſual," ſaid he, "my ſon, for people at your age to ſolicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why ſhould you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and chearfulneſs ſpring up around you; why ſhould you ſeek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleaſures, I am not inſenſible to the charities of life. I feel your kindneſs, and wiſh for an opportunity to requite it."—He perceived my turn for letters, and ſhewed me ſome curious MSS. and ſome ſcarce books, which belonged to their convent: theſe were not the communications I ſought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the ſtory of his ſorrows, the cauſe of his auſterities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a ſmall picture, which I took to be that of the Bleſſed Virgin. I ſtood behind him, uncertain whether I ſhould wait the cloſe of his devotional exerciſe, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his ſtifled groans. A mixture of compaſſion and of curioſity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: He laid hold of the picture, which he kiſſed twice, preſſ d it to his boſom; and then gazing on it earneſtly burſt into tears. After a few moments, he claſped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering ſome words which I could not hear, drew a deep ſigh, which ſeemed to cloſe the account of his ſorrows for the time, and riſing from his knees, diſcovered me. I was aſhamed of my ſituation, and ſtammered out ſome apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.—— "Alas! (ſaid he), be not deceived; theſe are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorſe. Perhaps, young man, it may ſtead thee to be told the ſtory of my ſufferings and of my ſins: ingenuous as thy nature ſeems, it may be expoſed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of falſe honour, and miſtaken ſhame."

MY name is St. HUBERT; my family ancient and reſpectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I loſt my father before I knew the misfortune of loſing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the eſtimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having paſſed with applauſe through the ordinary ſtudies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother ſent me to Paris, along with the ſon of a neighbouring family, who, though of leſs honourable deſcent, was much richer than ours. Young *Delaferre* (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army: me, from particular circumſtances which promiſed ſucceſs in that line, my mother and her friends had deſtined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchaſe of a charge for me when I ſhould be qualified for it. Delaferre had a ſovereign contempt for any profeſſion but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inſpiring me with the ſame ſentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had ſerved, the inſolent ſuperiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my baſhfulneſs. From nature I had that extreme ſenſibil ty of ſhame, which could not ſtand againſt the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his ſuperior effrontery; and the beſt-eſtabliſhed principles of my mind would ſometimes yield to the impudence of aſſuming ſophiſtry, or of unbluſhing vice. To the profeſſion which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and ſober manners were naturally attached; having once ſet down that profeſſion as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally diſhonourable. I was aſhamed of virtues to which I was

naturally

naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and deſpiſed. Delaſerre enjoyed my apoſtacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At ſchool he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of diſtinction to which he had aſpired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his ſuperior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of ſuperior dignity and ſhow; the cockade in his hat inſpired a confidence which my ſituation did not allow; and, bold as he was in diſſipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had firſt trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindneſs ſupplied me with the means of thoſe pleaſures which my companions induced me to ſhare, if pleaſures they might be called, which I often partook with uneaſineſs, and reflected on with remorſe. Sometimes, though but too ſeldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other ſide; I was ſelf-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by ſtealth; while the time and money which I had ſo employed, I boaſted to my companions of having ſpent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the reſtraints of conſcience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaſerre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his deſire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's houſe in Picardy, where he was to ſpend a day or two in his way. "I will introduce you," ſaid he in a tone of pleaſantry, "becauſe you will be a favourite; my couſin *Santonges* is as ſober and preciſe as you were when I firſt found you." The good man whom he thus characteriſed poſſeſſed indeed all thoſe virtues of which the ridicule of Delaſerre had ſometimes made me aſhamed, but which it had never made me entirely ceaſe to revere. In his family I regained the ſtation which, in our diſſipated ſociety at Paris, I had loſt. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural diſpoſition to goodneſs; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more intereſting aſſiſtant to it. After my experience of the few of her ſex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaſerre, however, found them inſipid and tireſome. He left his kinſman's the third morning after his arrival, promiſing, as ſoon as his regiment ſhould be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. "Except in Paris, ſaid he, we exiſt merely, but do not live." I found it very different. I lived but in the preſence of Emilia de Santonges. But why ſhould I recall thoſe days of pureſt felicity, or think of what my Emilia was? for not long after ſhe was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that aſſiduity which was due to his friendſhip, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the ſkill of his phyſicians, were fruitleſs. He died, and left his daughter to my friendſhip. It was then that I firſt dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to aſk, if ſhe thought me worthy of comforting her ſorrows? Emilia was too innocent for diſguiſe, too honeſt for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues (for I then was virtuous), to reward at the ſame time and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happineſs; and I may ſay without vanity, ſince it is now my ſhame, that the ſince wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deſerve the bleſſings he enjoyed.

In this ſtate of peaceful felicity we had lived ſomething more than a year, when my Emilia found herſelf with child. On that occaſion my anxiety was ſuch as a huſband who doats upon his wife may be ſuppoſed to feel. In conſequence of that anxiety, I propoſed our removing for ſome weeks to Paris, where ſhe might have abler aſſiſtance than our province could afford in thoſe moments of danger which ſhe ſoon expected. To this ſhe objected with earneſtneſs, from a variety of motives; but moſt of my neighbours applauded my reſolution; and one, who was the nephew of a Farmer-General, and had purchaſed the eſtate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was ſuch, that no body who could afford to go to Paris would think of truſting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and abſolutely determined for the journey. To induce my

wife's conſent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at laſt conſented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For ſome time I ſcarcely ever left our Hotel: It was the ſame at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of thoſe ſcenes, tender and intereſting as they were, ſpread a ſort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual ſociety, by which the company of any third perſon could ſcarcely be brooked. My wife had ſome of thoſe ſad preſages which women of her ſenſibility often feel in the condition ſhe was then in. All my attention and ſolicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I ſhall not live," ſhe would ſay, "to reviſit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: In thoſe woods in which we have ſo often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have liſtened together, and felt in ſilence what language, at leaſt what mine, my Love, could not ſpeak."—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderneſs of the images that ruſhed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choaked his utterance. After a ſhort ſpace he began, with a voice faultering and weak:

—Pardon the emotion that ſtopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of ſo gentle a kind; the images her ſpeech recalled ſoftened my feelings into ſorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confeſſion of my remorſe.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at laſt diſſipated by her ſafe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderneſs we gazed with inexpreſſible delight. Emilia ſuckled the infant herſelf, as well from the idea of duty and of pleaſure in rending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurſe to be truſted. We propoſed returning to the country as ſoon as the re-eſtabliſhment of her ſtrength would permit: mean time, during her hours of reſt, I generally went out to finiſh the buſineſs which the truſt of my deceaſed friend had devolved upon me.

In paſſing through the Thuilleries, in one of thoſe walks, I met my old companion Delaſerre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I ſcarce expected from my knowledge of his diſpoſition, or the length of time for which our correſpondence had been broke off. He had heard, he ſaid, accidentally of my being in town, but had ſought me for ſeveral days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the moſt afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded diſſipation and extravagance; and there were ſome ſtories to his prejudice which were only not believed, from an unwillingneſs to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiariſed to baſeneſs; yet I found he ſtill poſſeſſed a kind of ſuperiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuſe, by forcing myſelf to think him leſs unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expreſſing his cordial ſatisfaction at the preſent happineſs I enjoyed, he preſſed me to ſpend that evening with him ſo earneſtly, that though I had made it a ſort of rule to be at home, I was aſhamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company conſiſted only of Delaſerre himſelf, and two other Officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the Croſs of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the moſt agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingneſs with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different ſort of party where I was going, made me feel the preſent one doubly pleaſant. My ſpirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that conſtraint I was prepared for, roſe in proportion to the pleaſantry around me, and the perfect eaſe in which I found myſelf with this old Officer, who had information, wit, ſentiment, every thing I valued moſt, and every thing I leaſt expected in a ſociety ſelected by Delaſerre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleaſure, an invitation from the Colonel to ſup with him the evening after.

The company at his houſe I found enlivened by his ſiſter and a friend of her's, a widow, who, tho' not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impreſſed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When ſilent, there was a certain ſoftneſs in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expreſſion which her converſation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unuſed as I was to the little gallantries of faſhionable life, I rather wiſhed than hoped to make myſelf agreeable to her. She ſeemed, however, intereſted in my attentions

tions and converſation, and in hers I found myſelf flattered at the ſame time and delighted. We played, againſt the inclination of this Lady and me, and we won rather more than I wiſhed. Had I been as rich as Delaſerre, I ſhould have objected to the deepneſs of the ſtakes; but we were the only perſons of the company that ſeemed uneaſy at our ſucceſs, and we parted with the moſt cordial good-humour. Madame de Trenville (that was the widow's name), ſmiling to the Colonel aſked him to take his revenge at her houſe, and ſaid, with an air of equal modeſty and frankneſs, that as I had been the partner of her ſucceſs, ſhe hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of ſharing a leſs favourable fortune.

At firſt my wife had expreſſed her ſatisfaction at my finding amuſement in ſociety, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my abſence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almoſt every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the ſame, ſhe could not help expreſſing by her countenance her diſſatisfaction at my abſence. I perceived this at firſt with tenderneſs only, and next evening excuſed myſelf from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it uſed to be; thoughtful, but afraid to truſt one another with our thoughts, Emilia ſhewed her uneaſineſs in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an aſſumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaſerre called, and ſaw Emilia for the firſt time. He rallied me gently for breaking my laſt night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife inſiſted on my keeping. Her couſin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wiſh Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have ſtaid, but for the ſhame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaſerre was merry on the occaſion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a little raillery on the ſubject of marriage. 'Twas the firſt time I felt ſomewhat aukward at being the only married man of the party,

We played deeper and ſat later than formerly; but I was to ſhew myſelf not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I loſt conſiderably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I ſaw Emilia next morning, whoſe ſpirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did ſo. Delaſerre came to take me to his houſe to dinner. He obſerved as we went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-eſtabliſh her," ſaid I.—"Do you leave Paris?" ſaid he.—"In a few days."—"Had I ſuch motives for remaining in it as you have"—"What motives?"—"The attachment of ſuch friends: but friendſhip is a cold word; the attachment of ſuch a woman as De Trenville." I know not how I looked, but he preſſed the ſubject no further; perhaps I was leſs offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that Lady's houſe after dinner. She was dreſſed moſt elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had ſeen her. The party was more numerous than uſual, and there was more vivacity in it. The converſation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country-manners, of country-opinions, of the inſipidity of country-enjoyments, was kept up with infinite ſpirit by Delaſerre, and moſt of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and ſometimes looked at me as if the ſubject was too ſerious for her to be merry on. I was half aſhamed and half ſorry that I was going to the country; leſs uneaſy than vain at the preference that was ſhewn me.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to ſcreen myſelf from a diſcovery that might have ſaved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my viſits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of ſome perplexing incidents that had ariſen in the management of thoſe affairs with which I was intruſted. Her mind was too pure for ſuſpicion or for jealouſy. It was eaſy even for a novice in falſehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able aſſiſtant in Delaſerre, who now reſumed the aſcendency over me he had formerly poſſeſſed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakneſs, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that juſt at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbour-

hood

hood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, propoſed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his ſleep. The young painter was pleaſed with the idea, provided ſhe would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the ſake of ſurpriſing me with the picture when it ſhould be finiſhed. That ſhe might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a ſort of ſatisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my abſence.

She knew not what, during that abſence, was my employment. The ſlave of vice and of profuſion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the moſt artful and worthleſs of women, and loſing the fortune that ſhould have ſupported my child and hers, to a ſet of cheats and villains. Such was the ſnare that Delaferre and his aſſociates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generoſity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that ſhe was every way the victim of her affection for me. My firſt great loſſes at play ſhe pretended to reimburſe from her own private fortune, and then threw herſelf upon my honour, for relief from thoſe diſtreſſes into which I had brought her. After having exhauſted all the money I poſſeſſed, and all my credit could command, I would have ſtopped ſhort of ruin; but when I thought of returning in diſgrace and poverty to the place I had left reſpected and happy, I had not reſolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in deſperation, mortgaged the remains of my eſtate, and ſtaked the produce to recover what I had loſt, or to loſe myſelf. The event was ſuch as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my ſituation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me ſuch a reception as ſuited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falſehood, and of that ruin to which ſhe had been employed to lead me, flaſhed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which ſhe received with the coolneſs of hardened vice, of experienced ſeduction. I ruſhed from her houſe I knew not whither. My ſteps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I ſtopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had ſhrunk back ſome paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unſpeakable horror, and my knees ſmote each other. It was night, and the ſtreet was dark and ſilent around me. I threw myſelf down before the door, and wiſhed ſome ruffian's hand to eaſe me of life and thought together. At laſt the recollection of Emilia and of my infant boy croſſed my diſordered mind, and a guſh of tenderneſs burſt from my eyes. I roſe, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up ſoftly to my wife's chamber. She was aſleep with a night-lamp burning by her, her child ſleeping on her boſom, and its little hand graſping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She ſmiled through her ſleep, and ſeemed to dream of happineſs. My brain began to madden again; and as the miſery to which ſhe muſt wake croſſed my imagination, the horrible idea roſe within me,—I ſhudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myſelf!—I ſtretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclaſped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle preſſure wrung my heart; its ſoftneſs returned; I burſt into tears; but I could not ſtay to tell her of our ruin. I ruſhed out of the room, and, gaining an obſcure hotel in a diſtant part of the town, wrote a few diſtracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence ſhould wipe out my offences, and my induſtry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which ſhe had never offended. Having ſent this, I left Paris on the inſtant, and had walked ſeveral miles from town before it was light. At ſun-riſe a ſtage-coach overtook me. It was going on the road to Breſt. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and ſat in ſullen and gloomy ſilence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with ſeveral other paſſengers, regardleſs of food, and incapable of reſt. But the ſecond day I found my ſtrength fail, and when we ſtopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the paſſage of the inn. I was put to bed, it ſeems, and lay for more than a week in the ſtupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in

in the inn, attended me with the greateſt care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man miniſtered to my ſoul, as he had done for my body, that aſſiſtance and conſolation he eaſily diſcovered it to need. By his tender aſſiduities I was now ſo far recruited as to be able to breathe the freſh air at the window of a little parlour. As I ſat there one morning, the ſame ſtage coach in which I had arrived, ſtopped at the door of the inn, when I ſaw alight out of it the young Painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The ſight overpowered my weakneſs, and I fell lifeleſs from my ſeat. The incident brought ſeveral people into the room, and amongſt others the young man himſelf. When they had reſtored me to ſenſe, I had recollection enough to deſire him to remain with me alone. It was ſome time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aſpect, after much heſitation, and the moſt ſolemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful ſequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The ſhock which my letter gave, the ſtate of weakneſs ſhe was then in had not ſtrength to ſupport. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant periſhed with her. In the interval of reaſon preceding her death, ſhe called him to her bed-ſide; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her laſt breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveneſs to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I ſurvived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn ſtate in which my diſeaſe had left me. My heart was too weak to burſt; and there was a ſort of palſy on my mind that ſeemed inſenſible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before ſaved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to the ſpot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever ſince remained. My ſtory is unknown, and they wonder at the ſeverity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by ſuffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour by works of charity and beneficence to make my being not hateful in its ſight. Bleſſed be God! I have attained the conſolation I wiſhed.—Already, on my waſting days a beam of mercy ſheds its celeſtial light. The viſions of this flinty couch are changed to mildneſs. 'Twas but laſt night my Emilia beckoned me in ſmiles; this little cherub was with her! His voice ceaſed,—he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow croſſed the paleneſs of his cheek. I ſtood awe-ſtruck at the ſight. The bell for Veſpers tolled—he took my hand—I kiſſed his, and my tears began to drop on it—"My ſon," ſaid he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleaſing to recall my ſtory.—If the world allure thee, if vice enſnare with its pleaſures, or abaſh with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy."

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

By M. L'Abbé PASQUET.

WHY muſt our lives be of ſo ſhort duration? Why don't we live two or three thouſand years?" This is what we daily hear.

Almoſt all mankind complain of the ſhortneſs of life. If it was in their option to extend their length of days as far as they would wiſh, thoſe who would reſolve on death at the end of two or three thouſand years, would be more ſcarce than the ſuicides of our days.

Senſeleſs men! have you well thought on the reſult of ſo long a life? If God were to grant your inconſiderate wiſhes, it would be neceſſary he ſhould enlarge the globe, or deprive us of the power of re production. But our globe is not capable of being enlarged, without overthrowing our planetary ſyſtem, and producing its conſequent ruin

The bodies heaped on each other, in broad and deep holes, after a battle, convey but a faint idea of the confuſion we ſhould be in on this ſorrowful planet, if no one was to die for fifteen hundred years only, or that the common life of man was to be of that number of years, and that he had the power of generation during ſeven-eighths of that long life, as is commonly ſeen in the preſent ſyſtem. This is evident from the following calculation.

The circumference of one of the grand circles of our ſphere being 7,200 marine leagues of 2,850 fathoms, and of 20 to the degree, its diameter will be 2,291$\frac{9}{11}$ leagues;

leagues; its ſurface 16,501,183,7[illegible] leagues, which being reduced into ſquare feet, gives 4,825,110,925,148,450. If we only deduct one half, ſuppoſed to be occupied by the ſea, the lakes, and rivers, there will remain 2,412,555,462,574,225.

Now, let us ſuppoſe this half to be inhabited by a thouſand millions of men; if this number was only to increaſe yearly only one hundredth, it would be ſo great at the end of 1,476, that it would, within a trifle, fill the whole habitable ſurface of the earth, giving each man the ſpace of a ſquare foot; for $\frac{1}{100}$ elevated to its 1,476th power, and multiplied by 1,000,000,000, produces the number 2,389,936,508,196,722. If we add to this number the product of one year more, it will then give 2,413,835,873,278,689, which will exceed that of the ſquare feet the habitable part of our globe contains.

If inſtead of the hundredth, we ſuppoſe the number of men to increaſe a five-and-twentieth, which would not be exorbitant in a ſuppoſition of ſo long a life, were it even a great deal ſhorter, at the end of 374 years, this thouſand millions of men would amount to 2,346,681,621,621,621, a number almoſt equal to that of ſquare feet contained in the habitable part of the earth. If we add one year more of ſuch an increaſe, we then ſhall have 2,440,548,886,486,485, a greater nmber than that of ſquare feet the water leaves uncovered on the ſurface of the earth.

This number, great as it is, is nothing in compariſon of that which would be produced by ſuch an increaſe continued for 1500 years: imagination ſtarts at it. Then would mankind be heaped on each other, were they no bigger than lemons. Here is the number calculated according to the logarithms of eight decimals; 35,481,257,359,813,084,135,514,018,691,588,785, a number above two hundred times greater than that of 162,628,999,125,937,863,623,442,432,000,000, which gives the cubical points of matter contained on the entire maſs of our globe. It muſt be obſerved a cubic inch contains 2,985,984 of thoſe points.

What muſt we conclude from thence? That every thing is wiſely arranged; that all things, even thoſe we dread ſo much, as death for example, are ordained for our good; that the Almighty, to leave us more at liberty, and give us elbow-room, has willed there ſhould be diſeaſes, phyſicians, military men, executioners, and a thouſand other deſtructive methods, of which we are ſo filly as to complain, without reflecting that all this is neceſſary to prune the great tree of human nature, to give it air, and to huſband its ſap by retrenching its ſuperfluous branches, which would ſoon cauſe it to periſh without this precaution.

ON GOOD KINGS.

By M. MERCIER.

IN the ſixteenth century, a certain perſon inſcribed in the circumference of a farthing the names of all the good princes, ancient and modern; and ſtill there was room left.

I wiſh this fancy were renewed in our days, as it has ſome humour in it, and that this fine coin was current.

The reſult of ancient and modern hiſtory would, in a manner, be contained in this ſmall compaſs. What a laconic piece of philoſophy!

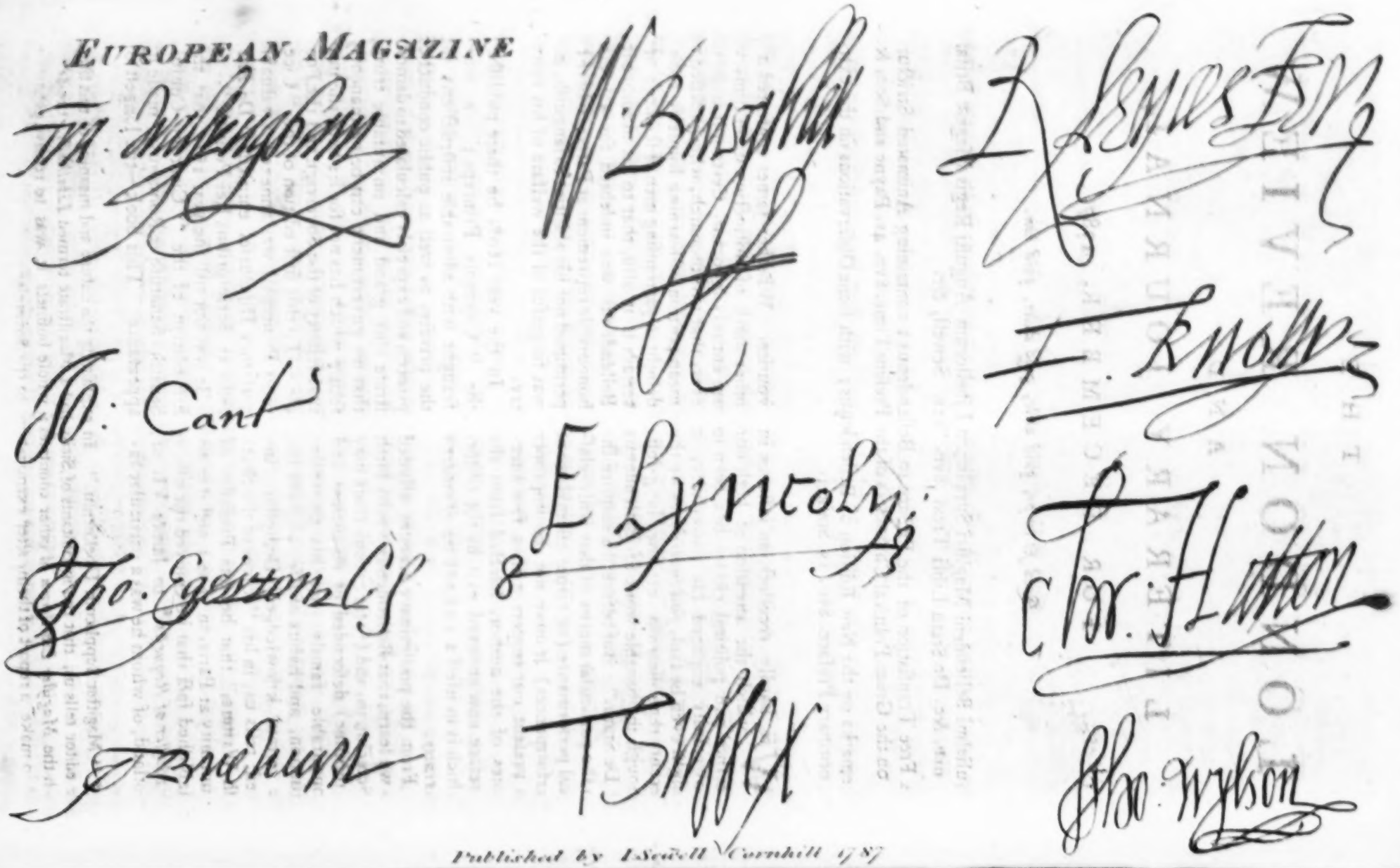
Oh, happy farthing, decorated with the names of good kings, thou wouldſt, in my opinion, exceed the fineſt quadruples, and I would wear thee at my button-hole!

Let us all aſſiſt in compoſing this uncommon farthing. Let us recapitulate the names to be admitted, and thoſe that ſhould be rejected. Though this work would not be very voluminous, yet it muſt require much accuracy and underſtanding.

I admire that fine expreſſion of Monteſquieu: "Clemency is the diſtinguiſhing quality of monarchs; monarchs obtain ſo much by clemency, it is followed by ſo much affection, ſo much glory attends it, that it is almoſt ever a great happineſs for them to have opportunities of exerting it."

Let us haſten, then, my friends, to coin our farthing; let it be the medallion of poſterity; let it take place of thoſe bronzes the idle antiquarian accumulates, which preſent us the hard features of thoſe wicked kings, from whom human nature was only relieved by the beneficent ſtroke of death.

THE



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Quid ſit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Gulielmi Bellendeni Magiſtri Supplicum Libellorum Auguſti Regis Magnæ Britanniæ, &c. De Statu Libri Tres: 8vo. 12s. Sewell, &c.

A Free Tranſlation of the Preface to Bellendenus; containing Animated Strictures on the Great Political Characters of the Preſent Time. 8vo. 4s. Payne and Son, &c.

Remarks on the New Edition of Bellendenus; with ſome Obſervations on the extraordinary Preface. 8vo. 1s. Stalker.

WE hardly recollect an inſtance in which the attention of both our learned and political circles has been ſo powerfully engaged (ſo powerfully, it might even be ſaid, *faſcinated*) as by the recent republication of the long-loſt, though ineſtimable work of Bellendenus "De Statu." But before we enquire into the particular merits of that truly-claſſical performance (or rather aſſemblage of performances) it may not be improper to preſent our readers with a few anecdotes of the author, ſelected from the Preface now annexed to it by the editor, which is in itſelf a TREASURE *of modern latinity.*

From the preliminary account alluded to we learn, that Bellendenus was by birth a Scotchman, and (ſo far as conjecture may determine) deſcended of an ancient and honourable family. Of his particular ſituation, and habits of life, we have little certain knowledge. Dempſter, indeed, tells us, in his "Lives of the Scottiſh Writers," that he was Profeſſor of Humanity at Paris, in 1602; and it is an eſtabliſhed fact that he enjoyed the office of *Maſter of Requeſts* * to James VI. of Scotland, of whom he was a particular favourite. Whether James conferred any other mark of diſtinction upon him, we are entirely ignorant. Certain it is, however, that this monarch, who poſſeſſed no mean portion of learning himſelf, took a delight in patroniſing men of ſcience; and certain is it alſo, that to his munificence Bellendenus was indebted for a life of honourable retirement at Paris; where he permitted not his abilities to languiſh, nor was forgetful of the welfare of his country.

In the year 1608, he there publiſhed the "Ciceronis Princeps;" a work fraught with admirable inſtructions for the private, as well as public conduct of princes, and expreſsly calculated to demonſtrate this grand and immutable truth, that no government can be permanently ſecure which has not for its baſis the mutual felicity of the Sovereign and the People.—To this firſt edition of the "Ciceronis Princeps" was annexed a valuable prefatory Diſcourſe, entitled "De Proceſſu et Scriptoribus Rei Politicæ."

It was not till the year 1612 that the firſt edition of the "Ciceronis Conſul, Senator Senatuſque Romanus," made its appearance. This book—the longeſt of

* "Magiſter Supplicum Libellorum." In explaining the nature and meaning of this title, the editor tells us, that the inhabitants of Sicily had a Magiſtrate termed *Libellenſis*, the ſame with the *Magiſter Libellorum* of other countries; whoſe buſineſs it was to receive petitions, and to make a report of them, after examination, to the Sovereign.

the three, in our opinion too the moſt valuable, and the one which Bellendenus finiſhed with moſt care—conſiſts of fifty-ſix chapters; in which (while they contain political doctrines eſſential to the proſperity of every mixed government, together with an account of the inſtitution of the conſulſhip, of the original extent and gradual diminution of its authority, and of the qualifications neceſſary to the due diſcharge of the conſular office) we find the origin and conſtitution of the Roman Senate, and the various matters, both civil and religious, that were ſubject to its cogniſance, deſcribed with *truth*, and enforced with *energy* *.

In arranging the books, or tracts, before us, the learned editor has preſerved the order which Bellendenus himſelf preſerved in the firſt edition; of the title-page to which, *as it ſtood originally*, we ſhall preſent our readers with a copy.

"Gulielmi Bellendeni Magiſtri Supplicum Libellorum Auguſti Regis Magnæ Britanniæ, &c. De Statu Libri Tres. 1. De Statu Priſci Orbis in Religione, Re Politica et Literis. 2. Ciceronis Princeps; ſive de Statu Principis et Imperii. 3. Ciceronis Conſul, Senator, Senatuſque Romanus; ſive De Statu Reip. et Urbis imperantis Orbi. Primus nunc primum editus; cæteri, cum Tractatu de Proceſſu et Scriptoribus Rei Politicæ, ab Auctore aucti et illuſtrati. Pariſiis, apud Herveum du Meſnil, via S. Joannis Lateranenſis, ſub ſigno Bellerophontis Coronati, M.DC.XVI. Cum Privilegio Regis."

After having publiſhed the pieces here enumerated, our author began, but was prevented by death from finiſhing, another work entitled "De Tribus Luminibus Romanorum." It was to have conſiſted of three tracts, deſcriptive of three of the moſt illuſtrious characters of antiquity; namely, Cicero, Seneca, and the elder Pliny. The only one he lived to publiſh, however, was that which had Cicero for its object; and highly muſt it ever be lamented by the learned, that the other two tracts were not permitted to come into exiſtence, when it is conſidered how admirably, in the one that did appear, the author has ſelected from the works of the great Roman Orator, and exhibited in one comprehenſive point of view, his moſt valuable remarks and opinions—exhibited them too in the very words of Cicero, with the addition merely of connecting ſentences; which ſentences, however, are written in a ſtyle of latinity that would have done honour to the pen of Tully himſelf.

On this occaſion the editor—evidently with extreme reluctance, but evidently alſo with a manly deteſtation of literary plagiariſm and ingratitude—has held up to ſcorn the character and conduct of Middleton, the *celebrated*, but, as it now appears, the *diſingenuous*, biographer of Cicero; whom he aſſerts, in the moſt unqualified terms, not only to have been indebted to Bellendenus for many uſeful and ſplendid materials, but to have made a mere tranſcript of his work, wherever it might anſwer his purpoſe †.

With reſpect to the Three Books more immediately before us, our opinion would differ widely indeed from that of the learned world in general, if we did not declare, that they require no apology for their re-introduction to public notice beyond what is to be found in their own intrinſic merit; nor have we a doubt but that to every enlightened mind they will come with ample recommendations, not merely from the dignity of the ſubjects they diſcuſs, but from the perſpicuity of argument, the beauty of ſentiment, and the varied elegance of diction, which, more or leſs, illumine and adorn every page of the work.

In the Firſt Book, Bellendenus—at length *providentially* reſcued himſelf from the "*gloomy regions of obſcurity*"—brings to light from thoſe regions many facts, not leſs curious than important, concerning nations of the moſt remote antiquity. With a diligence, equalled only by the exertions of a mind uncom-

* In 1616, theſe two books were re-publiſhed, with the addition of the tract entitled, "De Statu Priſci Orbis;" a work abounding in curious and important information from Joſephus, Euſebius, Ariſtotle, Plato, Clemens Alexandrinus, and Cicero, reſpecting the religion, the politics, and the literature of the ancient world, and enriched with remarks that redound alike to the fame of the author as a ſcholar and as a philoſopher.

† Before the period alluded to, the work of Bellendenus was known but to very few; nor had any perſon, Mr. Warton excepted, ever been at the pains to compare it with the performance of Middleton. Our editor himſelf, however, has ſince taken the trouble to collate the two productions; and on this ground it is, that, ſpeaking on the ſubject deciſively, he has—ſo to expreſs it—"*damned to everlaſting fame*" the very name of Middleton.

manly

monly penetrative and acute, clearly does he in the execution of this part of his work unfold every thing relative to the primitive diſcipline of the Perſians and Egyptians, obſcure as it was in itſelf, and variouſly as in its effects it had been diffuſed. In the like ſatisfactory manner, and with not leſs preciſion and brevity, he deſcribes the primary origin of nations in general; points out the ſteps that conducted them to proſperity or grandeur; and elucidates the various means by which they differed from each other.

In this, as in all his other tracts, philoſophy owes much to Bellendenus.—The fabulous details which encumbered, while they perplexed, the HISTORY of Greece, he elucidates, he refutes, and renders ultimately ridiculous. The wild and extravagant notions, or *ſyſtems* as they have been ſtyled, that prevailed on the ſubject of RELIGION, he has alſo admirably expoſed—expoſed too by unanſwerable arguments, derived not from *philoſophy merely*, but from *revelation*.

Amidſt all this gloom of *antiquity*, however, in no inſtance does Bellendenus diſcover any thing of that coldneſs and inſenſibility which we are generally taught to conſider as the eſſential characteriſtics of an *antiquarian*. Never does he degrade his talents by an inveſtigation of *theological* points which are accompanied with *myſtery*, or which, whether *myſterious* or *not* myſterious, are in themſelves *idle*, and *unproductive of happineſs to mankind*.—Reſearches like theſe our admirable author very wiſely leaves to the *drones* of theology, who will not, or who cannot, *employ their time better*.

In truth, we hardly know an author who has more powerfully, or more irreſiſtibly exerted himſelf than Bellendenus, in ſupporting the rights of human nature on the principles of a ſound political government.

To this point, in all his works the ſentiments of Bellendenus have a dignified tendency; and accordingly in the Second Book, beautifully do we find him illuſtrating theſe fundamental, though highly-neglected truths: That whoever deſires to exerciſe authority over others, ſhould previouſly learn the government of himſelf—ſhould remember, and be ever ready to obey, whatever the laws command—ſhould, on all occaſions, be eager to liſten to the ſentiments of the wiſe, with a perfect diſdain of flattery, and abhorrence of corruption—ſhould, in attempting to *extend* his dignity, be cautious, but in *preſerving* it tenacious—ſhould, in fine, diſtinguiſh himſelf by the purity of his morals, and the moderation of his conduct; *nor ever direct his* HAND, *his* EYE, *or his* IMAGINATION *to that which is the* PROPERTY OF ANOTHER.

In his Third Book—which, as already intimated, relates chiefly to the duties of a ſenator—our author, whoſe learning and virtue were formed to keep with other an equal pace, ſeems to *ſoar above himſelf*.—Hyperbolical as this expreſſion may appear, and tinctured even with a *bull*, which, *hypercritically* conſidered, would not diſgrace the land of Hibernia, we will not retract it.—In every ſenſe, indeed, the book in queſtion is literally and truly a *chef-d'oeuvre*; nor do we know whether to admire it more for the purity of the moral and political doctrines it contains, than for the claſſical energy of language in which thoſe doctrines are inculcated.—To Britons—and not to Britons only, but to all nations that enjoy, or that wiſh to enjoy, the bleſſings of liberty reſulting from LAW, uncontrouled by the *will of a* DESPOT, it muſt ever have charms.

It is remarkable—in fact, to the reputation of our literature it is *diſgraceful*—that, till the republication before us, there were but three complete copies of the work exiſting, or *known to be exiſting*, in the kingdom. Of neither of the three have we been happy enough to obtain an inſpection; but, from the high ſenſe we entertain of the veracity of the editor, we are freely diſpoſed to believe, that the preſent edition * is more correct than that which paſſed from the hand of Bellendenus himſelf.

After all, however, it may be aſked—and, if we miſtake not, repeatedly has it been aſked already—Why, and for what purpoſe, is Bellendenus reſtored to the world at this particular period?—Queſtions like theſe it becomes not us to anſwer; but firmly are we of opinion, that his *imputed* editor, though borne away by a torrent of prepoſſeſſions and prejudices reſpecting what vulgarly we call the *Outs* and the *Ins* of the preſent government of our country, is a man who glories in his integrity, moral as well as political, and who would periſh rather than utter a word inconſiſtent, in either ſenſe, with the *mens ſibi conſcia recti* of a real patriot.

* The one before us is the *ſecond*, which contains a liſt of corrigenda, to be had ſeparately of the bookſellers by the purchaſers of the *firſt* edition.

With an alluſion, ſufficiently FANCIFUL it muſt be confeſſed, to the unfiniſhed work of Bellendenus, "De Tribus Luminibus Romanorum," he has aſſimilated, or *attempted* to aſſimilate, the characters of our great *Ex-Miniſters*, Mr. Burke, Lord North, and Mr. Fox; to whom the ſeveral treatiſes before us are reſpectively inſcribed—inſcribed, however, not in the ſervile language of *adulation*, but in terms of a *panegyrical enthuſiaſm*, which, could Cicero riſe from his grave, Cicero would not bluſh to own †.

Theſe diſtinguiſhed ſtateſmen—who in their political career have certainly ſuffered more by invective, and been honoured more by panegyric, than any other public characters in the kingdom—he deſcribes as the *Three Luminaries of Great Britain*; and, as ſuch, of each of them he exhibits an admirable portrait ‡.

It does not appear, however, that either in the delivery of his own ſentiments, or in the republication of the works of Bellendenus, he had the moſt diſtant intention of making either himſelf or them ſubjects of popular animadverſion. The ſize of the volume, though encreaſed by the Preface, has not been ſuffered to encreaſe its price; and the editor declares he did not think of writing it till he had poſitively agreed with the printer about the whole expence of the impreſſion, the copper-plates, and the price of the book. This being the caſe, it ſeems to give him but little concern (and, in fact, but little does it concern the public at large) whether he has done well or ill in diſcuſſing points ſo full of difficulty and danger as thoſe which occupy his maſterly preface, provided, by the trouble he has taken in publiſhing the work itſelf, Bellendenus be but reſtored to that rank in literature, in philoſophy, and in politics, of which he has ſo long and ſo unjuſtly been deprived.

In noticing the Tranſlation of this famous Preface, we are ſorry that, relinquiſhing the language of panegyric, we muſt, if we ſpeak of it at all, ſpeak with contempt. In the title-page, it is boldly pronounced a *free* one; and yet it is *ſervile* to an extreme, conſequently to an extreme *inelegant*. One more unworthy of the illuſtrious original we conceive to be hardly poſſible. In the language there is no animation, no nerve, no dignity; but there is an abundance of puerile affectation, of ſcholaſtic pedantry. Of its imperfections, manifold as they are egregious, the tranſlator ſeems not himſelf to be wholly inſenſible; and thus, in preſenting himſelf at the tribunal of criticiſm—thus *curiouſly* does he apologiſe for them.—"Although," ſays he, "*we* may venture to claim ſome commendation for *our* diligence, *we* are not reluctant to confeſs that *this our* youthful progeny has not *animal ſtrength* ſufficient to undergo the ſeverity of inquiſitional tortures."

"*Animal ſtrength!*"—What a brilliant metaphor!—Perfectly are we loſt in the admiration of its beauty, added to its novelty, when thus rendered ſo happily alluſive to the *mental* exertions of a juvenile tranſlator. Far be it from us, however, to inflict upon his *animal ſtrength* any tortures that may appear *inquiſitional*; but this we muſt ſay, that *as he tranſlates like a ſchool-boy*, he ought not, for the manner in which he has executed his preſent taſk, to *paſs without a ſchool-boy's puniſhment*.

What a pity that the learned editor did not himſelf prevent a compoſition, fraught with ſuch reſplendent beauties of claſſical diction, from being thus diſfigured in an Engliſh dreſs by any *Tyro* in literature whatever!—If credit may be given to the voice of Fame, he poſſeſſes the rare, and truly-wonderful talent of writing Latin better than Engliſh, and Engliſh better than moſt other men in the kingdom. For the honour of our language, then, let us hope that the period is not very diſtant, when, ſtooping to become *his own tranſlator*, he will favour the world with a verſion into his vernacular tongue of one of the moſt admirable and admired Latin productions that ever flowed from the pen of an Engliſhman.

Of the "Remarks on the New Edition

† In delineating the objects of his political ridicule or cenſure, he frequently has recourſe to fictitious names. Thus, by Doſon, we are to underſtand the Marquis of L—ſ—ne; by Novius, the Lord C—nc—r; by Miſo-Themiſtocles, the Duke of R——d; by Thraſybulus, Mr. D—nd-s; by Clodius, Mr. W-lks; *et ſic de multis aliis*. To the C—nc—r of the E.—q—r he bitterly gives a Greek appellation; imitating in this inſtance, he ſays, the example of Nicholas Heinſius, who, in his Letters to Gronovius, frequently calls Gevartius "Ο Δεῖνα," avoiding, in teſtimony of contempt, to diſtinguiſh him by his proper name.

‡ The portraits of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox are modern likeneſſes. Not ſo the portrait of Lord North, which is engraved from the copy of a painting executed by Allan Ramſay in 1761.

of

of Bellendenus," and "the Obſervations on the extraordinary Preface," which form the laſt article now under our review, all we ſhall obſerve is, that they are penned with elegance, and ſeem to flow from the mind of a gentleman poſſeſſed of ſentiments ſomewhat congenial with thoſe of the editor himſelf.

Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated. By John Whitaker, B. D. Author of the Hiſtory of Manchester; and Rector of Ruan-Lanyhorne, Cornwall. 3 vols. 8vo. 18s. Murray.

(*Concluded from Page* 378.)

HAVING cloſed the *external* evidence for the forgery of the ever-memorable Letters, Contracts, and Sonnets, our author proceeds to examine the *internal!* In order to place this evidence alſo in ſome new points of view, he preſents us with a copy of theſe ſeveral documents in the languages in which they were originally publiſhed; ſubjoining to each of them a variety of remarks, in order to point out—as he *whimſically* expreſſes it—"the numerous ſignatures of forgery in the *belly* of them *."

By this mode of inquiſition, Mr. Whitaker produces a new train of witneſſes at the bar of the public, depoſing to circumſtances of a very different nature from all that we have ſeen before; but completely coinciding with them, and equally, in his opinion, *deciſive evidences of the forgery*.

The Letters and Sonnets are printed from Goodall's edition of them, which he pronounces a ſtandard one in itſelf. He has noted, however, ſeveral variations, ſeemingly of moment, that are to be found in Anderſon's copy. Improving upon the plan of Goodall alſo, who firſt divided ſome of the Letters into paragraphs, and firſt numbered the diviſions in the Sonnets, he has now formed paragraphs in *all* the Letters; broken the diviſions into ſtanzas in the Sonnets, for the more commodious reading of them; and numbered the paragraphs in the Letters, for the facility of referring to them.

In the firſt of the Letters, this is certainly an improvement particularly calculated to facilitate the evidences of its authenticity, of its corruption, or of its entire forgery.—It runs, indeed, as our author obſerves, into all the length of "one of Richardſon's *converſational* epiſtles. Only there is an infinite difference between the two in every other reſpect. Richardſon's are ſtrikingly characteriſtic; full of ſpirit, and pregnant with intelligence. But *this* carries no light of intelligence within it. *This* contains no ſparks of ſpirit in it. *And it is one complete violation of character, from the beginning to the end of it.*"

Theſe are certainly bold aſſertions: but, to prove that they are not aſſertions merely, Mr. Whitaker has occupied above one half of the ſecond volume; the remainder of which is engroſſed by the ſubſequent ſeven Letters, and by his own maſterly comments upon them, tending with irreſiſtible energy to evince that they are, without exception, bare-faced forgeries.

Of thoſe forgeries he will not allow the infamy to have been confined to Scotland. It extended, he affirms, equally to England. In 1581, Randolph, the agent of Elizabeth at the Scottiſh court, exerted himſelf with a very extraordinary vigour to drive the new Earl of Lenox from the adminiſtration of affairs, and to replace Morton in it. He therefore applied to the young king. But failing in his aims there, he addreſſed himſelf to the parliament, charging Lenox with having ſupplanted Morton, and other true ſubjects, in the good opinion of the king.

Theſe collateral facts Mr. Whitaker turns to an admirable uſe in his detection of the forgeries immediately under conſideration. According to our author, this very Randolph *produced ſome letters*, that had been written by Lenox, *he ſaid*, to encourage foreign nations in a deſcent upon England. And he conjured them, by their regard for the *Reformed Religion*, to reſent this conduct, to draw their ſwords (if neceſſary) againſt their ſovereign himſelf, and to expect the aſſiſtance of Elizabeth in the *pious work*.

"Here, *as againſt Mary before*, was a formal production of forgeries, to juſtify

* It muſt have been in a moment of whim, and certainly of *whim merely*, when Mr. Whitaker, with all the powers of *ſterling* Engliſh at command, thus made a perfect *ſport* of language by talking of ſignatures being in the "*belly*" of papers, whether publiſhed or not publiſhed, whether forged or not forged.

accuſations,

accuſations, and to ſanction rebellion. Only here, the Letters ſtepped forward boldly, and appeared upon the open theatre of the world. They ſued to be ſeen and examined, by Lenox and by all the parliament. And, for that very reaſon probably, it was inſtantly diſcovered that they *were forged* *."

Certain it is that Dr. Robertſon omits all mention of theſe forged Letters, though he knew that his favourite Elizabeth was conſidered as an aſſociate in the foul act of forgery with Randolph, who had evidently acted by her directions. It does not appear, indeed, that Elizabeth attempted to vindicate herſelf from the imputation. "She never diſowned either the violence or the fraudulence of her embaſſador. She did not even recall him. She even juſtified him *in form* upon his return, as a *man of* INTEGRITY, *and as a* FRIEND TO SCOTLAND †.

Theſe are facts which are *no longer deniable*—facts, which in truth (the ſpirit of *faction* being no more) ſeem hardly to be *longer denied*.—Elizabeth, it is evident, had long been habituated to the ſight of forgery.—Forgery, as our author juſtly obſerves, ſhe had ſeen diſplayed in its livelieſt colours, at the conferences before her Commiſſioners.—"She had made herſelf a *party*," ſays he, "in that grand deed of knavery, by aſſiſting in the deception, and by uniting to proſecute the purpoſe of it. But ſhe afterwards went *further* in forgery. She roſe from the humility of an *accomplice*, to the dignity of a *chief*, in the work. The vile arts which ſhe had ſeen practiſed by the Scots againſt their Queen, ſhe practiſed with more confidence, and with leſs ſucceſs, againſt the Scots themſelves. And ſhe exerted them equally againſt Mary afterwards; letters forged in the name of Mary being ſent to the houſes of Papiſts, letters forged in the names of Papiſts being pretendedly intercepted on their way to Mary, and even forged letters from Mary, concerning Babington's conſpiracy, being pretended to be found in the wall of her priſon ‡."

Theſe Mr. Whitaker calls "helliſh myſteries of iniquity;" and Lethington (with the aſſiſtance of his ſubalterns in the buſineſs, Murray and Morton) he ſcruples not to pronounce the original initiator of them all.—This Lethington had been *long* in the habit of counterfeiting Mary's writing, and even *acknowledged* that he had, in ſome private converſations at York §.

"It was *he* therefore"—with infinite force infers our ſpirited author—"it was *he*, that forged the warrant from Mary for the execution of Lord Huntly. It was *he*, that forged the other warrant for the ſubſcription of the nobles to Bothwell's bond. *He* forged the letter of June 15. *He* forged the letter, or the *ſtory* of a letter, written from the Queen to the Captain of Dunbar Caſtle, and *intercepted by the rebels*. *He* forged the two letters from Linlithgow and Holyrood-houſe which were *ſuppreſſed by the rebels*. And HE *forged the eight that were actually publiſhed*."

Of the petty forgers—the miſcreants that trod in the ſteps of Lethington, and *took his* DOWNWARD *road to fame*—our author takes little notice. *Their* productions he conſiders as only the *play-things of a wicked hour*.—"They never," ſays he, "could riſe to the *dignity* of ſuch deeds of enormity as we ſee above. Theſe required a ſpirit like Lethington for the work; a man whoſe rank entitled him to hold the office of Secretary of State; a man whoſe abilities qualified him to make a conſpicuous figure in it; and a man whoſe ſoul was as daring in invention, as his hand was dexterous in execution. And that *maſter-ſtroke* of forgery, the fabrication of a ſet of letters which ſhould convict a QUEEN of *adultery* and *murder*, is peculiarly too high and bold an operation for any but a Lethington."

In the delineation of characters Mr. Whitaker is always pre-eminently happy; and ſorry are we that our limits will not permit us to exhibit at length the picture he gives of the temper, the diſpoſition, and the manners of this ſubtil, this baſe, this unprincipled Statesman; who, in the midſt of his evil deeds, ſcrupled not, like all his co-adjutors in the deſtruction of Mary, to ſtyle himſelf a *Reformer*, to exclaim againſt the abominations of Popery, and to be zealous for the *purity* of religion!

At the period of the Reformation, our author metaphorically conſiders FORGERY to have been the *peculiar diſeaſe of Proteſtantiſm*. "Originally coming forth," ſays he, "as a kind of leproſy upon the brow of Preſbyterianiſm in Scotland, it was conveyed by the intercourſes of vice to the

* Camden, Tranſ. 262, Orig. 316.—Spotſwood, 312—Crawford, 369.
† Stuart, II. 136—138.
‡ Stuart, II. 196, 208, 251, and 267.
§ Camden, Tranſ. 116. Orig. 143, 144.

profligate

profligate Head of the Church of England. In *both*, it concurred with the rebellious turbulence and the ſacrilegious violence of the *Reformed*, to ſtop the nations of Europe, that were ſpringing forward from the idolatries of Popery into the pure worſhip of Proteſtantiſm; to make them run back, with a too haſty horror, at the *frightful* face of Reformation before them; and to prefer even Popery with all its idolatries, to Proteſtantiſm with thoſe enormities accompanying it. And the crimes of ſuch wretches as Lethington, Morton, Murray, and Elizabeth, ſerved unhappily to check the progreſs of that greateſt of all illuminations to man, next to the firſt propagation of the Goſpel; kept many of the States about us from coming forward to the glorious light of it; and actually abridged it of half its extenſive utility to the world."—

So much for the Letters; and now for the Sonnets.—When theſe Sonnets pretend to be written, has not yet been determined. The rebels themſelves, who ſhould be the beſt judges, ſeem to have deſigned them for a time *antecedent* to the Letters; but both Lord Hailes and Dr. Stuart think, that they appear from their internal evidence, to be calculated for the period between the ſeizure of Mary and her marriage *.

Be this as it may,—for it would lead us into a long train of inveſtigation, were we to endeavour to aſcertain the intended chronology of them, and then, like our author, "make it convict them clearly of forgery"—let us proceed to enquire *who it was that wrote them.*—Lethington, though already proved to have drawn up the Letters, was not, according to Mr. Whitaker, "capable of drawing up Sonnets. *Thoſe* were written originally in Scotch, and *theſe* in French." Even if Lethington was qualified for writing in French, he was certainly, from all that appears, not qualified to write *poetry* in French. This, indeed, required talents of a very different nature from Lethington's; nor was there a man among the uſurpers, who, in the opinion of our learned hiſtorian, was qualified for poetical compoſition, and who was alſo capable of undertaking it in the French language, *except only the* REDOUBTABLE BUCHANAN.

"This being the caſe, the whole enquiry is reduced to a ſhort point; and Buchanan muſt himſelf ſtand the reputed father of this poetical bantling, that has been laid ſo long at the door of Mary." Buchanan's own manner of ſpeaking concerning the Sonnets, ſerves remarkably to corroborate this concluſion of our author.

"In his Hiſtory," ſays he, "he mentions the Sonnets and the Letters together. He notices the Letters firſt; but he praiſes them not. He ſays only, that they were written by Mary. They are *Literæ, Reginæ manu Gallico ſermone conſcriptæ, ad Bothuelium.* He did not chuſe to compliment Lethington, againſt whom he wrote a printed libel ſo early as 1570. Then he immediately notices the Sonnets. But he paſſes not over *them* in ſo curſory a manner. *He ſtops to praiſe them.* He marks the *elegancy* of them. They are *carmen Gallicum, ab eâdem* NON INELEGANTER *factum*†. The natural partialities of ſelf-love ſolicited this tranſient eulogium from him. He, who would not compliment the Letters as Lethington's, could not but compliment the Sonnets as his own. He who praiſes not Mary for any thing, he who is eager to abuſe her upon every occaſion, he who is actually abuſing her at the very moment, *for his own and for Lethington's forgeries*; even he ſuſpends his daſhing pen at once, and even he praiſes her for the elegance of ſome verſes—*which he had written for her.* And the father betrays his relation to the bantling, by the viſible yearning of his affections towards it."

Such are the ingenious arguments of our author on this long-conteſted topic; and to the reader of penetration we leave it to comment upon them. Of the Sonnets themſelves, whoever was the fabricator of them, the infamy is the more atrocious, as they agree entirely with the Letters in pretending a voluntary intercourſe of adultery to have been carried on by Mary with Bothwell, but differ totally from them in the main circumſtance of this adultery.

"The Letters," ſays Mr. Whitaker, "ſuppreſſed all idea of the rape, by building themſelves upon the *ſurmiſe* of an adultery antecedent to the date of the rape. They *thus* prove themſelves to be ſpurious at once, and add one more to the many proofs of their ſpuriouſneſs, which we have already witneſſed. The Sonnets therefore deſerted this treacherous ſoil, and came back to the ſolid ground of fact. *They founded themſelves upon that rape,*

* Stuart, I. 395.

† Hiſt. XIX. 374. *which*

which the Letters had buried under their own rubbiſh. But then, to adduce any thing like a charge of criminality againſt Mary, they were obliged to borrow the fictitious tale of adultery from the Letters, to give it a new origin, to aſſign it a later date, and to ſubjoin it to the genuine ſtory of the rape."—Thus—to adopt the very natural concluſion of our author—thus do the Sonnets form a middle line betwixt the truths of hiſtory and the falſehoods of fiction; taking a part from both, reflecting the light of truth in the rape, preſenting the ſhades of falſehood in the adultery; and *ſhewing their own forgery the more conſpicuous, by the ſtriking oppoſition between them.*

The forgery of the Sonnets, as well as of the Letters, being thus expoſed, Mr. Whitaker paſſes immediately to the Contracts, which, with a ſimilar over-powering luſtre of evidence, he likewiſe ſhews to have been fabrications of the moſt infamous complexion. From that evidence it appears, that as Lethington aſſuredly made the Letters, Buchanan compoſed the Sonnets, and Lethington tranſcribed *both* into a hand writing imitative of Mary's, ſo Morton (from the inferences, at leaſt, of our hiſtorian, and rarely in his inferences do we think him erroneous) drew up the *firſt Contract* for Mary, which was therefore written in a *chancery* hand unlike hers; Morton alſo drew up the *ſecond Contract*, in the pretended hand-writing of Huntly, his immediate predeceſſor in the office of Chancellor; and Murray himſelf, "who was the preſiding genius of the whole villainy, and ſet all the implements of iniquity to work," fabricated with his own hand *the Confeſſions* of Paris, &c.

Having in this manner gone over the Letters, the Sonnets, and the Contracts, with an examining eye, and "pointed them out with the ſure finger of truth to the merited ſcorn and deriſion of mankind," the author cloſes his work* with an ample, and, we will add, a ſatisfactory, account of the murder of Darnley;—a murder, which, as he himſelf expreſſes it, is the fixed pivot, upon which the Contracts, the Sonnets, and the Letters, equally move—is, in fact, the grand centre of gravity to all that vaſt ſyſtem of forgery, which is ſo admirably detected and expoſed in the volumes before us.

The Works, Theological, Medical, Political, and Miſcellaneous, of John Jebb, M. D. F. R. S. With Memoirs of the Life of the Author. By John Diſney, D. D. F. S. A. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. in Boards. Johnſon.

IN our memory, few men have left behind them a more unſullied fame than the late Dr. John Jebb. It was not, indeed, the fame of *ſuperior* TALENTS merely—it was the fame, more honourable far, and far more rare, of *ſuperior* VIRTUE, which he courted, and which, even amidſt the rage of contending factions, the intemperate voice of Faction itſelf could never deny him, either in his theological, his medical, or his political purſuits. In each of thoſe purſuits he uniformly evinced an incorruptible integrity, added to an indefatigable perſeverance, in vindicating the cauſe of Truth; and in promoting, upon the liberal grounds of philanthropy, the welfare, not of this or that ſect, this or that nation, but of mankind at large.

Of his general character we cannot, indeed, communicate a more faithful idea than in the words (rather tinctured as they may appear with panegyric) of Dr. Diſney, his worthy editor and biographer; to whom, however, we are ſorry to add, no praiſe ſeems to be any where due for either accuracy or elegance of diction.

"The reputation of Dr. Jebb," ſays he, "reſts on the moſt ſolid and laſting baſis, while it is left to reſt upon his own unſullied, amiable and uſeful life.

"Examine his conduct, and the nearer you view it, the more diſtinctly will you obſerve his never-ceaſing purſuit of knowledge and truth; and his never once departing from his own well-formed principles and convictions. And in all his differences with others, you cannot fail to

* To the whole, however, he has annexed an Appendix containing the principal of thoſe paſſages in the original papers, upon which he had founded the main parts of his "Vindication;" and to ſome of thoſe paſſages he has ſubjoined notes, in order to "elucidate a few points additional in the clouded hiſtory of Mary, to aſſert ſtill further the inſulted intereſts of truth, and to maintain ſtill more the violated rights of innocence."

mark

mark his candour in ſpeaking of the perſons and motives of his adverſaries, however ſeverely he reprobated their opinions and conduct.

"In every point of view he appears to advantage, and is deſerving of much praiſe. In his own acquirements he united the various merits which have been aſcribed to men of the moſt diſtinguiſhed eminence. As a divine, he truly deſerved the character which was given by Eraſmus of William Latimer, *vere theologus, integritate vitæ conſpicuus*. As a phyſician, we may, with great truth, apply to him what Caſaubon ſaid of Galen, *criticorum non minus quàm medicorum princeps*. As a patriot, we may mark him in the character of Sidney, *ſanctus amor patriæ dat animum*."

In the life of this reſpectable man (as exhibited at leaſt by his preſent biographer) there appear to have been few incidents worthy to be recorded * beyond thoſe connected with the two grand objects of his attainment—the improvement of education by the inſtitution of public examinations at Cambridge, and the reſtoration of the Britiſh conſtitution by ſhortening the duration of parliaments;—objects, in the purſuit of which we all know, and many among us lament, that, with all his zeal, he was unſucceſsful.

The life itſelf of the author being thus unintereſting, we ſhall proceed to take a curſory view of his writings, as exhibited in the preſent edition, which is embelliſhed with an elegant portrait of the Doctor, and graced with a liſt of ſubſcribers highly honourable to the memory of his virtues.

The firſt piece that attracts our notice is, a Short Account of the Theological Lectures now reading at Cambridge, which was originally publiſhed in the Year 1770, and is re-printed from the Second Edition, with a Harmony of the Goſpels annexed.

To this ſucceeds a tract conſiſting of Letters on the Subject of Subſcriptions to the Liturgy, firſt printed in the WHITEHALL EVENING-POST, under the Signature of PAULINUS, and re-printed in 1772, with Notes and Additions; which tract is followed by a Letter to Sir W. Meredith on the ſame ſubject, ſigned AN ENGLISHMAN, which made its firſt appearance in 1772.

In the Second Volume we are preſented with Six Sermons. The only one of the number that appeared before, is the firſt, which is on the Excellency of the Spirit of Benevolence, was publiſhed in 1778, and preached at Cambridge (in the midſt of the diſputes relating to ſubſcription) to recommend candour and good-will. The ſubſequent Sermons are now publiſhed from the original MSS. and it is but juſtice to obſerve of them, that they all abound in ſentiments that reflect honour upon the author as a Man, while they command veneration for him as a Chriſtian—a Chriſtian attached to no cauſe, but what he piouſly and conſcientiouſly believes to be the *immutable cauſe of* TRUTH †.

The Sermons are followed by Theological Propoſitions and Miſcellaneous Obſervations. Theſe alſo are publiſhed from the original manuſcripts; and not leſs than the Sermons themſelves do they impreſs us with an admiration of that philanthropic diſpoſition which, both in public and in private life, ſeems uniformly to have been at once the origin and the guide of the author's conduct.

The next piece that preſents itſelf is a Latin Theſis defended in the Theological School at Cambridge in March 1761, on the queſtion, "Status animarum, in intervallo mortis atque reſurrectionis, agentium, quicquam, ſive ſententium, ex ſacris literis colligi nequit." In this little piece there are many beauties of language—beauties, which, we confeſs, we ſhould hardly have ſcrupled to pronounce claſſically elegant, as well as correct, if the Editor (who certainly knew the Doctor more intimately than we had the honour to know him) had not expreſsly told us, that he *improved greatly in his Latin ſtyle afterwards*.

Be this as it may, without commenting on the ſubſequent tracts that fill the preſent volume (and *duly* to comment upon them, a volume would ſcarce be ſufficient) we ſhall proceed to enumerate their titles.

After the Sermons, the Theological Propoſitions and Miſcellaneous Obſervation, and the Latin Theſis (which form the firſt three articles, and to which we

* And even of theſe, the moſt material the editor leaves us to gather from paſſages in the Doctor's own letters.—Some Memoirs of Dr. Jebb are given in Vol. IX. p. 157. of this Magazine.

† In his religious opinions, our author was, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word, an UNITARIAN. In thoſe opinions he perſevered to the laſt; and rather than abandon them, he had many years before relinquiſhed all claims to either *clerical honours*, or *clerical emoluments*.

have already endeavoured to do juſtice) follow, IV. A Short State of the Reaſons for a late Reſignation; to which are added, Occaſional Obſervations, and a Letter to the Right Rev. the Biſhop of Norwich; firſt publiſhed in 1775.—V. An Anſwer to the Author of "A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Jebb, with Relation to his declared Sentiments about the Unlawfulneſs of all Religious Addreſſes to Chriſt Jeſus;" firſt publiſhed in 1779, as a Poſtſcript to Mr. Lindſey's Two Diſſertations.—VI. A Sketch of the Plan of the Society for promoting the Knowledge of the Scriptures; firſt publiſhed in 1773.—VII. Remarks upon the preſent Mode of Education in the Univerſity of Cambridge; to which is added, A Propoſal for its Improvement; firſt publiſhed in 1772.—VIII. A Propoſal for the Eſtabliſhment of Public Examinations in the Univerſity of Cambridge. With Occaſional Remarks; firſt publiſhed in 1774.—IX. An Addreſs to the Members of the Senate of Cambridge; firſt publiſhed in 1775.—X. Select Caſes of the Diſorder commonly termed the Paralyſis of the lower Extremities; to which is added, A Caſe of Catalepſy; firſt publiſhed in 1782.—XI. An Addreſs to the Freeholders of Middleſex, on Monday the 20th of December 1779; publiſhed in the ſame year.—XII. A Letter to Sir Robert Bernard, Bart. Chairman of the Huntingdonſhire Committee; printed in 1781.—XIII. Letters addreſſed to the Volunteers of Ireland, on the Subject of a Parliamentary Reform; collected and publiſhed in 1784.—XIV. Thoughts on the Conſtruction and Polity of Priſons. With Hints for their Improvement; publiſhed in 1785.

On opening the Third Volume, we are preſented with a variety of other miſcellaneous eſſays, written (and, it would appear, publiſhed alſo) in the years 1771, 1772, and 1773; and at the cloſe of the work, we find an additional aſſemblage of fugitive pieces—or rather pieces which, but for the reſpectable form they now aſſume collectively in the edition before us, *would have been fugitive*. Theſe are entitled Political Papers. They conſiſt of various Letters, or Eſſays, on the predominant ſubjects of popular attention in England from the year 1780 to the year 1785; and as they are the laſt in date, ſo are they, upon the whole, the leaſt in merit, of any in the whole collection.

Sketch of Commotions and Diſorders in the Auſtrian Netherlands, including Tranſactions from the Firſt of April 1787. In a Series of Epiſtles, by Dennis O'Flaherty, Eſq. of the Kingdom and Province of Ireland. Emended into Engliſh by the Editor, and founded on official Papers. 8vo. 2s. 6d. ſtitched. Johnſon.

THIS ſame '*Squire* O'Flaherty (with his Editor, by whom he is ſo happily "*emended into* ENGLISH") is a wag—yes, reader, a *wicked* wag; for verily he laugheth at *Kings*, yea, if we miſtake not, maketh a ſcorn of *Prieſts*.—O profanation! *abominable* profanation!—And, if ſuch liberties are to be taken with impunity, well may it be exclaimed by every zealous *churchman*, as well as *ſtateſman*, What—oh! what is at length become of our ſacred, our high re-idoliſed *jus divinum!*—

Oh! oh! Dennis, and could you fix on no day of the year, paſt or preſent, jewel, but the *Firſt of April* for the commencement of Quixotiſm in the boſom of the IMPERIAL and IMPERIOUS Joſeph?—In England, and, we believe, in the dear "KINGDOM and PROVINCE of Ireland" alſo, it is called "*Fool's Day;*" and—*ſeriouſly to ſpeak* of what certainly deſerves not to be treated as a *joke*—may it not, to the triumph of both civil and religious tyranny, ſtand recorded in the IMPERIAL CALENDAR of GERMANY as a day of IMPERIAL FOLLY!—

But, *to be more ſerious ſtill*, highly as we are inclined to admire the talents, to reſpect the virtues, and to CHERISH THE PRINCIPLES of a Monarch, who, amidſt all his miſcarriages, is certainly entitled to the praiſe of being indefatigable in his *endeavours* to render mankind happy, ſorry are we, that, finding *our* REPEATED *predictions upon the ſubject* REPEATEDLY *verified*, Truth compels us to tell him—*what loudly his* PEOPLE *have told him already*—that he has defeated (at leaſt *pro tempore*) his own purpoſe, by an ill-adviſed, ill-timed, ill-directed, ardour of precipitation, and—to *future* Reformers let it be a leſſon!—*precipitation merely.*

In all his eager efforts for the correction of abuſes, whether political or religious, events have proved, how little the mighty, but baffled Joſeph knew of human nature, or even of human ſyſtems, when he conceived it poſſible to root out by *vio-*

lence,

lence, and as it were *inſtantaneouſly*, popular prejudices and prepoſſeſſions that had exiſted for ages;—to create in fine,—what Omnipotence alone *can* create—ORDER *from* CHAOS *in a* MOMENT.

But away with all *grave* remarks!—for *grave* as the ſubject may be that gave birth to the Epiſtles before us, in a very *ſportive* humour was the Muſe of Dennis O'Flaherty, when, in dictating them, ſhe inſpired him with ideas, which, fraught as they are with the very *ſoul* of pleaſantry, tend irreſiſtibly to provoke even a Cynic to join in a hearty BROAD laugh with honeſt Dennis himſelf.

Ah! Dennis, as plainly we told both thee and the reader before, thou art a wag—aye, and a *graceleſs* wag.—What! was it not ſufficient to make us ſhake our ſides at the abſurdities of an EMPEROR, without expoſing alſo to ridicule a ſet of SACERDOTAL UNDERLINGS, now, to the infinite HONOUR of *Imperial Dignity*, become his SACERDOTAL MASTERS?

Fie upon it, 'Squire!—While you were amuſing yourſelf at the expence of a *well-meaning* MAN, who wiſhes (and certainly from the moſt laudable motives) to be handed down to poſterity as an IMPERIAL REFORMER, how could you think of ridiculing alſo the PIOUS *rebels to his authority*—an authority, which, even with a hundred thouſand armed men in his pay, far from being able to enforce, he has been, to every *eſſential* purpoſe, forced again to commit to their SANCTIFIED diſcretion*?

Fie upon it! *again we ſay*; and till the Emperor has taken ſuch ſteps as the *calm dictates of* WISDOM may ſuggeſt to him for the retrieval of his honour in this reſpect—fie upon it! we *ſtill* SHALL *ſay*, *even to himſelf*. Often, from the eccentricity of his conduct, has he, in his IMPERIAL capacity, *let* HIMSELF *down*; and now the reader ſhall ſee how—to repeat a *vulgar* expreſſion—he is *let down* by our poet; who, though not, to all appearance, a CHRISTIAN *Prieſt*, ſeems to have ſome pretenſions to the title of a *Prieſt of* MOMUS.

"GREAT Ceſar † was gone through the regions of Dwina
To ſee a new town, and embrace Catherina
(Phyſicians all ſay that, to keep a man ſtout,
No noſtrum is equal to running about;
And, either for health or amuſement, 'tis clear,
Great Ceſar keeps bouncing like new-bottled beer,
Whilſt riots and ſtateſmen are left *en arrière*)
Great Ceſar was gone, a third time 'tis rehears'd,
And if I apologiſe for't, I'll be c—s'd ‡.
So, whether the critics approve it or not,
My Muſe, *quoad hoc*, never values a jot,
But forward ſhe goes in purſuit of a plot.

"Great Ceſar §, once more, thro' the regions of Dwina
Was gone to ſhake hands with the great Catherina.

* It appears too evident, then, Dennis, that in all his late conflicts, while ſurrounded with his own Hoſts, the GOD OF HOSTS *was not upon his ſide*.—Still, right or wrong, the CHURCH MILITANT has been triumphant—triumphant too not merely in Bruges and Brabant, but in every corner of the Auſtrian Netherlands.—When at ſchool, well do we recollect to have heard the adage, "Experientia docet Stultos."—Joſeph is no Fool; but, in the name of Heaven, let him begin to ſhew to the world, that he is not above *profiting by* EXPERIENCE.

† "*Great* Ceſar!"—There is a *faſhion* in all things; and accordingly for ſome time it has been the *ton* in our political circles to tranſmute the appellation of the *Imperial Joſeph* into that of the *Imperial Ceſar*.—But wherein conſiſts the *propriety* of the tranſmutation?—Julius—the *famed* Julius of the name—he who *invaded*—we muſt not ſay *conquered* Britain, which, perhaps, we ſhall be told, never properly *was* conquered,—HE, then, who *invaded* Britain, and kept Europe in awe with the terrors of a Roman army, happily ſaid of himſelf, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.—When, even amidſt his *domeſtic* broils, ſhall we ſee theſe bloodleſs and pacific words form an addition to the mottoes that already grace the ſtandard of the IMPERIAL EAGLE?

‡ You ſhall not be *c—s'd*, but hereby, Mr. O'Flaherty, you are *d—n'd* at the bar of Criticiſm for uſing an expreſſion, which, indecent as it is in itſelf, offends ſtill more from its manifeſt tranſgreſſion upon the propriety of rhyme.—Even in a burleſque poem, Sir, the words "rehears'd" and "curs'd" were never intended to meet the ear as echoes of each other.

§ What *ſuperlative* delight would it have given Colley Cibber to ſee, even in *irony*, the words "Great Ceſar" ſo often *happily* introduced in the courſe of ſo very few lines!—"Great Ceſar," many of our readers may recollect was the favourite appellation by which, *in his* OFFICIAL *capacity*, Colley choſe to dignify the character of George II.—In all his Odes, whether written to celebrate the *anniverſary of the King's birth*, or to proclaim the *birth of a New Year*, "GREAT CESAR" was ſtill predominant. It was, indeed, the conſtant *burthen* of his Song.—Between 'Squire Dennis and 'Squire Colley, however, there is this eſſential,

Hence thoſe took occaſion their feats to diſplay,
Who long had been wiſhing him out of the way.
'Twas now the great pillars of State muſt be ſhaken
By all who had loſt, or who fear'd for their bacon.
Prieſts, Lawyers, and Stateſmen, united amain,
('Twere pity no force could ſuch ardour reſtrain!)
And the bully-mania o'erſpread ev'ry brain.

"An army of heroes *ex*-order appear'd—
Their beavers they cock'd, and their canes they uprear'd.
A-propos of ſuch heroes—by fifties who ſpring
Up in days full of ſhow, ſuch as now I may ſing.
On grounds piping hot they like cucumbers ſhoot,
Cold, cold at the heart, and unſound at the root.
Awhile they look green, as on fungus they lie,
Till, nipt by a blaſt, they grow yellow and die.
All this of the patriot-heroes?—oh, fie!
The bell of alarm they long threaten'd, but rung ill,
And clos'd the campaign, like the cock of a dunghill.

"What wonder that thoſe ſhould be mad when they're bit,
Who reaſon exclude in whate'er they admit?
The Clergy, the Stateſmen, took fire, and anon
Exclaim'd, that *religion! religion was gone!*
Ev'n *law* (to religion not cloſely ally'd)
Join'd iſſue at once, and the Sov'reign defy'd.
All orders were ſeiz'd with ideal alarms,
Ev'n Tailors roſe up with *To arms*, MEN, *to arms!*
Confus'd and perplex'd to all corners they run,
With reaſon, or not, on their ſide, 'twas all one,
Since the naked old beggars exclaim'd, *We're* UNDONE!"

Adieu, Dennis—adieu, at leaſt, for the preſent!—Thou art a droll, and, upon the whole, a witty fellow; nor would it diſgrace either a Swift, a Butler, or an Anſtey, to have thee acknowledged as one of their lineal deſcendants.—As ſuch, ſoon may we again have thee before us at our Monthly Tribunal; where, if a judgment may be formed from the ſpecimen before us, offend as thou mayeſt in other reſpects, thou wilt have little to dread for thy POETICAL SINS!

A Panegyric on Frederic III. King of Pruſſia. Tranſlated from the French (which is annexed) of M. Laureau, Hiſtoriographer to the Count D'Artois. By Henry Charles Chriſtian Newman, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. 4to. 2s. 6d. Kearſley.

FROM imperial ſatire on the *living*, we now turn, but turn, it muſt be confeſſed, with little pleaſure, to royal panegyric on the *dead*. In thus expreſſing ourſelves, however, by no means would we be ſuppoſed to derogate from the merits of the compoſition itſelf, which, in its *original* ſtate, contains many beauties of ſentiment expreſſed with much energy of language. Our objection is, *in toto*, to the tranſlation. A more *obſcure* one we have not lately ſeen; and from the peruſal of one more *inſipid*, Goddeſs of Dullneſs, long in thy *mercy* mayeſt thou defend us!—Mr. Henry Charles Chriſtian Newman *may* be a Batchelor of Arts of Trinity College, Cambridge; but ſure we are, that when he obtained that honourable degree, no enquiry muſt have been made into his proficiency in the French and Engliſh languages.—Of neither of them does he ſeem to know, and conſequently of neither of them is he qualified to exhibit, the *characteriſtic* excellences.—Amidſt all his arts, then, let Mr. Newman (before again he appears before us in his preſent capacity) begin to learn the *humble* art of tranſlating French into Engliſh.

Edward; or the Curate. A Poem. By the Rev. Samuel Hoole, A. M. 4to. 3s. Dodſley.

FICTION is the proper field of poetry; and therefore it is a circumſtance of very little moment to us, or to the public in general, whether the little narrative contained in the elegant poem before us has truth for its baſis, or not.—Simple as the ſtory is, it powerfully intereſts the paſſions of the reader, from the artleſs, but pathetic manner in which it is told.

A mutual attachment having taken

this ſecond difference, that, amidſt all his ROYAL *panegyrics*, the one *was not a* POET, and amidſt all his IMPERIAL *fulſome*, the other *is not a* LAUREAT; nor, we fear, unleſs he mend his manners, *likely to be*.

place

place between Edward the Curate, and Caroline the daughter of the 'Squire, the latter, on her refuſing to deſert the object of her love, is renounced and diſinherited by her obdurate, relentleſs father.

After their union in the bands of wedlock, every happineſs attends them that can be conſidered as the reward of virtuous love, that excepted of enjoying a decent competence for their ſupport.—By degrees, this deficiency embitters all their joys; and particularly is the ſenſibility of Edward ſhocked at ſeeing the loved partner of his boſom (entitled as ſhe was to a reſpectable ſituation in life, not leſs from her birth than from her merit and her beauty) obliged to ſubmit to the loweſt menial offices—*drudge and drudge, and ſtill be wretched!*—Theſe circumſtances preying upon the mind of the too-ſuſceptible Edward, he at length falls ſick, and ſinks into a ſtate of rooted melancholy and deſpondence. Her own afflictions Caroline could bear, but thoſe of her huſband ſhe cannot withſtand; and accordingly, yielding herſelf a prey to the corroding paſſions that conſumed her huſband, they both fall victims to the wayward circumſtances of their mutual love.

The poem, upon the whole, bears a conſiderable reſemblance to the ſtyle and manner of Spenſer, diveſted of his uncouth, obſolete phraſes; and, as a ſpecimen of Mr. Hoole's talents to do juſtice to his ſubject, we ſhall preſent our readers with a part of his picturesque deſcription of the progreſs of love, as exemplified by the hapleſs Edward and Caroline.

"THE maid, all innocent, his converſe ſought,
And what her ear received her mind retained;
The lore of ſcience from his lips ſhe caught,
Till on her heart Love's ſweet infection gained.
Oft from her boſom ſtole th' unbidden ſigh,
Her cheek grew warm when Edward met her view,
And now at village-church, ſhe knew not why,
Though ſtill attentive there, ſhe more attentive grew.

"Thus unperceiv'd both fed the young deſire,
Till the ſtrong paſſion laughed at all control;
In her, though bright, yet gentle was the fire,
But Edward's mightier flame conſumed his ſoul.
O thou! who wealth or fame haſt made thy choice,
Watch the firſt faint attack of mining love;
That moment fly, when once the melting voice
Or radiant eye begins thy changing pulſe to move.

"Why ſhould I tell, what many a tale can ſhow?—
The weak reſolve, forgot as ſoon as made,
The thrilling tranſport, and the burning woe,
Which now by turns their days and nights invade,
Why ſhould I tell? for who has never lov'd?
Each vowed from each to hide the ſtifled flame;
But ſoon, alas! by ſudden impulſe moved,
What long their eyes had ſhewn, their mutual lips proclaim."

Six Narrative Poems. By Eliza Knipe. 4to. 3s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS Lady modeſtly ſtyles herſelf an "unlettered Muſe, who trembles at the ſeverity of criticiſm, and dares not hope much even from candour."—Modeſty, in all characters commendable, is in none ſo amiably attractive as in the fair followers of the "*tuneful nine*;" and therefore we feel a particular pleaſure in recommending the pieces before us to the attention of our poetical readers in general.

Religion conſidered as the only Baſis of Happineſs, and of true Philoſophy. By Madame the Marchioneſs of Sillery. 2 vols. 8s. T. Payne and Son.

IT would be as ridiculous to attempt to ſeparate the principles of true religion from thoſe of true philoſophy, as it would be to affirm that happineſs, in the proper ſenſe of the word, can be attained but by a conſcientious adherence to the duties inculcated by both. The volumes before us conſiſt of eſſays, in the form of chapters, on religion both natural and revealed; and though the Marchioneſs not only expreſſes herſelf in general with a tame ſimplicity, little calculated to attract the admiration of a faſtidious critic, though ſhe even borrows moſt of her arguments from other authors, yet, far from blaming her conduct

duct in either of these respects, we are disposed to applaud it; the work having been expressly written for the use of the Duke de Chartres, when a boy at the age of only twelve years.—With respect to the translation, it is upon the whole executed with fidelity; but for elegance it has few claims to praise.

Edward and Sophia. A Novel. By a Lady. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Lane.

RATHER, it should have been said, "By a philosopher—a *pseudo-philosopher* in petticoats; one who, incapable of attracting her readers by novelty of incident, or originality of character, has contrived to eke out two insipid volumes with a number of trite arguments, and indecent sarcasms, on the subject of religion, which, from their general complexion, we are inclined to suspect the fair lady to have picked up in her attendance on some of those *blessed* seminaries of free debate, vulgarly yclepped "Disputing Societies."

The Platonic Guardian, or the History of an Orphan. By a Lady. 3 vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Lane.

THIS lady affects not to *think so learnedly* as the author of Edward and Sophia; but she excels her far in the happy art of interesting the *attention* of her readers. The work is by no means correctly written; but we have seen many worse novels of the *modern manufacture* than The Platonic Guardian.

Adventures of Jonathan Corncob, Loyal American Refugee. 12mo. 3s. Robinsons.

JONATHAN Corncob seems to possess no small portion of that kind of humour which is generally one of the most predominant characteristics of a genuine *Jack Tar*. To fine speeches, and fine sentiments, he makes no pretensions. His object rather is, to delineate characters ludicrously, but with *truth*; and the scenes he describes are those chiefly of which he had himself been a spectator. In his account of the present manners of the Americans, and of the prevailing vices and follies in the West Indies, there is much pointed ridicule; nor do we scruple to add, that we have perused his Adventures with considerable pleasure.

The Sympathy of Souls. By Mr. Wieland. Attempted from the French, and revised after the Original German. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Bladon.

IT was not till within these *three years*, we learn, that Mr. Winzer—the translater of this admired work of one of the most ingenious *sentimentalists* that have in our days graced the literature of Germany—*knew any thing of the English language*. Whether there be a propriety or an impropriety in this acknowledgment, *apparently* so very candid, we will not contend; but it is highly requisite that Mr. Winzer should be told, *many more years than three* must elapse before by his good Genius he will be endowed with the powers of transfusing the beauties of a Wieland into *any language*. The work before us, as announced in the title-page, is little more than an ATTEMPT TO TRANSLATE A TRANSLATION; and accordingly, no wonder is it that in every page we should be disgusted with Gallicisms, and forced to lament a total want of *sympathy of soul* in Mr. Wieland and Mr. Winzer.

More Last Words of Dr. Johnson. Consisting of important Anecdotes, and a curious Letter from a Medical Gentleman, published from the Doctor's Manuscripts, with original Stories, of a *private Nature*, relative to that great Man. To which are added, singular Facts relative to his *biographical Executor*, formerly Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. By Francis, Barber. 8vo. 2s. Rich.

AN impudent and most abominable imposition upon the public, for which the wretch capable of committing it can never make a sufficient atonement, even by the publication of his *own Last Words*, when on the point of being suspended—

and

and hereby we ordain that ſuſpended he ſhall be—on the higheſt gibbet of literary infamy!—By thoſe who only read the title-page to this horrid maſs of fraud, as well as nonſenſe, it was, at firſt, credulouſly ſuppoſed, that poor Frank Barber, the Doctor's black ſervant (than whom, it is certain, no perſon had more acceſs to know him, without even excepting Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Boſwell, yea, verily, or Mrs. Piozzi herſelf) had commenced author, and undertaken to do thoſe things in juſtice to the character of his departed maſter, which his "biographical executor" (or *Executioner*, call him, reader, which you pleaſe) had deliberately *left undone*.—Frank, however, took the firſt opportunity to undeceive the world by a public diſavowal of all knowledge of the catch-penny farrago; which, hardly with leſs impudence, is now pretended to be the production of one Francis, a Barber by trade, who, we are told, *had the honour to* SHAVE THE DOCTOR, *and* COMB HIS WIGS.

ACCOUNT of the late JOHN ASTLEY, Eſq.

THIS is a biography which ſolicits notice, from the ſenſe of viciſſitude, and the inſtances of being recent and well known. It exemplifies on human fortune, and ſhews how each extremity may be borne;—the one, ſweetened by hope;—the other, ſobered by reflection!

JOHN ASTLEY was born at Wem, in Shropſhire, of parents much leſs ſhowy in their circumſtances, but, morally, much more enviable. His father practiſed medicine. After a little time ſpent at a country ſchool, which uſually does little more than turn ignorance into preſumption, John Aſtley came to London, and was apprenticed to Hudſon the Portrait-Painter, who, bad as he was, was the beſt of his time; and, though otherwiſe not worth the remembering, will never be forgotten, as the maſter of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

Aſtley too, though not ſo elegantly minded as Reynolds, might have been conſpicuous in his art. When he left Hudſon, and went to Rome, he ſhewed ſuch parts as got, and kept, the patronage of Lord Cheſterfield. The beſt pictures he ever painted, were copies of the Bentivoglios, and Titian's Venus, and a head much in the manner of Shakeſpeare,—and in the opinion of a judge whom few can doubt, Stuart, the portrait-painter, far preferable to the famous head in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.

When he returned from Rome, he was received for ſeveral months into the houſe of a friend, whoſe abundant kindneſs he never returned;—he then went an adventurer to Ireland; there his fortune was ſo good, and his uſe of it ſo diligent, that in three years he left the country with 3000l. more than he found it.

As he was painting his way back to London, in his own poſt-chaiſe, and with an out-rider, he loitered, with a little pardonable vanity, in his native neighbourhood; and entering Knutsford aſſembly with Major Eſſe, of the 68th, Lady Daniel was at once won by his appearance. She contrived the next day to ſit for her portrait, and the next week ſhe gave him the original: ſuperſeding the claims of Mr. Smith Barry, Lady Daniel married Mr. Aſtley.

The marriage articles reſerved her fortune to herſelf; but ſo ſatisfactory was his behaviour, that ſhe ſoon gave him the Tably Eſtate; and dying ſoon after, ſettled on him, after the death of her idiot daughter, by Sir W. Daniel, the whole Duckenfield Eſtate in fee, amounting together to 5000l. a-year.

The Tably eſtate, about 1000l. a-year, he decorated, built, and ſold. Old Tomkinſon of Nantwich, who had the honour of breeding Sir Lloyd Kenyon, was the buyer; of courſe, it was not ſold for more than its value; probably it was leſs, for Sir R. Taylor would have given 2000 or 3000l. more.

This money being ſpent, he was to look for other reſources. With ſuch a reverſion as Duckenfield, what he looked for was eaſily found; and after he had made two or three charges on the property, he received a propoſal, no doubt very fair, for it came from Preſcott the banker, for a *poſt obit* of the whole, in ſucceſſion to the daughter.

Aſtley had then waited long and loth for this contingence. It did not ſeem nearer than at firſt; and he was eight or nine years nearer to his grave. He quickened the treaty with Preſcott; the price was fixed, and nothing remained but finally agreeing to it, when lo! the night before the agreement becoming final—the daughter died.

The news reached Aſtley at midnight; and he made the moſt of it by his intelligence and diſpatch. He hurried inſtantly into Cheſhire, and going through all the forms, took poſſeſſion of the eſtate, and returned to town before his wife's family knew what had happened, or could take the meaſures they propoſed, to counteract his claims.

On his outſet in London, he lived in St. James's ſtreet, where Dr. Hill followed him, and wrote the book, except the Bible of the moſt ſale in the language, the Cookery of Mrs. Glaſſe.

Aſtley

Aſtley afterwards bought Schomberg Houſe, in Pall Mall, with ſome credit to his ſkill as an architect, and with more credit to Lord Holderneſs, as an honourable man; for having propoſed the houſe to Aſtley for 5000l. he took that propoſition as definitive, and refuſed James Payne's offer, for Lord Melbourne, of 2000l. more.

With 5000l. more he made three houſes out of one. Gainſborough and his art have made one well known. The center he himſelf inhabited, and raiſed that fine room, where Dr. Graham, with ſuch infamy to the police which ſuffered him, preceded Coſway. There too, he built an Attic ſtory, which for the ſurpriſes of ſcenery, in a town like London, ſhould be ſeen by all who come to it.

In the ſtructure and decoration of ſmall buildings, rich as the time is in architecture, Aſtley's architecture was pre-eminent. Pall-Mall is one inſtance; Lady Archer's ſaloon and conſervatory at Barnes is another; Duckenfield is yet finer than either. The ſaloon, the loggio in front, the chamber on each ſide, and the great octogon, are all as exquiſite as original, from their firſt idea to the laſt.

Aſtley's ingenuity led him alſo to commercial arts; but in this commerce, the balance was againſt him. In the different ſinkings on his colliery, he ſunk more money than he raiſed. In the furnaces for his iron-ſtone, he conſumed more metal from his pocket than the mine.

But in the article of money, his deſtiny was inexhauſtible. The waſtes of folly were more than equalled by the wantonneſs of fortune. His brother, the Putney ſurgeon, was run over by a waggon at Wimbledon, and left his life on the road. This, at once, more than replaced the 10,000l. he had run down in the furnace.

Eſtimating what he got by painting, by legacies, and by his marriage, he was worth above 100,000l. Of this, about 25,000l. were ſpent in art, and elegant accommodations, blameleſs at leaſt, if not praiſe-worthy. —30,000l. he told Dr. Warren, he had ſpent on ſeven years exceſſes, when he was languiſhing under their conſequences;—and, in the ſelf-diſapprobation of a retroſpective hour, he told the writer of this account, he would give the remainder 100,000l. to redeem the time he had loſt.

Some good is implied in the compunction that can wiſh for more. How more and more actively that wiſh might have aſpired, had it been unchecked by time and chance —if his ſpirits had been diſciplined by diſaſter—if his mind had been cheriſhed by letters, and by truth. As it was, compared with his companions, and without literature or moral nurture, he had the benefit of contraſt, and that favour which ranks from not being the worſt. Eager as he was for gain, his grave cannot be outraged as an oppreſſor. Impetuous after pleaſure, he abhorred thoſe aggravated enormities which have to anſwer for the inroads on virgin innocence and domeſtic peace. He loved the pleaſures of the table; but, like Charles the Second, he made his paſſion for wine ſubſervient to the paſſion of love.—He was temperate on principle—he was active againſt inclination.

He cultivated chearfulneſs, and very ſucceſsfully. His diction, by degrees, improved to great felicity. He converſed with ſuch powers, as made him more than a match for men much more intelligent than himſelf. This he did, by what Bacon allows as dextrous—by ſeeming to know what he did not—and by the fair uſe of all he did know—by all that conſtitutes a ready man—by whim, vivacity, and very often, the fair force of thought.

A good judge of life and manners has ſaid, that he had a prejudice for a man whoſe chriſtian name was made diminutive and familiar. The prejudice is founded, as far as the convivial charm. Jack Aſtley earned it fairly by his hilarity and eaſe, his good-humour and good-manners.

As a Companion, he had powers of captivation;—but except on art, or the experience of life he inſtructed leſs than he entertained. He was more merry than wiſe.

As a Companion in his own houſe, his hoſpitalities were perfect, and reached to all —with that ſenſe, that ſpirit, and taſte, which made them to all very winning.

He had been thrice married—and here he had moſt praiſe for relative duties. To Lady Daniel his regard need not be doubted. His firſt wife, the mother of his eldeſt daughter, he never mentioned without a ſigh. Thoſe ſighs, we find, are amply repaid by the lady he has left behind.

As a Father, he failed deplorably—he had neither the cautious ſtrictneſs of a good man —nor the over-ſtrained indulgence of a bad one. He firſt encouraged folly, and then was inexorable in puniſhing it. That forgiveneſs and re-eſtabliſhment which ſhould have come from him, are left to be done by his widow.

That he is gone, may be a mercy to the three young children he has left—for had he lived, it is too probable, he had bred them in the worſt way poſſible—in the ignorance and looſeneſs of a Convent in France. He had expoſed them to error, and then, perhaps, never would have forgiven them.

Such was the character and condition of Aſtley. He owed his fortune to his form—his follies to his fortune!—So very dubious are the tendencies of all apparent good! and thus, though low life may riſe, it will riſe only to fall the lower, unleſs it be upheld by the never-failing energie of ſuſtaining worth —by mental merit, and preparations of the heart—by virtuous habits, and by uſeful knowledge.

EX.

EXTRACTS from a TOUR in CATALONIA, by ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

[From "ANNALS of AGRICULTURE."]

(*Concluded from Page* 396.)

IN above an hundred miles in Catalonia, we have ſeen but two houſes that appeared, decidedly, to be gentlemen's; one, the governor's at Vielle, and the other in the town of Poeblar, and in the ſame line of country, not more than one acre probably in 200 is cultivated. Thus far, therefore, we have experienced an entire diſappointment in the expectation of finding this province a garden.

In this diſtrict not one acre in an hundred cultivated, all rocks, ſhrubs, and weeds, with patches of wretched oats on the mountain ſides. The road leads up one which is all of ſtone, covered with roſemary, box, brambles, &c. At the top break at once on the view of a deep vale, or rather glen, at the bottom of which a muddy river has ſpoiled the little land which might have been cultivated. The hills are ſteep, and all is cultivated there that could be ſo, but the quantity very ſmall.

Deſcend into a very rich vale, and to the town of Paous: croſs the river Sagrée by a moſt commodious ferry-boat, much better contrived and executed for carriage and horſes than any I have ſeen in England. I have croſſed the Thames, the Severn, the Trent, and other rivers, but never ſaw any horſes forced to leap through a narrow cut in the ſide of the boat, but I expected them to be lamed, and have been preſent when others have, with the greateſt difficulty, been whipt in. A carriage may be driven in and out of this ferry-boat without taking off a horſe, or any perſon moving from his ſeat. It croſſes the river by a great rope paſſing againſt a lanthern wheel, which is long enough to allow for the ſpreading of the river in the higheſt floods. Every thing now changes the features. The vale on compariſon with thoſe we have ſeen is wide, and alſo flat, and water plentifully conducted in canals, which paſs every quarter, ſo as to be let into the field of every proprietor. Having paſſed above 100 miles of dreary mountain, this vale, ſo great was the contraſt, had the appearance of enchantment. The care and attention given to irrigation, cannot be exceeded. The land is prepared for it, by levelling with a nicety as curious as for making a bowling-green, and this (conducting the water excepted, which is common to every one) is the only expence: this general level is divided into oblong beds, from 6 to 8 feet wide, by little ridges of fine mould, drawn up nicely with a rake every time the ground is ſown, in order that the water may not ſpread over too much at once, in which caſe the irrigation would be unequal; there would be too much of a current at the part where the water enters; a circumſtance of no great importance in watering graſs-land, but which would be miſchievous in arable: ſmall trenches take the water from the carrier-canals, and paſſing by the ends of thoſe beds, the farmer opens them at pleaſure to diſtribute the water where wanted. As ſoon as the land is ſown it is watered, and periodically, till the plants are up; moderately while they are young; but every day, and ſometimes twice a day, when full grown: the effect is ſurpriſing, and infinitely exceeds that of the very richeſt manures that can be ſpread upon any land. The rapidity of vegetation is ſo great, that there are but few crops which demand all the ſummer for coming to perfection; I believe hemp is the only one: that plant is now 5 to 7 feet in height, and of ſo thick a luxuriance that nothing can be imagined finer. The rye ſtubbles are ploughed and ſown with French beans, which are up and watered. After hemp wheat is the crop. At Paous we ſaw many perſons winding ſilk; the cocoons were in warm water, and wound off by a well-contrived reel, ſomething different from thoſe uſed in France.

Prices.—Bread, 3 ſous, lb. of 12 oz.
Mutton, 6 ſous } the lb. of 48 oz.
Pork, 15 ſous }
Bottle of ſweet white wine, 5 ſous.
——— red, 2 ſous.

Here they were threſhing by driving mules around on a circular floor of earth in the open air; a girl drove three mules round, and four men attended for turning, moving away the ſtraw, and ſupplying the floor with corn. Their crops are all brought home by mules or aſſes with panniers; met ſeveral; they each carried ſix great ſheaves, equal to twenty common Engliſh ones: where roads are bad, this is the only way in which it can be done.

July 16th. Approach Barcelona: buildings many and good; numerous villas, and within two or three miles. They ſpread to the right and left, and are ſeen all over the country.—The firſt view of the town is very fine; the ſituation beautiful, and the road ſo great and well-made, as to add much to the general ſcene; indeed there can no where be a finer; it is carried in an even line over all narrow

vales, ſo that you have none of the inconveniences, which otherwiſe are the effect of hills and declivities. A few palm trees add to the novelty of the proſpect to northern eyes. The laſt half-mile, we were in great haſte to be in time for the gates, as they are ſhut at nine o'clock: we had had a moſt burning ſun for forty miles, were a good deal fatigued, yet forced to undergo a ſtrict ridiculous ſearch at the gate, as every thing pays an entrée to government that goes into the town. When this was over, we went to the *French Crown*, but all full; then to *La Fonda*, where we found good quarters.

My friend thought this the moſt fatiguing day he had ever experienced; the heat being exceſſive oppreſſed him much. The contraſt of this inn, which is a very great one, with many waiters, active and alert, as in England; a good ſupper, with ſome excellent Mediterranean fiſh, ripe peaches, good wine, the moſt delicious lemonade in the world, good beds, &c. &c. contraſted moſt powerfully with the dreadful ſtarving or ſtinking fare we had every where elſe met with.

The 17th. View the town, which is large, and, to the eye, in every ſtreet remarkably populous: many of the ſtreets are narrow, as may be expected in an old town, but there are alſo many others of a good breadth, and with good houſes. Yet one cannot, upon the whole, conſider it as well built, except in what relates to the public edifices, which are erected in a magnificent ſtyle. There are ſome conſiderable openings, which, though not regular ſquares, are highly ornamental, and have a good effect in ſetting off the new buildings to the beſt advantage. One quarter of the city, called Barceloretta, is entirely new and perfectly regular, the ſtreets all cutting each other at right angles: it is true, the houſes are all ſmall, being meant for the reſidence of ſailors, little ſhop-keepers, and artizans, but it is at the ſame time no inconſiderable ornament to the city: one front of this new town faces the quay. The ſtreets are well-lighted; but the duſt ſo deep in ſome of them, eſpecially the broader ones, that I know not whether they are all paved or not. The governor's houſe, and the new fountain, are on a ſcale and in a ſtyle which ſhews that there are no mean ideas of embellithment here. The royal foundery for cannon is very great; the buildings ſpacious, and nothing wanting to ſhew that no expence is ſpared. The guns caſt are chiefly braſs; they were boring ſeveral 24 pounders, which had been caſt ſolid, and which is an operation ſo truly curious, that one can never view it without paying ſome homage to the genius that firſt invented it. In time of war 300 men are employed, but at preſent the number is not conſiderable. The theatre is very large, and the ſeats on the two ſides of the pit (for the center is at a lower price) extremely commodious; there are elbows to ſeparate the places, ſo that you ſit as in an elbow chair. We were preſent at the repreſentation of a Spaniſh comedy, and an Italian opera after it, and were ſurprized to find clergymen in their habits in every part of the houſe. This, which is never ſeen in France, ſhews a relaxation in points of religion, that may by and by have its effect. They have an Italian opera twice a week, and plays the other evenings. I ſaw a blackſmith, hot from the anvil, come in, and ſeat himſelf in the pit, with his ſhirt ſleeves tucked above his elbows. The houſe is larger than ours at Covent-Garden. Every well-dreſſed perſon was in the French faſhion; but there were many others that ſtill retained the Spaniſh mode of wearing their hair, without powder, in a thick black net, which hangs down the back: nothing can have a worſe effect, or be, in idea, more offenſive in ſo hot a climate. But the object at Barcelona which is the moſt ſtriking, and which has hardly any where a rival, is the quay: the deſign and execution are equally good: it is about half a mile long, as I gueſſed by my eye. A low platform is built but a few feet above the level of the water, of ſtone clote to which the ſhips are moored; this is of breadth ſufficient for goods and packages of all ſorts in loading and unloading the veſſels: a row of archedwarehouſes open on this platform, above and over which is the upper part of the quay, which is on a level with the ſtreet; and, for the convenience of going up or down from one to the other, there are ways for carriages, and alſo ſtair-caſes: the whole is moſt ſolidly erected in hewn ſtone, and finiſhed in a manner that ſhews a true ſpirit of magnificence, in this moſt uſeful ſort of public works. It does credit to the kingdom. The road by which we travelled for ſeveral miles to Barcelona, the bridge over which we paſſed the river, and this quay, are all works which will reflect a laſting honour on the preſent king of Spain. They are truly great. There are now about 140 ſhips in the harbour, but the number is often many more.

The manufactories at Barcelona are conſiderable. There is every appearance as you walk the ſtreets of great and active induſtry; you move no where without hearing the creak of ſtocking-engines. Silk is manufactured into ſtockings, handkerchiefs, (but theſe are not on ſo great a ſcale as at Valencia) laces, and various ſtuffs. They have alſo ſome woollen fabricks, but not conſiderable. The great buſineſs of the place is, that of commiſ-

ſion;

ſion; there are not many ſhips belonging to the town, but the amount of the trade tranſacted here, is very conſiderable.

The induſtry and trade, however, which have taken root and proſpered in this city, have withſtood the continued ſyſtem of the Court to deal ſeverely with the whole province of Catalonia. The famous efforts which the Catalans made, in the beginning of this century, to place a Prince of the Houſe of Auſtria upon the throne of Spain, were not ſoon forgotten by the Princes of the Houſe of Bourbon. Heavy taxes are paid in Barcelona; nothing comes into the town without paying an entrée; a load of 220 bottles of wine pays 12 peſettos, which is about 12s. Engliſh: even wheat is not exempted. Houſes pay a heavy proportional tax, which is levied with ſuch ſtrictneſs, that the leaſt addition or improvement is ſure to be attended with an increaſe of the tax. Nor is taxation the only inſtance of ſeverity; the whole province continues to this day diſarmed, ſo that a nobleman cannot wear a ſword, unleſs privileged to do it by grace, or office; and this goes ſo far, that they are known, in order to be able to exhibit this mark of diſtinction, to get themſelves enrolled as Familiars of the Inquiſition, an office which carries with it that licence. I note this correctly, as the information was given me; but I hope the perſon who gave it was miſtaken, and that no ſuch double diſhonour is in queſtion; in a court, to drive men fourſcore years after their offence, and which offence was only fidelity to the Prince they eſteemed their ſovereign, to ſo unworthy a means of perſonal diſtinction. The mention of the Inquiſition made us enquire into the preſent ſtate of that *holy* office, and we were informed, that it was now formidable only to perſons very notorious in ill fame; and that when it does act againſt offenders, an Inquiſitor comes from Madrid to conduct the proceſs: from the expreſſions, however, which were uſed, and the inſtances given, it appeared that they take cognizance of caſes not at all connected with faith in religion; and that if men or women were guilty of vices which made them notoriouſly offenſive, this was the power which interpoſed: an account by no means favourable; for the circumſtance which was ſuppoſed moſt to limit their power, was the explicit nature of the offence, that it was againſt the catholic faith, and by no means againſt public morals, to ſecure which is an object of very different judicatures in every country.

There are reckoned to be from 1200 to 1500 monks and nuns in the city.

Price of Proviſions.

Bread, 4 ſous and a fraction per lb. of 12 oz.
Mutton, 22½ ſous the lb. of 36 oz.
Pork, 45 ſous the lb. of 12 oz.

} that of the poor people, very little leſs; but they buy the ſoldiers bread, which comes cheaper; they live very much on ſtock-fiſh, &c.

Hams ſometimes three or four peſettos or ſhillings the lb. of 12 oz. Wine four to five ſous the bottle.

The markets are now full of ripe figs, peaches, melons, and more common ſorts of fruit, in great profuſion. I bought three large peaches for a penny, and our laquais de place ſaid that I gave too much, and paid like a foreigner. Noble orange trees are in the gardens in the town full of fruit; and all ſorts of garden vegetables in the greateſt plenty and perfection. The climate in winter may be conjectured from their having green peaſe every month in the year.

Labour. Common day wages are 25 ſous *French*, ſometimes riſe to 33 ſous, the very loweſt 22½. Stocking weavers earn 33 ſous.

View the very pretty fort to the ſouth of the town, which is on the ſummit of a hill that commands a vaſt proſpect by ſea and land. It is exceedingly well built, and well kept. Notwithſtanding this fort to the ſouth, and a citadel to the north of the town, corſairs, in time of war, have cut fiſhing veſſels out of the roads, and very near the ſhore.

The 18th leave Barcelona; ſearched again at the gate going out, which ſeems for the payment of entries to be a needleſs and burthenſome precaution. Enter immediately an extraordinary ſcene of watered cultivation, and which muſt have given the general reputation to the province. Nothing can well be finer.—The crops in perpetual ſucceſſion—and the attention given to their culture great. Not the idea of a fallow; but the moment one crop is off, ſome other immediately ſown. A great deal of lucerne, which is cut four, five, ſix, and even ſeven times in a year; all broadcaſt, and exceedingly thick and fine, from 2½ to 3 feet high when cut. It is all watered every eight days. We meet many mule loads of it going into the town, each 450lb. or 4½ quintals, which ſells for four peſettos, or near 4s. Engliſh; ſuppoſe it 4s. for 500lb. it will not be difficult to calculate the produce of an acre. All I ſaw would yield ten ton green per acre at each cutting, and much of it a great deal more: let us ſuppoſe five cuttings or 50 tons per acre, at 16s. a ton, this is 40l. ſterling per acre. It is to be remembered that the growth we ſaw was the third, perhaps the

fourth, and that the firſt and ſecond are in all probability more conſiderable; it will not, therefore, be thought any exaggeration to calculate on five ſuch. I by no means aſſert lucerne yields always, or generally ſo, as I ſpeak only of what I ſee. I have very little doubt, however, but this is the amount of that portion which is thus cut and ſold to Barcelona; poſſibly one-third, certainly one-fourth is to be deducted for the expence of carriage: this is the moſt difficult part of the calculation, for it depends on how many times the mule goes in a day, which muſt alſo depend on the readineſs of ſale and other circumſtances. The profit is, however, amazingly great. All the other lucerne I have any where ſeen ſinks, in my idea, to nothing, on compariſon with the vaſt and luxuriant burthens given by theſe watered grounds.—The fineſt crops I have known in England are drilled, but there is a fallacy to the eye in the drilled crops in proportion to the diſtance of the rows; they appear thick while they are really thin; but in broad-caſt ones which ſatisfy the eye there is no deception, and theſe immenſe burthens, through which the ſcythe is with difficulty moved, produce more at one cutting than two-feet drills would at three, with the advantage of the herbage being finer and ſofter. But weeds in England and Catalonia are two very different things; it well deſerves, however, with us, a better trial than it has yet generally received. I have viewed broad-caſt crops in that country, particularly Rocque's, on a very rich garden-ſoil, and Dr. Tanner's on a common turnip-loam, which, though not to be named with the Spaniſh, were certainly encouraging.

Hemp, through all theſe watered lands, is the predominate crop; it is ſeven feet high, and perfectly fine; ſome of it is already harveſted. I am ſorry to ſee that the watered part of the vale is not more than a mile broad. Indian fig, called here *figua de Maura*, grows ſix or ſeven feet high, very branching and crooked, the arms at bottom as thick as the thigh of a common man; theſe and many aloes in the hedges. Every garden or farm has a ſmall houſe with a reſervoir for water, which is filled in moſt by a water-wheel, with jars around the circumference. The gardens between Barcelona and the fort, and alſo within the walls, are watered in the ſame manner; the water is let into every little bed, in the ſame way as I have already deſcribed. They are crowded with crops, and kept in moſt beautiful order: thoſe in and cloſe to the town ſcattered with mulberry-trees.—But in the diſtrict of which I am ſpeaking at preſent, among the hemp and lucerne, neither vine, olive, nor mulberry. Theſe watered lands belong generally to proprietors who live in Barcelona, and are let at thirty to forty Spaniſh livres the journal.

The valley in its wideſt part is three miles broad. Here it lets at 34 Spaniſh livres a year the journal, and the journal ſells from 600 to 1000 livres, each of theſe livres being about 54 ſous (1000 Spaniſh livres make 2700 French ones). Taking the medium at 800, and the French livre at 10½, this makes the journal 90l. 2s. 6d. and the rent of it 4l. The groſs rent of the land, therefore, pays nearly 4½ per cent. but whether this is clear rent, the tenant paying all taxes, and doing the ſmall repairs of his houſe, &c. or whether there are deductions on thoſe accounts, are queſtions which were neither forgotten nor reſolved. To ſhew the quick ſucceſſion of their crops, they have corn in ſtooks on the borders of ſome of the fields, and the land ploughed and ſown with millet, which is already nine inches high.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE very ingenious writers who have already amuſed the Town at the expence of ſome of his Majeſty's Servants, in THE ROLLIAD, and PROBATIONARY ODES, being ſuppoſed to have again taken the field in a new publication, we think ourſelves again called upon to preſerve the efforts of genius, though employed in a manner neither agreeable to our own ſentiments, or, probably, to thoſe of ſome of our readers. But Wit and Humour we deem ourſelves bound to attend to, however employed, or in whatever manner exerted.

THE ALBUM: OR, MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

No. I.

DURING the late buſtle—the moſt awful, we are aſſured from *undoubted* authority, that ever agitated theſe realms; when Miniſters, with unheard-of ſagacity, were employed in defeating the machinations of our foes, before they had exiſtence, and overturning plans, of which no political microſcope has yet diſcovered the *embrio*;—Mr. Steele's hoſpitable Manſion at STREATHAM aſſumed a complexion not at all agreeing with the feſtivity of its owner. It was there, that in defiance

ſiance of the *Proclamation*, each Sabbath was ſpent in debate; it was from thence, that *diſpatches* were *diſpatched* without number, and without end, until Miniſters had accompliſhed their own *wiſe* purpoſes, in a manner peculiar to themſelves, and, to uſe an appropriate line of the late Dr. Johnſon,

"Had *killed* the yet *unanimated* young."

Theſe important concerns, however, being at an end,—and *Gallic faith* being bound up to its propriety, in declarations and counter-declarations of the ſtrongeſt parchment, it became neceſſary to ſeek an interval of relaxation.—Mr. Dundas was the firſt to propoſe a freer circulation of the bottle; but this propoſition was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on account of the danger of *nocturnal* travels; and as ſtrongly by the Solicitor General, leſt by any unfortunate accident he ſhould be betrayed from his uſual *conſiſtency*. The Attorney-General declared himſelf inclined to neither ſide; upon which Mr. Martin caſt a ſhrewd glance on Mr. Arden's *noſe*, and laughed very heartily. Mr. Alderman Wilkes reminded the company of the *decorous* example which it was neceſſary for them to ſet to his Majeſty's ſubjects;—but Mr. Beaufoy terminated the conteſt, by riſing to addreſs the company in that graceful manner ſo peculiar to himſelf.—Having compoſed his countenance—moulded his *chapeau* into the ſize of a tennis-ball—and diſpoſed of his legs in ſuch a manner, that one might not run away from the other—after an exordium of only half an hour, he aſſured them, that "he was *experimentally* convinced of the danger of the meaſure propoſed by the Treaſurer of the Navy; and that nothing but a total abſtinence from wine could exempt that *body politic*—which the nation ſo deſervedly held dear—from the morbid humours ariſing from its *deleterious* qualities."

His Grace of Richmond next propoſed, that the company ſhould attend him into the meadow at the bottom of the garden, where, with their aſſiſtance, he offered to erect a model in clay, by which he would demonſtrate, that, with his newly-invented redoubts, a garriſon of 5000 men could defend themſelves for a given time againſt a force ſuperior by as many hundreds.—It is impoſſible for us to ſay how this propoſal would have been received, as in that inſtant the Right Hon. Mr. Cornewall was obſerved to make a number of wry faces, occaſioned, as he ſaid, by a violent *colic*. The blue-room was inſtantly ordered to be aired for the venerable invalid, and in order to bring a ſpeedier ſlumber to his relief, Major Scott was directed to attend him, and to read over his comments on the Preface to *Bellendenus*.

Mr. Grenville then mentioned the exceſſive fatigue which he had undergone in purſuing the French Miniſter—who was purſuing the French King—who was purſuing the cock pheaſants round his hunting-ſeat. He therefore declared himſelf incapable of any violent exerciſe; and only propoſed a game at *Cribbage*, to which Mr. M. A. Taylor having aſſented, they retired together to the little parlour for that purpoſe.

After a few minutes ſpent in farther heſitation by the reſt of the company, Mr. Steele ſuggeſted, as a more eligible mode of amuſement than any that had yet been offered, that an *Album* ſhould be immediately opened; to which each perſon preſent, and every future viſitor, ſhould be ſolicited to commit ſome *poetical* effuſion of the moment. They could perhaps promiſe themſelves, he ſaid, as much *variety* as filled the Vaſe at Bath-Eaſton, with as much *ſublimity* as appears in the *Album* at Sir W. J——n's. At all events, it was certain, that ſuch a number of *curious originals* might be procured by this means, as would not only beguile the preſent moment, but would even expand the ideas and enrich the collections of poſterity.

This propoſal, either through vanity or complaiſance, was immediately aſſented to by every individual preſent; and the eagerneſs with which the taſk was purſued, being in proportion to its novelty, the *Album* in three or four days was nearly filled. It was not at firſt intended that this collection ſhould be made public. It was fixed, on the contrary, that the *modeſt muſe* of Mr. Dundas, and the *chaſte* inſpirer from whom the *Premier* caught his flame, ſhould together hide their heads in ſecrecy. It was even cruelly determined, that the *eloquence* of Mr. Martin—the *wit* of Sir Joſeph Mawbey—the *brief epigrams* of Major Scott—and the *Attic ſtrains* of Lord Sydney, ſhould be for ever loſt to the world. But from our firſt knowledge that ſuch a treaſure exiſted, our efforts to obtain a view were unremitting, and we are happy to add that they have been ſucceſsful. We ſhall therefore preſent our readers with a few "EXTRACTS from the ALBUM at STREATHAM," curtailed only in thoſe parts which the haſte of the Noble and Hon. writers may have rendered unequal to the reſt, or which allude to ſuch *jokes*, as, though laughable in the circle where they originated, may perhaps fail of exciting a ſmile, if communicated to the public eye.

No. II.

WHEN, in conſequence of Mr. Steele's propoſal, and the general determination, the

ALBUM

ALBUM was produced, a degree of anxious diffidence appeared in every face.—Mr. *Dundas*—though poſterity will ſcarcely believe it—was obſerved to bluſh;—Mr. *Rolle* hid his face behind the *round bat* of oratorical notoriety; upon which Mr. *Drake* jun. in a ſpeech which laſted one minute and thirty-five ſeconds, remarked on the difficulty of the taſk, and concluded with his uſual happineſs of quotation, by reciting the line from Virgil,

Obſtupui, ſteteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæſit.—

The remarkable volume which lay on the table, it appeared, had been originally intended for entering the vaſt amount of miniſterial ſavings, and for noting the arithmetical progreſſion in which they ſhould hatten—to extinguiſh one debt by creating another.—It was now, on the contrary, to be employed in receiving *fictions* of another kind, and taken from the *epic* taſk of bold impoſition, to the *paſtoral divertiſſements* of mutual compliments or general adulation.

Mr. Pitt was firſt called on to favour the company with the effuſions of his muſe: but haſtening *in mĕdias res*, we ſhall omit to tell—how with reluctant modeſty he declined the precedence—and how with proportioned urgency they inſiſted on his right;—how with meek diffidence the Premier at length took up the pen;—and how with a voice ſweet as one of Longman and Broderip's *Celeſtinis*, Lord Mulgrave whiſpered his congratulations on the occaſion.—It will be ſufficient for us to communicate the following extracts from this ineſtimable performance, accompanied by a hope that at ſome future time we may be enabled to lay the whole before our readers.

O D E.

Awake! awake! ſome virgin muſe,
And kindred energies infuſe;
Pure as this ſpotleſs page muſt be the ſtrain,
Which to th' expecting croud
Shall ſpeak our joys aloud,
For PEACE *reſtor'd*,
Not by the ſword,
But by our councils, in ſnug ſapience plann'd;
For hoſtile machinations croſt,
For PEACE *reſtor'd*—ere it was loſt,
To bleſs—at ſmall expence—this happy land.

In a ſtrain of grateful humility, he then proceeds, after ſome general congratulations, to compliment very highly the exertions of his coadjutors on this trying occaſion.—The truth of the following lines we make no doubt will be admitted by every reader.

Of powers congenial—for each other form'd,
And by an equal flame of genius warm'd,
When *Sydney*'s labours meet the loud acclaim,
Then ſhall *Carmarthen* ſhare the meed of fame;
When *Mulgrave*'s praiſe ſhall ſound from ev'ry tongue;
Then ſhall *Dundas*'s purity be ſung;
And *Arden* and *Macdonald*,—honor'd pair!
Living or dead, an equal praiſe ſhall ſhare.
So when my *Grenville*'s parts ſhall fill the ſtrain,
Their eulogy ſhall *Hawkeſbury*'s virtues gain.

This beautiful Antiſtrophe then concludes with infinite modeſty,

With humbler note—with more obſcure regard,
Then ſhall my labors find a full reward,
When future ages all our deeds ſhall ſcan,
And ſpeak of each—as MINISTER and MAN!

In a digreſſion of about a hundred lines, he then, as if gaining confidence from his aſſociation w th ſuch *reſpected* names, dwells with conſiderable force on the terrors of the French cabinet and the alarms of Spain during the late memorable negociation. Speaking of the ſituation of Holland, he uſes a moſt ſublime ſimile, comparing the perturbation of their ſpirits to the waves that foam after an inundation from one of their own ſluices, when

Borne by the ruſhing tide,
Their *drunken hopes all chang'd to ſtern deſpair,
The MYNHEERS ſee their chattels floating wide,
And beat their breaſts, and tear their hair,
And curſe their fated ſhore,
For watry ruin marked—for dark complottings more.

Returning from this digreſſion to ſcenes leſs diſtant, the Right Hon. Poet ſeems to have caught new fire.—To thoſe who are well acquainted with his abilities, this circumſtance will appear by no means ſtrange, as they muſt frequently have obſerved, that nothing ſo powerfully calls forth the effervеſcence of his genius, as his being indulged in ſpeaking for half an hour on a buſineſs no way pertinent to the ſubject in hand.—Such was the fire which ſuddenly kindling, dictated the following bold Apoſtrophe.

Now ſtrike the lyre again,
A louder—yet a louder ſtrain,

* Was the hope *drunk*, wherein you dreſt yourſelf?
SHAKESPEARE.

St.

St. *Stephen's* opes its venerable doors!
I ſee the hoſtile phalanx move,
Their firm-ſet ſtrength to prove;
But ſoon the event ſhall prove their conteſt vain.
—Firſt, my *Beaufoy*, his ſkill to try,
On Dulneſs' chords his hands ſhall lay;
Pleas'd with the ſound, he knows not why,
His ſtrains complacently ſhall lead the way.
In order due, then next ſhall *Martin* riſe,
Whilſt Folly jingles all her bells;
Thro' the long period ſtill he tries,
And on the monſtrous *Coalition* dwells,
Till ſenſe repugnant flies the ſound,
And ſombrous vapours fill the Dome around.
Thy ſpeech too, *Grenville*, ſtill to nought is fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſorder'd ſtate,
Of differing themes, the veering jargon mix'd,
Calls general pity for thy hapleſs fate.
Then next *Dundas*, his eyes on fire,
Wak'd by a thouſand ſecret ſtings,
On *India's* woes ſhall touch the lyre,
Till mild Compaſſion trembles on its ſtrings.
Whilſt *Mulgrave*, ſad as fix'd Deſpair,
In ſullen ſtrains his grief beguiles,
The ſolemn, ſtrange and mingled air
At times is dull—at times he faintly ſmiles.

The Poet then proceeds with the ſame happineſs of diſcrimination, to characterize the other leſs diſtinguiſhed ſupporters of the preſent Adminiſtration:—after complimenting each on his genius, ſagacity, &c. or the more *paſſive* equalities of Intrepidity of face, or callous Inſenſibility to argument, he concludes with the following admonition:

Then each, my friends, purſue his ſeparate courſe,
A certain victory it is yours to gain;
O ſouls like yours, all reaſoning loſes force;
To powers like yours, all *Oppoſition's* vain.

Some Hypercritics may perhaps object to the freedom with which Mr. Pitt in this ſpirited Ode has treated ſome of his friends and intimates.—But they are to recollect, in the firſt place, that the piece in queſtion was by no means deſigned for publication; and in the ſecond, they ſhould know, that ſuch is the *Amor Patriæ* which actuates our Premier, that when the *public good* is in queſtion, he makes no ſcruple of acting in concert with perſons whoſe principles and abilities he holds in equal and profeſſed contempt.

No. III.

WHEN Mr. *Pitt* had received the general congratulations for the excellent Ode with which he had honoured the ALBUM, the truly *illuſtrious* Lord *Hawkeſbury* was called on to favour the company with a ſpecimen of his poetic powers; but in the inſtant when he was preparing to comply, a violent blaſt was heard from a Sow-gelder's horn, which excited a momentary laugh; and immediately after, by a ſtrange concurrence of circumſtances, Sir *Joſeph Mawbey* was announced!

A propoſal was then made by Mr. Steele, that as the firſt viſitor, the Baronet ſhould have the precedence, and he was accordingly informed of the nature of the inſtitution, and of the compliment intended him.—Sir Joſeph aroſe, with his uſual *grace*, to make a ſpeech on the occaſion; but as he drew forth his handkerchief, ſcented with Moſenau's beſt lavender water, he unfortunately ſlirted from his pocket the engraver's *bill* for etching that portrait of the Hon. Bart. which embelliſhes the front of a Magazine.—The paper was picked up by Mr. Dundas, who archly obſerved to Sir Joſeph, as he returned it, that it wanted a *receipt*.

This perverſe accident, which would have diſcompoſed any other than the grave Baronet, had no effect whatever on the ſolemnity of his countenance; it, on the contrary, furniſhed a ſubject for his muſe, who, after a labour of one hour forty-five minutes and eleven ſeconds, by the Baronet's own ſtop-watch, brought forth the following very brilliant and epigrammatic Stanza:

THE honor ſome deride of Fame,
And ſcorn the whiſtling of a name;
With others ſtill it finds regard,
And forms their hope and their reward.
So when I'm dead—or elſe retir'd,
In *Copper* be this face admir'd,
And by the graver's art be't ſeen;
—Fit index of the mind within!
Thus, SYDNEY, when thy toils are o'er,
When rank and office are no more,
Appropriate honors crown thine head,
And be thy form rever'd—in *Lead*.—
So DUNDAS, when his powers are wither'd,
And when he's to his fathers gather'd,
When all his *honor'd* days ſhall paſs,
Shall live in monumental—*Braſs*.
Nor, GRENVILLE, ſhall thy fame expire,
Thy great, vaſt head ſhall all admire;
For when thy glorious race is run,
And thy *Negociations* done,
As high in fame, as high in blood,
Thy beauteous buſt ſhall ſmile—in *Wood*.
And when their friends their loſs ſhall grieve,
In *Bronze* ſhall SCOTT and ARDEN live.
—Dull epitaphs may then be ſpar'd,
The worth of each may be inferr'd,
Whilſt Hiſtory's bright page ſhall tell,
What feats we did—and *eke* how well;

And

And—such th' extent of mortal pride,—
How we were born—and how we dy'd.

The poetic beauties of the above delicious *morceau* must be too evident to the reader of taste to require any comment.—We shall only observe with what amazing coolness and Stoicism the Baronet speaks of his own *death*—an event which would doubtless fill every lover of his country with inconsolable affliction. The Borough of Southwark would mourn that eloquence which enforced the *mild* authority of the Surry Justices, and charmed all hearers—at Quarter Sessions;—Vauxhall would mourn that wit which cheared its walks, and that dignity which was so frequently the ornament of its bar;—nay, even the envious Dog and Duck must mourn the loss of that worth which has so greatly contributed to the essential interests of Religion and Morality—by silencing its organ.

We cannot forbear to remark also, with what a happy delicacy the Baronet adverts to the late important negociation of the Right Hon. Mr. Grenville. The *plural* number very neatly implies, that the above will not remain a *single* exertion of his diplomatic talents, but that such was his address and dexterity, that his grateful country may place the most secure reliance on him on every future occasion. The genius of the POET, in this instance, can only be equalled by that of the NEGOCIATOR.

We should not omit to add, that Mr. Dundas made some objections to the word "*eke*," which occurs towards the conclusion of this beautiful poem, as being in his opinion too antique;—but Mr. Alderman Wilkes, who, since the late Proclamation, never goes without a Bible in his pocket, produced from the Version of the Psalms such a number of passages where it was used, that he not only silenced the cavil, but also shamed that infidel want of recollection which the Treasurer of the Navy had betrayed in making the exception.

This discussion being ended, Lord Hawkesbury was again called on, but his Lordship requesting to be indulged with more time, several others offered themselves;—when the voice of Mr. Drake jun. being particularly *in alt*, he obtained an immediate attention. He was proceeding to address himself to Mr. Pitt, beginning his speech with these lines from Horace,

Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Res Britannas *armis* tuteris, *moribus* ornes—

but was informed by Mr. Steele, that his speech would be dispensed with on this occasion; upon which this young orator, who may justly be styled "the *classical* Hope of Britain," sat down and produced the following lines:

RECITATIVE.

BEGIN, begin the strain, my Muse!
Nec satis scio—what I yet shall chuse;
Whether to sing of great St. *Stephen*'s wars,
Where syllogisms take the place of scars,
Or thank the Gods—*pro jam secura pace*,
Tho' Whigs, still boding evil, would outface ye.

I.

From *Eloquence* begins the song,
For which the young politic sinners long,
Who want some wary friend to tell 'em,
What dire heart-burnings thence arise,
What breasts convulsed! what ardent eyes!
Quas inimicitias et funebre bellum!

With thee, oh! PITT, my strains begin,
Skilled *Country Gentlemen* to win
By declamation fluent;
Struck with the sound, with eager gaze,
Thy thicken'd ranks shall pour their praise,
Et in absurda ruent.

Nor thou, *Dundas*, shouldst pass unsung,
Had but my wayward Muse the tongue,
Or Eloquence to shew how;
I still admire thy—"geft of speche,"
And how I strive in vain to reach
Τȣς λόγȣς ȣ̓ς ἀκȣ́ω.

To learn from *Mulgrave* then I'll try,
Silent t' attend with downcast eye
To speeches, till I'm weary;
Or check *Beaufoy*, when language mincing,
'Till haply I at length convince him
—*Quæ virtus sit silere.*

The applauses which Mr. Drake received for this equally learned and witty *jeu d'esprit*, will, we are certain, be echoed by all our readers, without exception.—The advantages which this gentleman derives from thus mixing the flowers of every language, as well in his vernacular Poetry, as in his parliamentary Declamation, are so obvious, that we are not without a hope to see this style both shortly and universally adopted.

No. IV.

THE applauses which were bestowed on Sir Joseph Mawbey and Mr. Drake jun. for their respective *jeux d'esprit*, it would surpass our limits to enumerate.——Mr. *Wilkes*, however, speaking of the *quotations* of the latter, mentioned in his usual sarcastic manner, something of the *purpureus pannus*; but Sir *Watkin Lewes* on the contrary, in the true spirit of a City joker, compared them to so many *plums* in a *pudding*.

These

These comments were interrupted by three formal knocks at the door, after which his Grace the Duke of *Richmond* entered the room, accompanied by his confidential friend Mr. *James Luttrell*. His Grace then presented to Mr. Steele his contribution for the ALBUM, but with such a reluctant condescension as the *Irish Giant* may be supposed to exhibit in stooping to play at *marbles*.—He then, in a manner equally *gracious*, proceeded to inform him, that his friend had lent his assistance to the composition, by answering the questions which his Muse had dictated, in the manner of an *Echo* from a distant part of the chamber!—This singular *Duet* we have now the honour of laying before our readers.

O D E.

Not the Muse—but Memory come,
Bring the spirit-stirring drum,
And all the clangors of the war,
For these—at distance due—I love to hear.—
Let the fifes now shrilly sound,
Let the chargers beat the ground;
Let *Mars* appear in his ensanguin'd car!
Bring the trumpet's stern alarm—
But ah!—for fear of harm—
Pray bring them not too near.
And now my fated soul shall haste to pry
Into the secrets of futurity,
Would inspiration haply come!

Luttrell. —— I come.

Say then shall *Cornewall*'s vote still cross each scheme,
And all my glorious plans but prove a dream?

Luttrell. —— A dream.

Must then, ah! must each proud erection fall—
Bastions, redoubts—nay, counterscarps and all?

Luttrell. —— Counterscarps and all.

And speak, shall *Pitt* still cross each bold design,
And but disgrace and vain command be mine?

Luttrell. —— And mine.

Shall then no *walls* this fated isle defend,
And must her *Navy* prove her only friend?

Luttrell. —— Her only friend.

First let Destruction, pouring forth her cup,
"Confound and swallow *Navigation* up:"
Be all the Winds untied to make foul weather,
"And Nature's germins tumble all together!"
But—say, shall Lansdown mock me with his smile,
Nor Dundas praise,—nor *Pitt* commend my toil?

Luttrell. —— End thy toil.

We feel it impossible to describe, how, whilst this wonderful performance was read, his Grace sat,—"his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling!"—until he at last started up, and repeated with enthusiasm those lines which he has partly borrowed from the immortal *Shakespeare*, in which action he unfortunately trod on the toe of Lord Rawdon; but no sooner did his Grace perceive the accident, than—such is the force of *habitual politeness*,—his passion immediately subsided, and he begged pardon of the noble Peer with a readiness and an energy which no language but his own could express.

The comments and the eulogies on his Grace's Ode were extremely numerous; the idea of introducing the *Echo* was in particular admired, as being highly poetic, beautiful, and uncommon.—The late Doctor Johnson, it was observed, used frequently to relate of an high Personage,—that he teized him with a number of *multifarious* questions;—but then, added the Doctor, he had the complaisance to answer them all himself.—It was therefore suggested by the Duke of Queensberry to Sir *George Howard*, to convey the mention of this *simple contrivance* to that Personage; as, by thus *conversing* with an *Echo*, he might save himself the trouble of uttering, at least, the half of his discourse.

The other observations we shall, for the present, pass over, hastening forward, as our readers must do, when they are informed, that the next production came from the *erudite pen* of the most noble the Marquis of *Lansdown*, who, passing by accident, was called in by his old and *grateful* pupil Mr. Pitt, and prevailed on to honour the ALBUM with the following Ode to *Sincerity*; which we shall submit, without any comment, leaving our readers to decide both on its poetic beauties, and its *appropriation* to the well-known character of that Nobleman.

ODE to SINCERITY.

NYMPH of the spotless robe, draw nigh,
With breast still pervious to each eye,
And charm me with thy pow'r:
Long has my soul thy force confess'd,
And still shalt thou remain its guest,
—As fits the present hour.

Sweet being! seldom found on earth,
Thee have I worshipp'd from my birth,
—Whene'er convenience suited;
With doubtful tale, of varied hue,
Still to the changing purpose true,
These lips were ne'er polluted.

As bending 'fore thine honor'd shrine,
Thy praise then, heav'n-born nymph! be mine,
'Twill gain new store of credit;
Tho', by the wreath that decks thy brow,
Nay, by thy sacred self, I vow,
—I scarce can think I need it.

So when in future times the Bard
To each ſhall fix their due award,
And *Eden*'s truth relate;
When *Sydney*'s eloquence is told,
And *Hawkeſbury*'s high deſcent enroll'd,
As ſapient as he's great;—
When *Fox*'s want of candour's ſung,
And *Sheridan*'s dull powerleſs tongue;
The fame of *Burke* expir'd;
Then,—ſo immortal fates decree,
Then I, ſweet nymph! ſhall dwell with thee,
And be with thee admir'd.

(To be Continued.)

OBSERVATIONS on the FEMALE DRESS of the THIRTEENTH, FOURTEENTH, FIFTEENTH, and SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

[From Mr. Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments," lately publiſhed.]

IN the earlier periods the treſſes were left to their natural flow, as thoſe of queen Matilda before mentioned. The coeffure of the 13th century concealed the hair entirely. In the middle of the 14th century, a cloſer headdreſs was introduced; the hair was ſhewn only in curls on the forehead, and covered with a veil, as on Joan de Cobham, 1354[1].

What objection the ladies had to the diſplay of the hair (the greateſt ornament of the human face) is hard to ſay: it was certainly more becoming, however formal, than either the faſhions which ſoon ſucceeded, or perhaps obtained at the ſame time (the end of the fourteenth century) of muffling up the whole head and almoſt the face in drapery, or of purſing up the hair in protuberant nets, which covered the ears, or, which was ſtill more ugly, was raiſed above them. This latter faſhion appears at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The *reticulated headdreſs* appears firſt on our monuments and thoſe on the continent about the middle of the fourteenth century. Perhaps it was introduced into England by queen Philippa, who died 1369, and has it on her monument [2].

Lady Berkeley at Berkeley, 1360, has the long cloſe headdreſs, adorned with net work of quatrefoils, a ſtrait robe reaching up to her chin, and parting juſt below it; a border with a cordon [3]. It continued with us as late as the beginning of the 15th century, as appears on the braſs of Joan wife of Richard ſon of Robert lord Poynings, in St. Helen's church, Biſhopſgate, 1420, whoſe veil folds over it in front of the head in form of a ſurbaſt arch, like that of the lady of Judge Gaſcoigne, near the ſame time, in Harwood church, Yorkſhire, who has alſo the reticulation. John of Gaunt's ducheſs in Old St. Paul's had the reticulation with the pediment.

The queen of Rene of Anjou, and Joan de Dreux lady of Seirant, 1356, have the cloſe reticulated headdreſs. The latter, with her huſband, are repreſented kneeling on a monument of the 16th century, in St. George's abbey, near Angers.

It is not faithfully repreſented in the engravings of Mary wife of Frank van Halen lord of Lillo 1415, in the metropolitan church of Malines in the Theatre de Brabant [4]; and Matilda counteſs of Spanheim, at Hemenrode, 1357, who has alſo the long buttoned ſleeves [5].

The hair of Cecilia Kerdeſton [6] is richly dreſt in three rows. That of Maud de Cobham, in the ſame plate, fig. 2. in one maſs of zigzag work, in five rows, which appears again at the bottom of the treſſes. She has a ſingle row of jewelry on her forehead. That of Catherine wife of Sir John Harſick, who died 1384, has the plaited or braided hair only at the ſides of the face, it being left *à la nature* on the crown, and a ſtudded fillet on the forehead. Joan ducheſs of Burgundy firſt wife of Philip de Valois, who died 1348, has the ſame headdreſs [7]. The wife of Sir Miles Stapleton ſhews the ſame plaiting at the ears, while her hair on her forehead curling naturally is incircled by a ſtudded fillet. Sir Thomas Chaucer's lady at Ewelme wears a veil covering the whole of her head. In all or moſt of theſe caſes I doubt whether the hair be incloſed in net work, as the Spaniards of both ſexes do up theirs in ſilken *redenillas*, over which the women throw a veil, or gathered up in ſome kind of cloth, as ſeems to be the caſe on lady Beauchamp's figure at Warwick [8], in which ſuch plaits as theſe evidently appear to come round and finiſh in a facing of that ſort; and on that of Iſabel ducheſs of Clarence, about 1477, at Tewkſbury, it is more ſtrongly marki. Theſe were the antient *couverchefs*, in after times called *kerchiefs*.

One of the Marmion ladies at Tanfield, about the reign of Henry III. or Edward I. has a cloſe ſhort cap ſhewing her ears, but no hair.

Later ladies dreſſed their hair cloſer, with a narrow ſtudded fillet: the gown plaited, large looſe ſleeves, mittens, and girdle. A little figure in Chethunt church age unknown has cloſe braided hair, with this cloſe headdreſs and fillet, her ears left uncovered; ſhe wears a kind of looſe gown or frock, with

1 Pl. XXXIX. 2 Pl. XLIX. 3 Pl. XLIV. 4 I. 48.
5 Acta Theod. Palat. III. p. 49. 6 Pl. XXXIX. 3. 7 Montf. II. XLIX. 4. Les cheveux treſſez d'une maniere particuliere. 8 Pl. L.

bag

bag ſleeves cloſe at the wriſt, a ſtanding cape or collar, and mittens on her hands.

We ſee the headdreſſes of the 14th century trickt and frounced in proportion as much as in Drayton's time [1].

With dreſſing, braiding, frouncing, flowering,
All your jewels on me pouring.

Or as Spenſer deſcribes [2],

Some frounce [3] their curled hair in courtly guiſe,
Some praunche their ruffles———.

The female headdreſs of the 14th century appears by the picture of Iſabel queen of Edward II. before cited, in a MS of Froiſſart, in the king of France's library [4], to have been of the ſugar-loaf or conical form, very high, with lace floating in the air: a faſhion which Montfaucon obſerves continued in France near two centuries, to the end of the fifteenth. A lady in Mr. Walpole's picture of Henry VI. whom he takes for Jaquelina ducheſs of Bedford, in a *widow's* habit, has the ſame headdreſs.

So have ſeveral ladies in Montfaucon, who calls it a *conic* ornament, which continued in faſhion near two centuries, and on Mary of Burgundy, wife of the Emperor Maximilian, appears of an extraordinary length, having faſtened on the top a very long gauze, which hangs down on both ſides to the ground [5]. This is the origin of our lappets. Iſabel de Bourbon wife of Charles duke of Burgundy has the ſame headdreſs, which Montfaucon there calls a *ſugarloaf*, from the form, whence falls a gauze ſo fine and looſe, that though it covers her eyes and the greateſt part of her face, her features are ſeen diſtinctly through [6]. Iſabel de Maille wife of John de Brie wears that great pointed headdreſs which continued near two centuries, and laſted till near the end of the fifteenth [7]. See alſo Margaret of Scotland, who married the Dauphin of France, ſon of Charles VII. 1436 [8].

When Iſabel of Bavaria, the vain voluptuous conſort of Charles VI. of France, kept her court at Vincennes, 1416, it was found neceſſary to make all the doors of the palace both higher and wider, to admit the headdreſſes of the queen and her ladies [9]. Her rich dreſs and train may be ſeen in Montfaucon, who adds, we have not yet ſeen a queen ſo ſet off as ſhe [10].

The high headdreſs was however in faſhion fifty years before; as we ſee by the ducheſs of Bretagne, 1341 [11].

To ſupport the breadth of theſe dreſſes they had a kind of artificial horn on each ſide of the head, bending upwards, on which many folds of ribbands and other ornaments were ſuſpended. From the top of the horn on the right ſide a ſtreamer of ſilk, or ſome other light fabrick, was hung, which was ſometimes allowed to fly looſe, and ſometimes brought over the boſom, and wrapt about the left arm [12]. Theſe horned headdreſſes, imperfectly repreſented by Mr. Strutt [13] from illuminated MSS. are what are otherwiſe called *mitred*, and ſeem to have been introduced about the reign of Richard II.

The headdreſs deſcribed by Roſs as before cited as "tiara alta et *cornuta*," and known to antiquaries by the name of *mitred*, is not ſo common on foreign as on Engliſh monuments, though frequent in illuminations in Montfaucon's tome III. Mr. Pennant [14] calls it a remarkable *mitre-ſhaped cap*, deſcribing the monument of Sir Thomas and lady Boteler, in Warrington church, about the time of Edward the Firſt. I am led to diſtruſt my own conjecture on the monuments aſſigned to the Fitz Walter family at Dunmow, where the knight has *plated* armour, and the lady the *mitred* headdreſs; both which were not introduced till two centuries later. I can only plead the tradition of the place, ſupported by the regiſter of the houſe, and ſuppoſe the monuments made ſo long after the time of the perſons death, that no regard was paid to the dreſs of the time when they lived. Compare my print of this monument with that in Antiq. Repert. III. p. 17. Matilda has what Montfaucon would call the

[1] Nov. Elyſ. Nymph. II. vol. IV. p. 146. [2] F. Q. I. IV. 14.
[3] from *frioncer*, Fr. to curl. [4] Monf. II. xlii. p. 238. [5] Monf. IV. vi. p. 59.
[6] III. lxiv. 2. [7] Ib. III. p. 166. Pl. xiv. [8] Ib. III. xxxvii.
[9] Jouvenal des Urſins gives this curious account of them: "Et quelque guerre qu'il y eut, "tempêtes et tribulations, les dames et damoiſelles menoient grands & exceſſifs etats, et "cornes merveilleuſes, hautes et longues, et avoient de chacun coté, en lieu de bourlees, "deux grandes oreilles ſi longes que quand ils vouloient paſſer l'huis d'une chambre il fal-"loit qu'elles ſe tournaſſent de coté et baiſſaſſent, ou elles n'euſſent pu paſſer." Brantome ſays, "On donne le las a la reyne Iſabelle de Baviere, femme de roi Charles VI. d'avoir "apporté en France les pompes & les gorgiaſetez pour bien habiller ſuperbement et gor-"giaſement les dames." Hiſt de la Reine Marguerite.
Villaret, XIII. 423. Monſtrelet, f. 89. col. 2. Paſquier, p. 578. Henry's Hiſt. of England, V. 557.
[10] III. xxv. p. 108. [11] II. xlv. p. 256. [12] Monf. II. pl. VI.
[13] II. xlv. [14] Voyage to the Hebrides, p. 10.

Mortier, the mantle, the ſtrait-bodied long-ſleeved tunic, a collar of SS. and a profuſion of jewels and rings. No figure like hers is to be found in the Monumens de la Monarchie Francoiſe.

The headdreſs of lady Say, 1473, in Broxborn church, reſembles a cylinder with hoops, having wires at the end to buoy out the flowing veil. She has a kind of falling double cape of fur and lace, and a jacket under her ſurcoat reaching to the knee. Joan de Bokenham, in Great Livermore church, Suffolk, and a lady at Long Melford in the ſame county, about 1425, has ſuch an headdreſs.

The headdreſs was ſometimes pointed at top like a pediment. So Aubrey deſcribes the wife of one of the Mortimers earl of March, in the time of Edward III. in Maule church, c. Hereford. He ſays it was made of velvet or cloth embroidered. Henry the Seventh's Queen, in a picture by Holbein, at Whitehall, is ſuch. Such is Anne Bulleyn's reputed portrait at Hever Caſtle, at Knoll, &c.

Margaret counteſs of Saliſbury, daughter of the king maker earl of Warwick, beheaded 1541, has this kind of headdreſs like ſo many on tombs [1]. It came in about the reign of Henry VII. and is very common on ſtone figures, braſſes, and pictures. I have not found one inſtance of it out of this country.

Inſtances of this divided headdreſs not ſo high are to be found among the houſe of Bourbon in the middle of the 15th century, on Mary wife of Peter d'Orgemont, 1470 [2], and two other ladies of the reign of Louis XII [3]. on which laſt Montfaucon obſerves [4], that they are dreſt in the habit of the times, and their headdreſs is extraordinary, and both dreſt alike. See alſo two ladies about the middle of the 14th century [5]; and the two peaks gradually diminiſhed almoſt to a concave form in the monuments of the ſucceeding age. On the ladies of the Funtayne family at Narford, c. Norfolk, 1453 [6], theſe peaks appear to the veil, which on one of the wives is flat, as on lady Harcourt about 1470.

In the reign of Edward IV. female apparel aſſumed a more coſtly form. The firſt wife of Thomas Payton, at Iſelham, is habited in the richeſt flowered ſilk [7], and a fancy necklace of precious ſtones; her veil flies behind her head, but ſhews very little hair, and in the coif under the veil is an inſcription, which ſeems *Lorde Jeſu, mercy!* On her wriſts ſhe has ſomething like the ſtiff turned back ruffle of ſucceeding times: her feet are concealed under the folds of her robe. The ſecond wife, who appears older, has the ſame kind of headdreſs, the ſame necklace and ruffles; but theſe laſt are of fur, with which her breaſt and ſhoulders are covered, and her robe trimmed at bottom. Both theſe ladies have very ſlender ſhapes, and are girded with broad belt-like girdles. The dreſs of the French ladies was very different at this time, and had leſs departed from the ancient faſhion [8]. The ſurcoat was not left off in 1481 [9].

In the middle of the 15th century female dreſs made great approaches to that worn in the ſucceeding one; the long ſleeves were left off entirely, the mantle exchanged for a flowing gown, tightened more indeed round the waiſt, but training in the ſkirts like modern dreſs. The headdreſs floated more at eaſe with veil-like lappets ſtretched on wires, and ſupported by a ſtiffened cawl; or if at all confined it was in the pediment form before mentioned, of which we have innumerable inſtances on braſſes. A lady at Eaſton in Suffolk retains the long mitten ſleeves, with a tighter gown, which ſeems to reach only to the knees, and ſhew a petticoat; her girdle drops ſo low that her purſe is at her knees. This is one of the laſt inſtances of a cuſhion under the head. The wife of Thomas Broke ſerjeant at arms to Henry VIII. 1518, in Broxborne church, has the pediment headdreſs with very long lappets before and behind, while other ladies have only the lappets in front, and a kind of hood or cloſe veil behind. She has alſo a belt reaching to her feet. About 1546 we come to ruffs round the neck and wriſts, puffed ſleeves with oiel'et holes, large falling hoods and jewels in front, ſtuff ſtays, laced apron, long petticoats, as Benet wife of Richard Dering, 1516.

In the reign of Elizabeth and James I. the ſtay or boddice was not ſo ſtraitly laced, the ſleeves at the ſhoulders were ſet in with raiſed and puffed work, the gown and petticoat and apron were diſtinct, the ruff confined to the neck, but enlarged [10]. In James's reign the women wore heavy ſhoes like men's, and high-crowned hats with

1 See Ant. Repert. IV. 169. 2 Monſ. IV. 11. 5. 3 Ib. Pl. after xxviii. 2. 3.
4 IV. p. 146. 5 III. liv. 8. 9. 6 Blomef. III. 522.
7 Such I ſuppoſe as Stowe deſcribing Sheriff Lion's gown, 1381 (ſee p. 137.) calls "*branched* damaſk wrought with the likeneſs of flowers," like Milton's *flowery kirtled* Naiades. (Comus, 254.) See alſo Mary of Burgundy, Monſ. IV. v.
8 See Monſ. III. p. liv. lxvi. 9 Ib. IV. vi.
10 In France at this time the ſleeve was long, to the wriſt, and puffed at the ſhoulders,

the

ribbands or bands. Even the youngeſt daughters retain the mother's habit, but ſometimes have a kind of fly cap. Such a cap is worn by Mary Payton of Iſelham, about the end of the ſixteenth century. She has a ſtanding cape to her gown, a ruff round her neck, her ſleeves tied with ribbands from the ſhoulder to the wriſt; a kind of fringed ſaſh tied round her waiſt, and her gown opening in front diſcovers a rich embroidered petticoat. Radcliffe wife to Thomas Wingfield of Eaſton, Suffolk, 1607, has a cloſe cap, hair drawn up high and ſtuff in front, ſtanding ruff, pufft ſleeves, with falling laced ruffles, very narrow pointed boddice, gown puckered up over fardingale, and ſhewing a rich embroidered petticoat. Elizabeth Lady Culpeper, in Ardingley church, Suſſex, 1633, has an almoſt Vandyck headdreſs, a mantle wrapt round her, pufft and corded ſleeves, with pinked ruffles, a falling band or ruff, and an embroidered petticoat. A young lady of this family, in the ſame church, 1634, is dreſſed ſomewhat like her, except the mantle, and has a taſſel to her girdle. In the middle of this century we ſee the veil falling over a black hood tied under the chin, and over the neck and ſhoulders a ſquare white kerchief, as on the monument of John Oneby and wife in Hinckley church, engraved in Mr. Nichols's Hiſtory of that town, pl. vi. and worn by the mother and daughters. The huſband, who was a barriſter of Gray's Inn, and ſteward of the court of records at Leiceſter, is in the dreſs of his profeſſion, with a coif and large band.

Dr. Henry, who has given a ſhort view of the dreſs of each reign at the end of his hiſtory of each reign, is rather too tender of his contemporaries, when he ſays, "Upon the whole, I am fully perſuaded, that we have no good reaſon to pay any compliments to our anceſtors of this period at the expence of our contemporaries, either for the frugality, elegance, or decency of their dreſs."

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Page 404.)

LETTER XXIV.

To —— ——.

Dijon, Nov. 9, 1765.

My dear Friend,

I RECOMMEND it to you, not, perhaps, above all things, but very aſſuredly above moſt things, to ſtick to your own underſtanding a little more than you do; for, believe me, an ounce of it will anſwer your purpoſe better than a pound weight of other people's. There is a certain timidity which renders early life amiable, as a matter of ſpeculation; but is very inconvenient indeed, not to ſay dangerous, according to the preſent humour of the world, in matters of practice.

There is a manly confidence, which, as it ſprings from a conſciouſneſs of poſſeſſing certain excellent qualities and valuable attainments, we cannot have too early: and there is no more impropriety in offering manifeſtations of it to the world, than the putting on your helmet in the day of battle. We want it as a protection—I ſay, as a protection from the inſults and injuries of others; for in your particular circumſtances I conſider it merely as a defenſive quality—to prevent you from being run down or run over by the firſt ignorant blockhead, or inſolent coxcomb, who perceives your modeſty to be a reſtraint on your ſpirit.

But this by the way—The application of it is left to your own diſcernment and good ſenſe, of which I ſhall not write what I think, and what ſome others think, whoſe teſtimony will wear well.

I am ſo much better ſince I ſet my foot on the Continent, that it would do you good to ſee—and more good ſtill to hear me; for I have recovered my voice in this genial climate; and ſo far am I now from finding a difficulty to make myſelf heard acroſs the table, that I am almoſt fit to preach in a cathedral.

the gown ſometimes open in front, ſometimes faſtened with bows: the ruff ſmall; the gloves ſhort early in the ſixteenth century: ſee alſo later Catherine of Medicis, Elizabeth daughter of Henry II. Margaret daughter of Francis I. (Montf. V. pl. v. ix. xi. xii.) Margaret de Bourbon has a tucker without a kerchief; Diane de France, natural daughter of Henry II. has a handſome laced kerchief and larger ruff. Ib. pl. xii. 5, 6. The kerchief of Elizabeth queen of Charles IX. is of fur. Ib. pl. xxiv. Magdalen de Corbie, ſo late as 1562, has the old-faſhioned cloſe ſleeve buttoned at the ſides, and iſſuing out of larger, and terminating in a kind of ruffle. Ib. xv. 2. The hair of Frances princeſs of Conde, pl. xxvii. is divided at top mitre-faſhion. That great piece of ſtuff, as Montfaucon calls it, (V. p. 63.) riſing up over the ſhoulders, at the back of the neck and head, appears in moſt of the portraits of Catherine de Medicis. Ruffles appear as early as 1503, and long fur cuffs, pl xxvii.

Here

Here they are all hey go mad—The vintage has been abundant, and is now at the close. Every eye beams delight, and every voice is attoned to joy—Though I am running away from Death as fast as I can well go, and am withal so pressed by the rascal, that I ought not in prudence to take time to look behind me; yet cannot I resist the temptation of getting out of my chaise, and sitting for a whole evening on a bank, to see these happy people dance away the labours of the day: and thus they contrive, for two or three hours at least out of the four-and-twenty, *to forget*, God bless 'em, that there are such things as labour and care in the world.

This innocent oblivion of sorrow is one of the happiest arts of life; and philosophy, in all its store-house of human remedies, has nothing like unto it. Indeed, I am persuaded that mirth, a sober, well-regulated mirth, is perfectly acceptable to the kind Being who made us; and that a man may laugh, and sing, and dance too—and after all, go to heaven.

I never could, and I never can, nay, I positively never will believe that we were sent into this world to go sorrowing through it. On the contrary, every object around me—the rural dance, and the rustic minstrelsy that I behold and hear from my window, tell me that man is framed for joy. Nor shall any crack-brained Carthusian Monk, or all the Carthusian Monks in the world, persuade me to the contrary.

Swift says, *Vive la bagatelle.* I say, *Vive la joie*; which I am sure is no *bagatelle*, but, as I take it, a very *serious thing*, and the first of human possessions.

May your treasury, my dear friend, continue to have good store of it—and, like the *widow's cruse*, may it fail not!

At Lyons I expect to find some tidings of you, and from thence I will dispatch some further tidings of myself. So, in the mean time, and at all times, may God bless you.—Believe me,

I shall ever remain most truly
And affectionately your's,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XXV.

To ——— ———

Lyons, Nov. 15.

I HAVE travelled hither most deliciously—though I have made my journey in a *dis-obligeant*, and, of course, alone. But when the heart is at rest, and the mind is in harmony with itself, and every subordinate feeling is well attuned, not an object offers itself to the attention but may be made to produce pleasure. Besides, such is the character of this happy people, that you see a smile on every countenance, and hear the notes of joy from every tongue.

There is an old woman, at this moment, playing on a viol before my window, and a group of young people are dancing to it, with more appearance, and I believe, more *reality* of pleasure than all your brilliant assemblies at *Almack*'s can boast.

I love my country as well as any of her children; and I know the solid, character ristic virtues of its people; but they do not play the game of happiness with that attention which is obtained and practised here.

I shall not enter into the physical or moral difference between the two nations—but I cannot, however, help observing, that while the French possess a gaiety of heart, that always weakens and sometimes baffles sorrow, the English still answer to the description of the *old* Frenchman, and really continue to divert themselves *moult tristement*.

Nay, how often have I seen, at a York assembly, two young people dance down thirty couple with as grave countenances as if they did it for hire, and were, after all, not sure of being paid: and here have I beheld the sun-burnt sons and daughters of labour rise from their scanty meal with not a pulse in their hearts that did not beat to pleasure; and, with the brightest looks of satisfaction, make their wooden shoes responsive to the sound of a broken-winded hautboy.

All the world shall never persuade me, there is not a Providence, and a gracious one too, which governs it. With every blessing under the sun we look grave, and reason ourselves into dissatisfaction; while here, with scarce any blessing *but* the sun, *on est content de son etat*.

But the kind Being who made us all, gives to each the portion of happiness, according to his wise and good pleasure; for no one—and nothing is beneath his all-providential care—*he even tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*

By such reflections, and such influences, I am perverted from my purpose; for when I drew my chair to the table, and dipped my pen into the ink-horn, I breathed nothing but complaint, and it was my sole design to tell you so—for I have sent *a la parte restante* again and again, and there is no letter from you. But though I am impatience itself to continue my journey towards the Alps, and cannot possibly indulge my curious spirit till I hear from you, yet such is the effect of my sympathetic nature, that I have caught all the ease and good-humour of the people about me, and seem to be sitting here, in my black coat and yellow slippers, as contented as if I had not another step to take; and, God knows,

knows, I have a pretty circuit to make, my friend, before I may embrace you again.

It is not, as you well know, my practice to ſcratch out any thing I write, or I would eraſe the laſt dozen lines; as, the very moment I had concluded them, your letter and two others arrived, and brought me every thing I could wiſh. I would really linger if I thought you would overtake me. At all events, we ſhall meet at Rome—and I ſhall take the wings of to-morrow morning to further my progreſs thither.

I ſincerely hope this paper may be thrown away upon you—that is, I wiſh you may be come away before it has made its paſſage to England. At all events, my dear boy, we ſhall meet at Rome. So till then fare thee well—and there and every where I ſhall be

Your moſt faithful and affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVI.

To —— ——

I HAVE a great mind to have done with joking, laughing, and merry-making, for the reſt of my days, with either man, woman, or child; and ſet up for a grave, formal, ſee-ſaw character; and diſpenſe ſtupid wiſdom, as I have hitherto been ſaid to have done ſenſible nonſenſe, to my countrymen and countrywomen.

To tell you the truth, I began this letter yeſterday morning, and was interrupted in getting to the end of it by half a dozen idle people, who called upon me to lounge and to laugh; though one of them forced me home with him to dine with his ſiſter, whom I found to be a being of a ſuperior order, and who has abſolutely made the ſomething like a reſolution with which I began this letter, not worth the feather of the quill with which it was written.

She is, in good faith, charming beyond my powers of deſcription, and we had ſuch an evening as made the cup of tea ſhe gave me more delicious than nectar.

By the bye ſhe wiſhes very much to become acquainted with you—no', believe me, from any repreſentations or biography of mine, but from the warm encomiums ſhe has received of you from others, and thoſe, as ſhe ſays, of the firſt order. After all this, however, you may be ſure that my teſtimony was not wanting. So that, when you will give me an opportunity, I ſhall have the honour of preſenting you to kiſs her hand, and add another devout worſhipper at the temple of ſuch tranſcendent merit.

I am really of opinion, that if there is a woman in the world formed to do you good, and to make you love her into the bargain, which, I believe, is the only way of doing you any good, this is the pre-eminent and bewitching character. Indeed, were you to command my feeble powers to delineate the lovely being whoſe affections would well repay thee for all the heart-achs and diſquieting apprehenſions that may and will afflict thee in thy paſſage through life, it would be this fair and excellent creature. My *Knight Errant* ſpirit has already told her that ſhe is a *Dulcinea* to me—but I would moſt willingly take off my armour, and break my ſpear, and reſign her as an *Angel* to you.

I need not ſay any thing, I truſt, of my affection for you; and I have juſt now ſome ſingular ideas on your ſubject, which kept me awake laſt night, when I ought to have been found aſleep; but I ſhall reſerve them for the communication of my fire-ſide or your's, as it may be; and I wiſh as devoutly as ever I wiſhed any thing in my life, that my fire was to brighten before you this very evening.

In the name of fortune, for want of a better at the moment, what buſineſs have you to be fifty leagues from the capital, at a time when I ſtand ſo much in need of you, for your own ſake?

I hear you exclaim, Who is all this about? and I ſee you half determined to throw my letter into the fire, becauſe you cannot find her name in it. This is all, my good friend, as it ought to be; for you may be aſſured that I never intended to write her name on this ſheet of paper. I have told you of the divinity, and you will find the reſt inſcribed on the altar.

I was never more ſerious in my life; ſo let the wheels of your chariot roll as rapidly as poſt-horſes can make them towards this town; where if you come not ſoon, I ſhall be gone; and then I know not what may become of all my *preſent* good intentions towards you—future ones, it is true, I ſhall have in plenty—for, at all events, in all circumſtances, and every where,

I am,

Moſt cordially and affectionately your's,

Bond Street. L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVII.

To —— ——

Friday.

THESE may be piping times to you, my dear friend, and I rejoice at it—but they are not dancing ones to me.

You will perceive, by the manner in which this letter is written, that if I dance—*Holbein*'s piper muſt be the fidler.

Since I wrote to you laſt I have burſt another veſſel of my lungs, and loſt blood enough to pull down a very ſtrong man: what it has done then with my meagre form, clad

as it is with infirmities, may be better imagined than described.—Indeed it is with difficulty and ſome intervals of repoſe that I can trail on my pen; and, if it were not for the anxious forwardneſs of *my ſpirits*, which aids me for a few minutes by its precious mechaniſm, I ſhould not be able to thank you at all—I know I cannot thank you as I ought, for your four letters, which have remained ſo long unanſwered, and particularly for the laſt of them.

I really thought, my good friend, that I ſhould have ſeen you no more. The grim ſcare-crow ſeemed to have taken poſt at the foot of my bed, and I had not ſtrength to laugh him off as I had hitherto done—ſo I bowed my head in patience, without the leaſt expectation of moving it again from my pillow.

But ſomehow or other he has, I believe, changed his purpoſe for the preſent; and we ſhall, I truſt, embrace once again. I can only add, that while I live, I ſhall be

Moſt affectionately your's,

L. S.

LETTER XXVIII.

To ——— ———.

Bond-ſtreet, May 8.

I FELT the full force of an honeſt heart-ach on reading your laſt letter.— The ſtory it contains may be placed among the moſt affecting relations of human calamity, and the happieſt efforts of human benevolence. I happened to have it in my pocket yeſterday morning when I breakfaſted with Mrs. M——; and, for want of ſomething ſo good of my own, I read the whole of your letter to her:—but this is not all; for, which is more to the purpoſe, (that is, to the purpoſe of your honour) ſhe deſired to read it herſelf; then ſhe entreated me not to delay the earlieſt opportunity to preſent *you* to her breakfaſt-table, and the miſtreſs of it to you. I told her of the aukward ſpace of an hundred miles, at leaſt, that lay between us; but I promiſed and vowed, for I was obliged to do both, that the moment I could lay hold of your arm, I would lead you to *her veſtibule*.—I really begin to think I ſhall get ſome credit by you.

Love, I moſt readily acknowledge, is ſubject to violent paroxyſms as well as ſlow fevers; but there is ſo much pleaſure attendant upon the paſſion in general, and ſo many amiable ſympathies are connected with it; nay, it is ſometimes ſo ſuddenly, and oftentimes ſo eaſily cured, that I cannot, for the life of me, pity its diſaſters with the ſame tone of commiſeration which accompanies my conſolatory viſits to other leſs oſtenſible ſources of diſtreſs.—In the laſt ſad ſeparation of friends, Hope comforts us with the proſpect of an eternal re-union, and Religion encourages the belief of it: but, in the melancholy hiſtory which you relate, I behold what has always appeared to me to be the moſt affecting ſight in the gloomy region of human misfortune; I mean, the pale countenance of one who has ſeen better days, and ſinks under the deſpair of ſeeing them return. The mind that is bowed down by unmerited calamity, and knows not from what point of the compaſs to expect any good, is in a ſtate over which the Angel of Pity ſheds all his ſhowers.—*Unable to dig, to beg aſhamed*; what a deſcription! what an object of relief! and how great the rapture to relieve it!

I do not, my dear boy, indeed I do not envy your feelings, for I truſt that I ſhare them; but if it were poſſible for me to envy you any thing that does you ſo much honour, and makes me love you, if poſſible, ſo much better than I did before—it is the little fabric of comfort and happineſs which you have erected in the depths of miſery. The whole may occupy, perhaps, but little ſpace in this world—but, like the grain of muſtard ſeed, it will grow up and rear its head toward that Heaven, to which the Spirit that planted it will finally conduct you.

Robinſon called upon me yeſterday, to take me to dinner in *Berkeley-ſquare*; and, while I was arranging my drapery, I gave him your letter to read. He felt it as he ought, and not only deſired me to ſay every handſome thing on his part to you, but he ſaid a great many handſome things of you himſelf, during dinner and after it, and drank your health. Nay, as his wine warmed him, he talked loud, and threatened to drink water the reſt of his days.

But while I am relating ſo many fine things to flatter *your vanity*, let me, I beſeech you, mention ſomething on the part of my own; which is nothing more or leſs than a very elegant ſilver ſtandiſh with a motto engraved upon it, which has been ſent me by *Lord Spencer*. This mark of that nobleman's good diſpoſition towards me, was diſplayed in a manner which enhanced the value of the gift, and heighten'd my ſenſe of the obligation. I could not thank him for it as I ought, but I wrote my acknowledgements as well as I could, and promiſed his Lordſhip, that as it was a piece of plate the Shandy family would value the moſt, it ſhould certainly be the laſt they will part with.

I had another little buſineſs or two to communicate to you, but the poſtman's bell warns me to write adieu—ſo God bleſs you, and preſerve you as you are—and this wiſh, by the by, is ſaying no ſmall matter in your favour; but it is addreſſed for and to you with the ſame truth that guides my pen in aſſuring you that I am moſt ſincerely and cordially, your faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the FIFTH SESSION of the SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE of LORDS.

Nov. 27.

AS ſoon as his Majeſty had delivered his Speech *, he left the Houſe, and the Commons retired from the bar. The time was occupied till near five o'clock, in ſwearing in the new Peers, among whom were the Duke of York, Marquis Townſhend, Lord Heathfield, &c.

The Earl of Harrington roſe to move the Addreſs of Thanks to his Majeſty, and prefaced his motion with a ſpeech, in which there was much neatneſs and perſpicuity, and was extremely well delivered.

He took a conciſe retroſpect of the late political events, particularly in Holland, and ſtated the conſequences that might have enſued, fatal and ruinous to England, if the Miniſtry had not by their ſpirited interference baffled the machinations of France.—The Addreſs which he moved, as uſual, followed paragraph by paragraph the Speech.

Lord Bulkley, in a ſhort ſpeech, delivered with fluency and grace, and without any kind of embarraſſment, gave his reaſons for riſing up to ſecond the motion.

The Biſhop of Landaff reminded the Houſe of a remark he had made in the courſe of the laſt Seſſion, while their Lordſhips had the Commercial Treaty in diſcuſſion, that the reciprocal policy of England and the United Provinces was a cloſe alliance. The trade with Holland he had ſtated to be of the utmoſt importance to this country. And when he preſſed this remark of his on the recollection of the Houſe, he did it to account for what might otherwiſe ſeem an inconſiſtency of conduct in concurring with the Addreſs, and giving his vote of thanks to Government, for their purſuit of the real intereſts of the country. He declared, that when he had before oppoſed them, it was becauſe in his heart he was convinced of the impolicy of their meaſures,—Now that he was aſſured they were acting wiſely, he could freely give them his ſupport with equal ſincerity, and with as much deciſion. The approbation of a Biſhop, he obſerved, might not be of much conſequence to Miniſters, but as far as his would go they were juſtly entitled to it.

He then took into conſideration the right which the King of England, or the King of Pruſſia, might have to interfere in ſettling the internal affairs of the Dutch Republic. He did not conceive that they had, according to the law of nations, any pretenſions to interfere, in order to vindicate the Prince of Orange, whether deprived of his Stadtholderate, or curtailed of any other of his conſtitutional rights. But in ſtepping forward to prevent France from acquiring any improper aſcendancy in the government of the Republic, they were juſtified on the ground of ſelf-preſervation.

To meddle in the internal affairs of an independent State, certainly appeared, at firſt ſight, contrary to the law of nations—but the fact was, that the European nations were not in every reſpect to be conſidered as independent of each other. There were various relations between them; they were to be conſidered as ſo many links in a large chain, connected with each other. To ſuffer any one of theſe links to become weighty enough to drag down the others, would be deſtructive alike of perſonal ſafety, and of political conſequence.

Lord Stormont agreed to the Addreſs, but with a certain modification and reſerve. He did not pledge himſelf to give his aſſent to every propoſition contained in it. The principle he readily aſſented to, and had before urged Miniſters to adopt, of forming a continental alliance in oppoſition to the views of France—conſidering Britain as the avowed rival of that ambitious power. Without a continental alliance, his Lordſhip maintained that England could not ſubſiſt; and of all the powers on the Continent, none was ſo natural, ſo deſirable an ally as Holland. He was happy to find, that the Government had ſucceeded in cruſhing the worſt of all tyrannies, an ariſtocratic faction. They had done well in interfering—but ſhould have interfered before. At the time they were amuſing themſelves with their *fairy dream* of an union with France, they ſhould have had their eyes open to the intrigues that were then carrying on in Amſterdam. He imputed much blame to Miniſtry, for ſuffering the Eaſt Indies to be wholly unprovided with any naval force, which he aſſerted to be the beſt ſafeguard his Majeſty's foreign poſſeſſions could have. The force of the French there, he allowed, was not great—— but as all force is relative, it muſt have been very great and formidable indeed, to thoſe who have none——and if the late Miniſterial meaſures had brought about a war, he ſaw nothing that would have prevented the French Government from ſending over an expreſs by land to India, which would have enabled the French to make themſelves maſters

ſters of all our Eaſt India Trade. His Lordſhip made ſome further reflections on the miſconduct of the Board of Controul, who, as he underſtood, had ſome difference with the Court of Directors.

The Duke of Norfolk expreſſed his general approbation of the meaſures which had been carried into execution, and of the good conſequences which had reſulted from them. He approved alſo of that part of his Majeſty's Speech which recommended the putting our diſtant poſſeſſions into a proper ſtate of defence, but reſerved any obſervations he might make on that ſubject till a future day.

The Lord Chancellor then put the queſtion, and the motion for an Addreſs was carried *nem. diſ.*

Nov. 28.

Warren Haſtings, Eſq; being brought to the bar, preſented his anſwer to the charges exhibited againſt him for high crimes and miſdemeanors, and the ſame being received and the title read, ordered to be proceeded with on the morrow.

Received the report that his Majeſty had been waited on to know when he would be attended by that Houſe with their addreſs of thanks for his Speech from the Throne, and that his Majeſty had appointed that day at three o'clock. The Houſe then went up with their Addreſs, of which the following is a copy

"*Moſt Gracious Sovereign*,

"WE your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament aſſembled, beg leave to return your Majeſty our humble thanks for your moſt gracious Speech from the Throne.

"We acknowledge, with heart-felt gratitude, your Majeſty's conſtant regard to the intereſts of your people, which could not be more fully manifeſted, than by your attention to the diſputes lately ſubſiſting in the Republic of the United Provinces.

"The danger with which their conſtitution and independence were threatened, could not but affect, in its probable conſequences, the ſecurity and intereſts of your Majeſty's kingdoms.

"We beg leave, therefore, humbly to expreſs our higheſt approbation of your Majeſty's juſt and wiſe determination, to counteract all forcible interference on the part of France, in the internal affairs of the Republic; and we acknowledge in the fulleſt manner, the propriety and neceſſity of the declaration made by your Majeſty, in conformity to theſe principles, when the intention of the Moſt Chriſtian King to aſſiſt the party, which had uſurped the government of Holland, was notified to your Majeſty. And we cannot but heartily applaud the wiſe and vigorous ſteps taken by your Majeſty for the augmentation of your forces by ſea and land; meaſures which, while they prepared the country for any emergency which might ariſe, were the moſt likely to prolong the bleſſings of peace.

"We learn with particular ſatisfaction the rapid ſucceſs of the Pruſſian troops, under the auſpicious conduct of his Serene Highneſs the Duke of Brunſwick, which has obtained for his Pruſſian Majeſty the juſt reparation which he demanded, and enabled the provinces to deliver themſelves from the oppreſſion under which they laboured, as well as to eſtabliſh their ancient and lawful government.

"The important events which have taken place, without diſturbing your Majeſty's ſubjects in the enjoyment of the bleſſings of peace, afford matter of cordial congratulation to your Majeſty; and we are happy to ſee your Majeſty enabled to enter into an agreement with the Moſt Chriſtian King for diſarming, and placing the naval eſtabliſhments of the two countries upon the ſame footing as in the beginning of the preſent year.

"We beg leave to return our humble thanks to your Majeſty for ordering the ſeveral treaties and conventions to be laid before this Houſe, and to aſſure your Majeſty that we ſhall ſee with ſatisfaction any arrangement calculated to prevent jealouſies and diſputes between your Majeſty's ſubjects and thoſe of the Moſt Chriſtian King in the Eaſt Indies.

"Your Majeſty may depend upon our concurrence in ſuch meaſures as it may ſeem expedient to adopt, in conſequence of the other engagements entered into by your Majeſty, as well as ſuch as may be neceſſary for placing your Majeſty's diſtant poſſeſſions in an adequate poſture of defence.

"The flouriſhing ſtate of the commerce and revenues afford us the higheſt ſatisfaction, and cannot fail to ſtimulate us to uſe our utmoſt endeavours to confirm and improve ſuch important advantages, as well as to concur with your Majeſty's paternal wiſhes for the continuation of the public tranquility. We lament that hoſtilities ſhould have broken out in any part of Europe; but we receive with ſatisfaction the information that your Majeſty continues to be aſſured of the pacifick diſpoſition of all foreign powers towards this country.

"We reflect with pleaſure on the zeal and unanimity ſhewn by all ranks of your Majeſty's ſubjects on the late occaſion, as it muſt give more weight to the aſſurances we now humbly offer to your Majeſty, that, with every wiſh to cultivate the bleſſings of peace, we ſhall be always ready to exert ourſelves to the utmoſt, when the honour of your

your Majeſty's crown and the intereſts of your people may require it."

His MAJESTY's moſt Gracious ANSWER.

"*My Lords*,

"I thank you for this affectionate and loyal addreſs. The ſatisfaction which you have unanimouſly expreſſed in the meaſures I have taken, is particularly agreeable to me. You may depend, that both in war and in peace my conſtant objects ſhall be the honour of my crown, and the advancement of the intereſts of my people."

Nov 29.

The Houſe proceeded to take into further conſideration the anſwers preſented by Warren Haſtings, Eſq. againſt certain articles of impeachment preferred againſt him by the Houſe of Commons. Mr. Haſtings attending without, was brought to the bar by the Uſher of the Black Rod, and kneeling, when he approached the ſame, was directed by the Lord Chancellor to riſe: the Clerks at the table then proceeded to read the anſwers, relieving each other at the end of three ſkins of parchment; at about half an hour paſt five they got through the whole of the buſineſs. The Lord Chancellor then aſked Mr. Haſtings, whether thoſe were the anſwers he meant to abide by? and being anſwered in the affirmative, he was directed to withdraw.

Mr. Haſtings, in his defence, affirms, that he was four ſeveral times expreſsly appointed by the Legiſlature to the Office of Governor-General of Bengal, in ſeaſons of great difficulty and diſtreſs, affecting every part of the Britiſh Empire; and that he never, directly or indirectly, applied to the King's Miniſters, to the Directors, or to any Individual whatſoever, either to be originally appointed Governor-General of Bengal, or to be continued in that high office; that many of the acts for which he ſtands impeached were done prior to ſeveral of his re-appointments; that they were regularly communicated by him to the Court of Directors, and by them, according to law, to the King's Miniſters; that of the millions who are ſaid to be aggrieved by his acts, no one Man has yet been found to complain againſt him, although the charges originally exhibited arrived in India in the month of Auguſt 1786; that the ſyſtem of Government which he eſtabliſhed, is at this moment adhered to; that the Princes of India, who he is ſaid by his acts to have injured, have correſponded with him ſince his return to England, and do to the preſent moment continue their correſpondence with him; that from the Proprietors and Directors of the Eaſt India Company he received the moſt flattering marks of approbation while abroad, and on his return to England, the unanimous thanks of the Court of Directors, for his long, faithful, and able ſervices; that at the time he reſigned the ſervice of the Company, he received the moſt convincing proof of the eſteem of his fellow-ſervants, and the Britiſh ſubjects in Calcutta, in an addreſs delivered to him on the morning of his departure, and that a ſecond from the Officers of the Army was tranſmitted to him many months after his return to England; that ſo far from the honour of the Nation having been affected, or the Company's proſperity diminiſhed by his acts, he affirms, that during a long and arduous Government, the national character was preſerved in Indoſtan, and the Company's proſperity conſiderably increaſed; that after Peace had been completely reſtored to every part of India, and the internal arrangements conſequent of Peace effected, he, on the 1ſt of February 1785, voluntarily reſigned that ſtation which he had held for near 13 years; that he had not mentioned the preceding circumſtances with a view of eluding any ſpecific article of accuſation, but when he was accuſed of Rapacity, Tyranny, Injuſtice, Peculation, and Breach of Faith, he deemed himſelf intitled to ſtate generally, that the tenor of his Character, as known and eſteemed by thoſe amongſt whom he had ſerved for ſo many years, was held to be in every inſtance the reverſe.

A copy of the above anſwer was, upon motion, ordered to be ſent to the Houſe of Commons.

Lord Stanhope afterwards moved, that the ſame might be printed, which was agreed to by the Houſe, but not till after the ſame ſhould have been ſent to the Houſe of Commons.

The Marquis of Carmarthen preſented to the Houſe copies of the following papers, viz. the Convention between his Majeſty and the Moſt Chriſtian King, ſigned at Verſailles, Auguſt 31, 1787. ——The Treaty between his Majeſty and the Landgrave of Heſſe Caſſel dated Sept. 28, 1787.—The declaration at Verſailles, dated Oct. 27, 1787, and ſigned by the Duke of Dorſet and Mr. Eden —A Counter Declaration, ſigned at the ſame time by the Count of Montmorin.—The Joint Declaration ſigned at the ſame time, together with tranſlations of the whole.

The titles being read, the papers were ordered to lie on the table.

Dec. 5.

Received and read a number of petitions relative to private cauſes before their Lordſhips; the prayers of each were ſeverally granted.

There being no buſineſs before their Lordſhips, the Houſe adjourned to Monday,

DEC. 10.

A meſſage from the Commons being delivered, acquainting their Lordſhips, that certain of their Members attended, they were ordered to be admitted; and being introduced, Mr. Burke, accompanied by the Committee choſen for that purpoſe, delivered in the uſual form to the Lord Chancellor, at their Lordſhips' Bar, the Replication of the Commons to the Anſwer of Warren Haſtings, Eſq; againſt the Charges exhibited againſt him, which the reader will find in the Commons Journal.

The Commons having retired, the above was read by the Clerk of Parliament, and a conſequent Order made,

That their Lordſhips do proceed to the trial of Warren Haſtings, Eſq. at the bar of their Houſe on the thirteenth day of February next.

Ordered, That the proper officers do make the neceſſary preparations for the aforeſaid trial.

Adjourned to

DEC. 12.

Lord Kinnaird moved, "that an humble Addreſs be preſented to His Majeſty, that he will be graciouſly pleaſed to give directions to the proper officers, to prepare Weſtminſter-hall for the trial of Warren Haſtings, Eſq. the ſaid Warren Haſtings, having been charged with high crimes and miſdemeanors, and impeached by the Commons of England at the bar of that Houſe." Ordered.

DEC 14.

The Lords with white ſtaves informed the Houſe, that his Majeſty had been waited on with their Lordſhips' addreſs, for the fitting up of Weſtminſter-hall for the trial of Warren Haſtings, Eſq. and that his Majeſty had been graciouſly pleaſed to anſwer, that he would give the neceſſary orders for that purpoſe.

DEC. 15.

Their Lordſhips ordered their Journals to be ſearched for a precedent for an adjournment over the 30th of January (King Charles's Martyrdom). No precedents being found,

Ordered, That the Biſhop of Lincoln do preach before this Houſe on Wedneſday the 30th of January.

DEC. 17.

His Majeſty came in State to the Houſe, and being ſeated on the Throne, the Uſher of the Black Rod, Sir Francis Molyneux, went to the Houſe of Commons to command their immediate attendance; and being returned with the Speaker and ſeveral Members, the Royal Aſſent was given to three bills, the malt, land-tax, and marine mutiny bills.

As ſoon as their Lordſhips were unrobed, the Houſe was reſumed, and the Lord Chancellor put the queſtion of adjournment until the 30th day of January next, which was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

NOV. 27.

THE Hon. Mr. Ryder, the Mover of the Addreſs of Thanks to his Majeſty for His Moſt Gracious Speech (ſee page 434) prefaced his motion with much elegance of expreſſion, ſome argument, and no deficiency of what is termed *point*. Facts, he ſaid, were ſo convincing of themſelves, that they wanted no other aid than the mere recital of them, to gain the approbation of every individual; that the fear therefore of acquitting himſelf reſpectably in the office he had taken up thus voluntarily, was proportionably the leſs, as there was the leſs occaſion to depend upon himſelf; he had only to recapitulate the meaſures purſued, that the concurring ſentiments of the Houſe might be inſured to them. He ſtated the progreſs of all that Adminiſtration had done in the late diſſentions in Holland. After many well-turned periods, fraught with *matter*, as well as *words*, Mr. Ryder ſat down, with no ſmall praiſe, and no ſmall *title* to it, ſince Mr. Fox deigned to pay the tribute to it he did.

Mr. Brooke ſeconded the Motion.

Lord Hood roſe highly ſatisfied with the ſteps that had been taken; declared the unanimity of the Captains and Officers of the Navy on the ſubject of the late hoſtile preparations, and the ſpirit of the ordinary ſeamen, which had been evinced in their ſo chearfully joining their reſpective ſhips.

Mr. Fox roſe after Lord Hood, and expreſſed, with manner and language conſonant, his perfect concurrence, in the warmeſt approbation, of all the moſt ſtriking and important heads of the Addreſs.

He could not refuſe his acquieſcence, without belying every principle he had ever held in that Houſe. He was happy, that his ſentiments of France, which had been thought romantic, were now found *ſolid*; that the high ideas he had ever ſupported of Engliſh liberty and importance were now realized, and that we might go to the laborious manufacturer,

facturer, and the poor mechanic, loaded as he is with taxes, with rates, and with duties, and ſay, "However low you may deem yourſelf, or however burdened with taxes, I call upon you for aid to ſupport the balance of power in Europe, and the dignity of England among the nations of the earth!" Mr. Fox proceeded, that though there might be ſome of the minuter parts of the Addreſs in which he could not entirely coincide, he was unwilling to check the fulneſs of his approbation, by entering into them; nor ſhould they induce him to make any motion, not even to refuſe his aſſent. He truſted, however, that neither the Houſe, nor any individual in it, was expected to pledge himſelf in ſupport of ſpecific eſtimates, or the detail of meaſures, before theſe had been ſufficiently unfolded to them. In the grand outline, in the important and efficacious parts of theſe meaſures, he repeated, that he agreed. The conduct of France had been peculiar. We had it from the Throne, and therefore muſt believe it, (for it was not to be ſuppoſed, that any Miniſter would adviſe the Crown to deviate from truth) that France had declared her intention to interfere in favour of that party in Holland, whom his Majeſty had called Uſurpers upon the Rights of Sovereign Power: and yet the Counter-Declaration diſavowed any intention ever conceived, of interfering in the diſputes of Holland. *It was well, we had a better ſecurity for the continuance of peace, than the profeſſions of France, in her inability, in the deranged ſtate of her finances, and the diſputes between the King and the Parliament.* This was the ſtrongeſt ſecurity that we could have. He had obſerved in the Declaration, and Counter-Declaration, that which appeared to him ſingular, an agreement to diſcontinue the *naval* armaments only. He hoped, it did not admit the latitude or conſtruction which he had heard given it in converſation, that neither power, upon any occaſion, or in conſequence of diſorders in any other parts of Europe, were again to arm: He wiſhed to hear from the Miniſter in that Houſe, the proper conſtruction to be given to this part of the Convention. However, for the improbability of any improper conſequences from this, he alſo truſted to the inability of France, though he well knew her to be a nation of great reſources.

Mr. Fox made a remark upon a part of Mr. Ryder's ſpeech, which he ſeemed to do, for an opportunity of ſaying, that he had not come down to the Houſe when it was delivered, but had been informed that its eloquence was of the firſt order; and that it was one of the beſt firſt ſpeeches ever delivered—a compliment as honorable, from the quarter from whence it came, as it was juſt to the perſon who received it.

It may be inquired, ſaid Mr. Fox, whether the late preparations for war were too extenſive? Whether they were puſhed too far? Or whether they ought to have commenced ſooner? For his part, he ſaw a ſufficient anſwer; he felt their beſt eulogium in their ſucceſs. One more expreſſion in the ſpeech he would remark upon—it ſpoke of arming, to prevent the *forcible* interpoſition of France: he knew no occaſion for the word *forcible*; he thought their ſecret machinations were ſufficient cauſe to arm; he would arm againſt their PERFIDY!

Mr. Fox touched upon the increaſe of the military eſtabliſhment. He had formed part of the Adminiſtration which regulated the reduction at the concluſion of the peace. That eſtabliſhment had been acquieſced in by a ſubſequent Miniſtry, who had continued ſeveral years in place. If therefore the eſtabliſhment were defective, the Miniſtry who had continued muſt ſhare the blame with thoſe who had originally arranged it. If new occurrences or farther views had rendered an increaſe neceſſary, he expected that the Miniſter would enter, on a proper day, into an explanation of the ſubject.

Laſtly, he repeated his fulleſt approbation of the leading features of the Speech and Addreſs, declaring that he ſhould concur in voting the neceſſary ſupplies with the greateſt chearfulneſs, and never gave a vote with greater zeal.

Mr. Pitt applauded the candour and ſincerity with which the Speech and Addreſs were treated by Mr. Fox; acknowledging that he had placed their tendency, and the extent to which the Houſe would commit itſelf by them, in a very fair and proper point of view. He rejoiced that the general principle accorded ſo fully with his ſentiments, and would not detract from the merit which Mr. F. endeavoured to aſſume, in having ſuggeſted at former periods, and in other ſituations, ſome ideas which committed him to an approbation of the late meaſures. For his own part, he was ſatisfied with having performed what he thought his duty, in the beſt manner he was able, and with the beſt intentions; nay, he truſted with a conſiderable degree of ſucceſs; nor would he by contending for any particular or excluſive ſhare, in originating or conducting the proceedings, by any means contribute to abate that love which Mr. Fox avowedly profeſſed to a ſyſtem, which, fortunately for adminiſtration, he was ſo deſirous to repreſent as his own. Well knowing that this was the beſt mode of ſecuring his ſupport and aſſiſtance, he was willing to adopt it, and alſo to commend the delicacy with which it was ſaid ſome of the particular paſſages in the Addreſs ſhould not at this time be diſcuſſed. Forbearing then to

detail any of thoſe parts of which the Houſe muſt have documents and eſtimates before them, in order to judge with accuracy, he could only advert to ſome few circumſtances that could, even now, admit of being at leaſt touched upon.

The Houſe were not to conceive themſelves pledged in the Addreſs, even to the extent mentioned by Mr. Fox, on the ſubject of putting his Majeſty's foreign poſſeſſions in a more complete ſtate of defence, as the Addreſs promiſed no more than that they would loſe no time in *conſidering* of its expediency; for he concurred moſt perfectly with thoſe who thought that nothing could be more nugatory, or indeed more improper, than to induce the Houſe previouſly to pledge themſelves on any ſubjects of which they had not the fulleſt information. He admitted the policy of confining the military eſtabliſhments of this country within the narroweſt limits that prudence and a regard to the national ſafety ſhould ſuggeſt; and allowed, that if there was any fault or deficiency in the regulations as they now ſtood, he ſhould be liable, whatever blame may be the conſequence, with that adminiſtration under which the reduction took place. He was not prepared to ſtate, that there was any notorious deficiency at preſent exiſting in any of the dependencies, but having lately occaſion of looking more minutely into thoſe circumſtances, than was convenient or neceſſary for him to do before, the reſult of his enquiry was a conviction, that additional ſtrength and improvements would be of the utmoſt advantage to this country in time of war, by enabling it to employ, in more actual ſervice, that force which ſhould now be unavoidably left to the ſecurity of thoſe dependencies. Such was the opinion he now entertained, and if any blame was to ariſe from his not attending to it before, he knew his duty too well to ſacrifice the national ſecurity by any backwardneſs to encounter ſuch a cenſure.

With regard to the obſervations, that Government might have gone farther, and endeavoured to ſecure the revival of our ancient alliance with the Republic, he would, notwithſtanding the delicacy to be uſed in ſpeaking of pending circumſtances, conſider himſelf as diſcloſing no ſecret, when he admitted that every thing heretofore done, would be ineffectual and incomplete, if meaſures were not taken to form an alliance with the Republic, which would prevent a repetition of that connection with France, to which were to be attributed all the troubles the United States had lately been relieved from. This was the main object and the aim of Government, and from the preſent weakneſs of the power of France, there could be no very great doubt of its happy and effectual accompliſhment.

After touching very briefly on a few other circumſtances, which he promiſed to go into more minutely on future occaſions, he congratulated the Houſe and the country, on the pleaſing reflection of the unanimity which prevails in his Majeſty's Councils, being followed and ſeconded by a ſimilar and general concurrence of all ranks of his Majeſty's ſubjects; a concurrence which he truſted would equally manifeſt itſelf on any future occaſion, and which would teach all Europe a leſſon as formidable as juſt, that whatever may be the ſtate of politics in this country, and however various the ſentiments, or different the temper on particular points, when the intereſts and welfare of the nation were threatened or in danger, there was then but one voice and opinion could prevail amongſt the Repreſentatives of the People of Great Britain.

After this, the Houſe being deſirous of teſtifying that unanimity commended by the Miniſter, no other obſervations were offered; an addreſs of courſe paſſed, *nem. con.*

Nov. 28.

The Report of the Addreſs was received, read a ſecond time, and reſolved that it ſhould be preſented to-morrow by the Speaker attended by the Houſe.

Nov. 29.

The order of the day being read for taking into conſideration his Majeſty's Speech, the ſame was accordingly read by the Speaker.

A Motion was afterwards made for a Committee of Supply, and a Committee was upon motion ordered to take the ſame into conſideration.

The Houſe roſe at three o'clock, and proceeded to St James's with their Addreſs on his Majeſty's Speech, to which his Majeſty returned the following Anſwer:

"*Gentlemen,*

"I return you my hearty thanks for this "loyal and dutiful Addreſs. The ſatisfac- "tion you expreſs in the meaſures which I "have purſued, and in the important events "which have taken place, afford me pecu- "liar pleaſure.

"You may depend upon my invariable at- "tention to the happineſs and proſperity of "my kingdoms."

Nov. 30.

Mr. Pitt officially preſented to the Houſe various papers, and among others the eſtimates of the expences of the late armaments, in the different departments of the army, navy, and ordnance. The titles of theſe papers were read, and it was agreed on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that they

they ſhould be taken into conſideration * on this day ſe'nnight.

Mr. Fox obſerved, that Mr. Pitt had omitted to lay before the Houſe two papers of a very important nature, and without which gentlemen could not ſo well judge of the propriety of the reſolution taken by his Majeſty's Miniſters to arm. The papers he alluded to, were the Notification from the French Court of the 16th of September laſt, and the diſpatch which declared the intentions of the Court of Berlin towards France. The former of theſe two papers, he ſaid, would be the more neceſſary, as though the Britiſh Miniſtry had made it the ground for their arming, yet the King of France ſtates, in his Counter-Declaration, that he never intended to interfere by force in the diſputes in Holland. Every body, he obſerved, muſt ſee the abſolute neceſſity for producing the Notification, as without it, it would be impoſſible to ſay whether Miniſters had armed from neceſſity or not

Mr. Pitt ſaid, he was as deſirous as any man of giving upon every ſubject the moſt ample information, when he could do it conſiſtently with his duty to the public. But in his opinion, he would but ill diſcharge that duty, if he did not reſiſt the production of the papers alluded to by the Right Hon. Gentleman. All that appeared to him to be neceſſary for the information of Parliament reſpecting the form of theſe papers, had been mentioned in his Majeſty's moſt gracious Speech: and the latter might involve particular points that it would not be decent or politic to divulge. He ſaid, however, that though he could not conſent to the production of the papers, he would peruſe them very carefully, and, from memory, would give gentlemen any information from them, if he ſhould be called upon ſo to do, which ſhould not be inconſiſtent with that principle, upon which he refuſed to produce the whole.—Here the buſineſs reſted, and the Houſe adjourned.

DEC. 1.

Mr. Steele reported the reſolution of Friday laſt, viz. "That a Supply be granted to his Majeſty," which was read and agreed to.

The uſual accounts of army, ordnance, garriſons, &c. were moved, and followed with an Addreſs to his Majeſty, to direct the proper officers to lay ſuch accounts before the Houſe.

DEC. 3.

The eſtimates of the army and ordnance for the enſuing year were preſented, the former by the Secretary at War, the latter by Mr. Aldridge, who gave notice of their intention of ſubmitting them to the conſideration of the Houſe on Monday the 10th.

Col Fitzpatrick moved, that the army eſtimates be printed for the peruſal of the Members.

The Secretary at War reſiſted the motion. The practice of the Houſe, he obſerved, was founded in wiſdom and policy; and he truſted the Houſe would not think of departing, on the preſent occaſion, from ancient uſage.

The Motion was rejected without further debate.

The Houſe reſolved into a Committee of Supply; and without any debate, 6,336,000l. were voted; the particulars of which ſum are as follow:

Mr. Brett ſaid he would propoſe to the Committee to vote exactly the ſame number of ſeamen for the enſuing, that had been voted for the current year; therefore, without going into detail, or making any longer preface, he moved that there be granted to his Majeſty 18,000 ſeamen, including 3620 marines, for the naval ſervice of the year 1788; and that 4l. per man per month be granted for defraying the expences of the ſame, (ordnance for the navy excepted) reckoning 13 months to the year. This ſupply, to the amount of 936,000l. was granted without oppoſition.

Mr. Roſe then moved, that the neceſſary ſums ſhould be granted for taking up and cancelling exchequer bills iſſued for the ſervice of the current year and charged upon the aids of the year 1788, for the following ſums, viz. 2,500,000l. 1,500,000l. 1,500,000l. in all 5,500,000l.

Theſe ſums alſo were granted without any debate, and the Houſe was reſumed.

Sir Gilbert Elliot gave notice that he intended to move a charge againſt Sir Elijah Impey; and in order that he might have proper documents to proceed upon, he

* The following is a correct account of the totals of the four eſtimates preſented to the Houſe of Commons, by Mr. Pitt, of the expence of the late armament.

Account of the Expences incurred by the late Armament.

Total amount of Navy,	175,407	5	11
Total amount of Ordnance,	18,300	0	8
Total amount of Army,	59,878	4	0
Money iſſued out of the Civil Liſt for ſervices performed abroad,	83,166	0	0
Total Amount,	£. 336,751	10	7

moved, that there be laid before the Houſe a copy of a letter from Mr. Haſtings and Mr. Barwell to the Court of Directors, dated April 30, 1786. The motion paſſed without oppoſition.

Mr. Fox ſaid, that Monday next was by much too early a day for taking into conſideration a queſtion ſo important to this country in every reſpect as the augmentation of the army; and more particularly an augmentation that was to laſt beyond the enſuing year, and become part of the permanent military eſtabliſhment of the kingdom. Such a ſubject ought to be diſcuſſed in the fulleſt Houſe; and therefore he wiſhed that the diſcuſſion of it might not be brought on before the holidays, unleſs ſome very particular reaſon ſhould be urged for diſpatch.

Mr. Pitt declared it to be his wiſh, that ſo important a queſtion ſhould be diſcuſſed in the fulleſt Houſe; and for that reaſon, among others, he was anxious that it ſhould be brought on before Chriſtmas. Gentlemen had been appriſed by the King's Speech that ſuch a meaſure was to be brought forward; and if Gentlemen would take time to reflect, they muſt be ſatisfied, that if it was neceſſary at all to put our diſtant poſſeſſions in a proper poſture of defence, the meaſure could not be too ſpeedily carried into execution. The regiments deſtined for that purpoſe could not proceed upon their voyage, until the ſenſe of Parliament ſhould have been taken upon the meaſure; and therefore he thought, and he preſumed the Houſe would agree with him, that there was very good ground for reſiſting any propoſition on this head that could delay the paſſing of the meaſure.

Mr. Fox acknowledged the reaſons urged for diſpatch to be ſatisfactory.

Adjourned.

Dec. 4.

Mr. Gilbert preſented the report from the Committee of Supply, who ſat yeſterday, on the ſubject of the peace eſtabliſhment of the navy, which was agreed to.

Mr. Roſe preſented the report of the Committee on the exchequer bills, which was alſo agreed to.

Mr. Roſe then moved, that an Addreſs be preſented, humbly praying, that his Majeſty would be graciouſly pleaſed to order an account of the monies voted, but unprovided for by Parliament, to be laid before the Houſe.

Agreed to.

Mr. Grenville moved, that leave be given to bring in a bill for the continuance two years longer of ſo much of an act as related to the navigation between the United States of America and the Iſland of Newfoundland.

Agreed to.

Dec. 5.

The order of the day was read for the Houſe reſolving itſelf into a Committee of the whole Houſe, to conſider of ways and means for raiſing the ſupply granted to his Majeſty. The Houſe being accordingly reſolved into a Committee,

Mr. Roſe moved, that the duties payable on malt, cyder, mum, and perry, and 4s. in the pound land-tax, be continued for one year. Reſolved.

The Houſe being reſumed, a meſſage was received from the Lords, that they had ſent to that Honourable Houſe a true copy of the anſwer delivered at the bar of the Houſe of Lords by Warren Haſtings, Eſq. to the charges exhibited againſt him of high crimes and miſdemeanors.

The meſſenger being withdrawn, and the title of the anſwer read, Mr. Burke moved, that the anſwer might be read *pro forma*. The ſame being done, Mr. Burke moved, that the anſwer be referred to a Committee to conſider thereof, and to report what meaſures were moſt proper to be taken for further proceeding in the proſecution. Ordered.

Mr. Burke then proceeded to name the gentlemen whom he wiſhed to have upon the Committee. Upon each name there was a motion; and all whom Mr. Burke propoſed were by the Houſe admitted to be of the Committee except Mr. Francis, who was excluded upon a diviſion of, Ayes, 97; Noes, 126; Majority, 29.

The names of the Committee then ſtood as follow:

Edmund Burke, Eſq.	Lord Viſ. Maitland
Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox	Dudley Long, Eſq.
R. B. Sheridan, Eſq.	Gen. J. Burgoyne
Rt. Hon. T. Pelham	Hon. Geo. North
R. Hon. W. Windham	Hon. And. St John
Sir Gilbert Elliott, Bart.	Hon A. Fitzherbert
Charles Grey, Eſq.	Col. Fitzpatrick
William Adam, Eſq.	John Courtenay, Eſq.
Sir John Anſtruther	A. Rogers, Eſq.
M. A. Taylor, Eſq.	Sir James Erſkine.

When Mr. Burke found he was not to have the aſſiſtance of Mr. Francis, he declared, in the preſence of God, and of the world, that he looked upon the buſineſs of the impeachment as *damned*, ſeeing he was deprived of the aſſiſtance of the man, who, of all perſons, was, from local knowledge, the beſt qualified to aſſiſt in the undertaking. He ſaid he would proceed however, let the event be what it would. He concluded by making motions for veſting this laſt Committee with the power of ſending for papers, records, &c. which was granted.

Mr. Pitt moved the order of the day for going into a Committee of Supply to take into

into conſideration the Treaty with the Landgrave of Heſſe.

The order having been read, the Houſe reſolved itſelf into a Committee.

Mr. Pitt moved, "That it is the opinion of this Committee, that the ſum of 36,093l. 15s. be granted to his Majeſty to pay one year's ſubſidy to the Landgrave of Heſſe for the year 1788, purſuant to Treaty."

Mr. Fox wiſhing to hear from the Right Hon. Gentleman an explanation of ſome particulars reſpecting this treaty, Mr. Pitt in the moſt clear and explicit manner anſwered every query of Mr. Fox, and the queſtion being put, the motion was agreed to *nem. con.*

DEC. 6.

A Committee was upon the motion of Mr. Gilbert appointed "To inſpect the return of the Charitable Donations, and to report their obſervations to the Houſe."

Mr. Gilbert reported the reſolutions come to, in the Committee of Ways and Means of Wedneſday laſt, which were read and agreed to.

Sir John Miller moved, "That leave be given to bring in a bill to prevent perſons intitled to their freedom by birth, marriage, or ſervitude in cities, towns, ports, or boroughs, from voting at elections of Members to ſerve in Parliament for ſuch cities, towns, ports, and boroughs, until they have been admitted to their freedom a limited time previous to the election."

Mr. Jolliffe oppoſed the motion, on the ground of its unneceſſarily narrowing the rights of electors, which he thought were ſufficiently circumſcribed already.

Sir John Miller roſe to juſtify his motion, and in a ſummary way recapitulated his arguments of the laſt Seſſion, to prove the neceſſity of the legiſlature paſſing ſome bill to limit and aſcertain occaſional voters.

Sir James Johnſtone ſaid, the bill then moved for went to the deprivation of a great number of perſons of their Franchiſes, whereas no reaſon had been aſſigned for the depriving one man of his natural rights.

On a Diviſion—*Ayes* the *two Tellers*; *Noes* 52.

The Houſe broke up at half after four.

DEC. 7.

The Houſe reſolved itſelf into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Gilbert in the Chair, when the following reſolutions were moved by Mr. Pitt, and carried without any oppoſition: That the ſum of 175,407l. 5s. 11d. be iſſued for the extraordinaries of his Majeſty's ſervices.—That 59,678l. 5s. be iſſued for the extraordinaries of the army.—That for the Ordnance, there be granted the ſum of 18,300l. 9d.—That for the Civil Liſt, there be granted the ſum of 58,166l.—That for the repairs of Carleton Houſe, there be iſſued 20,000l. to make good the like ſum iſſued from his Majeſty's Exchequer, in purſuance of a meſſage from his Majeſty.—That 50,000l. be iſſued to make good the payments for the diſcharge of the debts of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales.—That the ſum of 100,000l. be granted for the ſame purpoſe.—That 17,426l. 19s. 6d. be iſſued to replace the like ſum iſſued from his Majeſty's Exchequer in conſequence of Addreſſes.

When the Houſe was reſumed, Mr. Burke, as Chairman of the Committee appointed to take into conſideration the anſwer of Mr. Haſtings to the charges exhibited againſt him by the Houſe of Commons, reported to the Houſe that the Committee had attentively read and conſidered the ſaid anſwer, and had reſolved, that for avoiding any imputation of delay in the Commons, the following Replication ſhould be ſent to the Lords.

"The Commons have conſidered the anſwer of Warren Haſtings, Eſq. to the articles of impeachment exhibited againſt him, and obſerve that the ſaid Warren Haſtings hath endeavoured to cover the crimes laid to his charge, by evaſive inſinuations and miſrepreſentations of facts; that the ſaid anſwer does give a gloſs and colouring, utterly falſe and untrue, to the various criminal matters in the ſaid articles; that the ſaid Warren Haſtings did, in fact, commit the numerous acts of extortion, bribery, peculation, cruelty, breach of faith, violation of the orders of the lawful authority to which he was ſubject, and of the various other offences and crimes of which he ſtands accuſed;—and the Commons, in full confidence of the truth and juſtice of their accuſation, and of the neceſſity of bringing him to a ſpeedy and exemplary puniſhment, and not doubting that their Lordſhips will uſe all becoming diligence to do juſtice to the proceedings of the Commons, and to vindicate the honour of the nation; do aver their charge againſt the ſaid Warren Haſtings to be true, and that he is guilty, in ſuch manner as he ſtands impeached, and that the Commons will be ready to prove their charges againſt him, at ſuch convenient time and place as ſhall be appointed for that purpoſe."

Replication read a ſecond time, and agreed to. Adjourned to

DEC. 10.

Mr. Burke moved, that the engroſſed Replication of the Houſe to the anſwer of Warren Haſtings, ſhould be read; which having been done, he moved that the ſaid Replication ſhould be ſent up to the Houſe of Lords. This motion was agreed to, and Mr. Burke appointed the meſſenger. In carrying it up,

he was attended by moſt of the Members in oppoſition. The Lords returned an anſwer, as ſtated in their Journal of Dec. 10.

Mr. Gilbert, after a ſhort introductory ſpeech, moved, that a Committee ſhould be appointed to take into conſideration the ſtate of the poor, and of the laws which provided for their maintenance. The motion met with no oppoſition.

The Houſe then went into a Committee of Supply on the army and ordnance eſtimates.

The Secretary at War propoſed that the military eſtabliſhment for North America and the Weſt Indies ſhould be augmented from 9000 to 12,125 men.

Upon this motion a very long debate took place, which did not cloſe till midnight.

Mr. Fox, among others, contended that the augmentation was impolitic, unneceſſary, and dangerous to the conſtitution, as introductory to a new ſyſtem, which would make us abandon our old and natural defence, the navy, in favour of the army, which was by no means ſo friendly to the conſtitution.

Mr. Pitt contended that in adopting the augmentation, he was not abandoning the ſyſtem of a naval defence; he was only putting the diſtant poſſeſſions of the Crown in ſuch a poſture of defence, as would enable them to reſiſt a ſudden attack, and to hold out till a ſquadron could have time to ſuccour them. No one, he ſaid, could fairly ſay that he was not a friend to the navy, who had expended upon it above 500,000l. a year more in the extraordinaries of it than had been expended upon it in any former peace—the happy fruits of which expence were thirty ſhips of the line launched ſince the concluſion of the war. He alſo had expended 400,000l. a year more for the ordinary ſervice than any former period of peace; for though after the peace of Aix-la Chapelle, the naval peace eſtabliſhment fluctuated between 8000 and 12,000, it was now ſo high as 18,000 men.

A diviſion took place upon the augmentation propoſed by the Secretary at War, which was carried by a majority of—162.

Ayes	—	—	242
Noes	—	—	80

The ordnance eſtimates were then moved by Mr. Aldridge. A debate took place upon the new corps of 600 military artificers, now raiſing by the Duke of Richmond's orders, and for whom the eſtimates make a proviſion.

This motion produced another diviſion, which was alſo carried by the Miniſter.

Ayes	—	—	140
Noes	—	—	28
Majority			112

After which, the Houſe being reſumed adjourned.

DEC. 11.

The land-tax bill being put into a Committee,

Mr. Roſe brought up two clauſes to be added to it: one of which was, that a warrant might be iſſued to diſtrain for non-payment, without referring to the commiſſioners; and the other, that the collectors ſhould be bound by a penalty of 40l. to ſettle their accounts, and give in their money, within two years.

Theſe clauſes, after a few words from Mr. Sawbridge, the Speaker, and Mr. Roſe, were agreed to.

Mr. Gilbert reported the following reſolutions from the Committee of Supply: That a number of forces, conſiſting of 16,982 effective men, including 1,620 invalids, be employed for 1788;—that the ſum of 598,637l. 2s. 10d. be granted for maintaining them;—that 315,865l. 19s. 1d. be granted for maintaining the forces in the plantations;—that 8758l. 14s. 9d. be granted for difference between the charge of Britiſh and Iriſh eſtabliſhments;—that 11,292l. 13s. be granted for pay neceſſary to be advanced to troops in India;—that 6427l. 0s. 6d. be granted for General and General Staff Officers;—that 4273l. 2s. 2d. be granted for full pay to Supernumerary Officers;—that 60,863l. 6s. 8d. be granted for allowances to Paymaſter-General, Secretary at War, &c. —that 419,407. 0s. 1d. be granted for the charge of the Office of Ordnance, for land ſervice, for 1788:—Which were read and agreed to.

Sir Richard Hill commended the increaſe: and obſerved, with reſpect to the confidence which had been talked of in yeſterday's debate, that if ſome gentlemen had more confidence in the Miniſter and leſs in themſelves, it would perhaps be better.

The ſeveral reſolutions were all agreed to.

Mr. Burke, after deſiring the Clerk to read the meſſage from the Lords, appointing the day of Mr. Haſtings' trial, moved, that the Committee to whom the anſwer of Mr. Haſtings had been referred, ſhould be appointed managers of the proſecution againſt him.

This motion was agreed to; as were alſo the following ones, viz. That A. Wallis and R. Troward, Eſqrs. be appointed Solicitors for the proſecution; and that this Houſe attend the trial, as a Committee of the whole Houſe.

Mr. Fox roſe, to move for the appointment of Philip Francis, Eſq. to be one of the managers of the impeachment. He introduced this motion with a ſpeech of ſome length, in which

which he urged the nomination of this gentleman with great earneſtneſs.

After ſome debate a diviſion enſued, when there appeared,

For the motion	—	62
Againſt it	— —	120
Majority	—	58

DEC. 12.

Sir Gilbert Elliot roſe, and in a moſt elegant ſpeech addreſſed the Houſe upon a topic which he declared he felt to be of the firſt conſequence to the rights of human nature: he was conſcious of his inability to undertake ſo arduous a taſk; but having pledged himſelf to his country and to the Houſe, he now ſtood forward the public accuſer of Sir Elijah Impey. He was actuated by no baſe motives of private pique or reſentment; for he ſcarcely knew Sir Elijah's perſon: he was not influenced by the ſpirit of party, for the cauſe of eternal juſtice, he hoped, had but *one* party, which conſiſted of every Member of that Houſe, and every man of honour in the nation (a great call of hear, hear). He could not gratify his ambition, and aggrandize himſelf, by humbling a proud and powerful adverſary; nor could he even hope to acquire popularity, criminal proſecutions being by no means calculated to obtain that end. As it was, therefore, impoſſible that he could have any of thoſe objects in view, the Houſe, he hoped, would give him credit when he ſolemnly proteſted, he felt no other impulſe than a deſire to vindicate the cauſe of truth and juſtice, by bringing a great offender to the tribunal of this country, to anſwer for the groſs and wanton violation of that juſtice which was in ſo peculiar a manner committed to his charge. Sir Elijah arrived in India in the year 1774. The ſword of juſtice was delivered to him, to convince the nations of that diſtant part of the Britiſh dominions, that the ſupreme legiſlative power of this country was always attentive to the welfare of all its ſubjects. Very ſhortly after his arrival, the innocent blood of Nuncomar, (innocent becauſe he was condemned by an unknown law, and by illegal evidence) was ſprinkled upon the ſeat of juſtice. This tranſaction he could not conſider in any other light than a premeditated murder. His luſt of power, malverſation of juſtice, and enormities, continued, until application was made to the Crown of England in the year 1776. Shortly afterwards it became an object of Parliamentary enquiry; and the Commons of England, upon that enquiry, had cenſured him for his manifeſt perverſion of juſtice. A ſyſtem of corrupt laws, he ſaid, was worſe than no ſyſtem at all, for the laws of ſelf-preſervation would ſtep in, and prevent violence to individuals. In the conduct of ſuch a corrupt ſyſtem he had diſgraced the ſacred character of a judge. "It was ſimilar to a church, man committing blaſphemy." After a great variety of other remarks of the ſame nature, Sir Gilbert adverted immediately to the charges, the particulars of which, he ſaid, he ſhould not attempt to elucidate, but content himſelf with delivering them at the table; and declaring, "that he, as a Member of the Houſe of Commons, ſtanding in his place, did charge Sir Elijah Impey, Knight, with High Crimes and Miſdemeanors, the contents of which were ſet forth in the papers which he had delivered."

The Speaker deſired to know, whether he meant to have the charges read at length, or read ſhort; and Sir Gilbert preferred the latter, as he intended to move to have them printed, and delivered to the Members; after which he ſhould move that a Committee might be appointed.

The Clerk then read the heads of ſix charges.

1. The condemnation of Nuncomar.
2. The illegal extenſion of juriſdiction in the Dewanee.
3. His conduct at Patna.
4. Ditto at Benares.
5. His general mal-adminiſtration of juſtice, &c.
6. The affidavits.

Mr Pitt and Mr. Fox agreed, that it would be proper to print the charges, and on Monday next to conſider of appointing a Committee. Adjourned.

DEC. 17.

Mr. Sheridan apologized for bringing forward a ſubject which had been already diſcuſſed this Seſſion—the Ordnance Eſtimates. He held in his hand a very valuable paper. It had been printed and made part of the Journals of the Houſe—it was a report from the Ordnance, made in 1783, and ſigned *Richmond*. He obſerved in it a propoſal to draft a number of men from the artillery, in order to form a corps of military artificers, whereby it was propoſed to ſave twelve or fifteen thouſand pounds annually, and after all, his Grace now comes and tells us, that if we will raiſe ſix hundred more men, we ſhall be able to ſave 3000l.! To be ſure, he muſt allow that the ſcheme appeared very feaſible at firſt. A number of workmen had always been employed at Woolwich at 2s. 6d. a day; but men were to be detached from the artillery, who would work for 1s. 6d. a day. He much feared, we ſhould find theſe but bad workmen, worſe ſoldiers, and ſtill worſe citizens; for they would be citizens without intereſt, ſoldiers without diſcipline, and workmen without ſkill. H

ever, he made no doubt that his Grace had very cogent reaſons for ſuppoſing, that men who could earn 2s. 6d. a day, would inliſt to work for 1s. 6d.—perhaps, on account of the douceur of military diſcipline.

After ſtating what motions he ſhould make on this ſubject, he ſaid, he ſhould alſo move for an account of the expences of the Royal Powder Mills. He inſiſted, that gunpowder came to Government from theſe, at four times the price that it did by contract.

Mr. Sheridan then referred to the propoſed fortifications in the Weſt Indies. He did not mean, by animadverting on them, to convey the ſlighteſt reflection on the noble Duke at the head of the Ordnance; he really thought, that his Grace eſteemed fortifications to be eſſential to the ſalvation of the country; and was determined to force them through Parliament, *by hook or by crook*; and upon his conſcience, he believed, that his Grace would ſucceed. Preciſely the ſame arguments which had been uſed for fortifying at home, had been uſed for fortifying abroad, and though one had been rejected, the other had been adopted.

Mr. Sheridan then moved his firſt motion, for an eſtimate of the expences of fortifying the Weſt-India iſlands; which, however, he afterwards withdrew.

Mr. Sheridan then moved ſeveral other motions, which were all agreed to.

Sir G. Elliot, in a few words, informed the Houſe, that he was happy at the delay his intended motion had met with, as he now thought it much more eligible to refer the charges to a Committee of the whole Houſe, than to a Select Committee, and ſhould therefore move to that purpoſe.

Mr Pitt was happy that the Hon. Baronet had altered his motion. He hoped, that no Member of the Houſe was to be conſidered, by giving his vote for the commitment of the charges, as pledging himſelf to a decided opinion on the guilt contained in them; not only, not as to the *fact*, but, admitting the facts, not as to the *matter*. He himſelf, from the curſory view he had of them, could not pretend to give an opinion; and he confeſſed, that, even in the moſt ſerious charge of all, he had very ſtrong doubts, whether the facts alledged were contrary to the law of England.

Ordered, to be committed on Monday the 4th of February.

Adjourned to Thurſday, Jan. 31, 1788.

ANECDOTE.

IN the town of GALWAY in IRELAND there is a very ancient ſtone houſe, over the door of which is coarſely carved a Death's Head and Croſs Bones.—The circumſtance which cauſed this emblem is curious.

About the time of Henry VII. or perhaps earlier, the town was in itſelf a palatinate, and all the law proceedings ran in the name of the mayor, who had alſo the power of pardoning or condemning criminals.—John de Burgh, then mayor, was a very opulent merchant, and traded largely, eſpecially with Cadiz in Spain.—On ſome occaſion he ſent over his only ſon with a cargo to Don Alonzo Herrera, his correſpondent there, who received young De Burgh with the greateſt hoſpitality; and on his departure he ſent with him on a viſit his own ſon, together with a very large ſum in ſpecie to purchaſe merchandize.—The young De Burgh, tempted by this wealth, with the aſſiſtance of two or three of the crew, the veſſel being his father's, threw the young Spaniard overboard, and on his return appeared greatly diſtreſſed by the loſs of his friend, who he pretended had died at ſea of a fever.—For ſome time this ſucceeded, but at length on a quarrel between two of the ſailors concerned in the murder, the whole buſineſs tranſpired, the men were ſeized, and inſtantly accuſed young De Burgh.—The wretched father was obliged to mount the tribunal, to ſit in judgment on his only ſon, and with his own lips to pronounce that ſentence which left him childleſs, and at once blaſted for ever the honour of an ancient and noble family.—His fellow-citizens, who revered his virtues and pitied his misfortunes, ſaw with aſtoniſhment the fortitude with which he yielded to this cruel neceſſity, and heard him doom his ſon to a public and ignominious death on the following morning.—Their compaſſion for the father, their affection for the man, every nobler feeling was arouſed, and they privately determined to reſcue the young man from the priſon that night, under the conviction that De Burgh, having already paid the tribute due to juſtice and his honour, would ſecretly rejoice at the preſervation of the life of his ſon.—But they little knew the heart of this noble magiſtrate.—By ſome accident their determination reached his ear; he inſtantly removed his ſon from the priſon to his own houſe, and after partaking with him the office of the holy communion, after giving and receiving a mutual forgiveneſs, he cauſed him to be hung at his own door; a dreadful monument of the vengeance of Heaven, and an immortal proof of a juſtice that leaves every thing of the kind in ſtory at an immeaſurable diſtance.

The father immediately reſigned his office, and after his death, which ſpeedily followed that of his ſon, the citizens fixed over the door of the houſe a ſkull and bones, which remain there to this day.

SKETCH

European Magazine.

T. Bratton Sculp.

The Late

COLL. HEN.Y WATSON.

Chief Engineer.

of

BENGALL

Pub.d by J.m Sewell Cornhill.

SKETCH of the LIFE and CHARACTER of the late Colonel HENRY WATSON.

[By a CORRESPONDENT.]

[With a PORTRAIT of him.]

THOUGH the works of eminent men are the moſt durable monuments of their fame, yet the inquiſitive mind is not always content with reading or underſtanding a work of genius, or contemplating the beauties of a fabric. Thus, in peruſing a work of diſtinguiſhed merit, or viewing an ingenious piece of mechaniſm, when the firſt tranſports of our admiration ſubſide, we want to be informed of the author, or artiſt. So the Marquis de l'Hoſpital, when he firſt heard of the diſcoveries of the immortal Newton, exclaimed, "Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, and ſleep like other men?" Anecdotes alone can ſatisfy this laudable curioſity; but it has been a complaint, too often well founded, that moſt of thoſe concerning men of ſcience are generally buried in oblivion. It is owing to this neglect that one of the greateſt mathematicians this age has given birth to, now lies undiſtinguiſhed in a little country church-yard; I mean, the great Mr. *Emerſon*, who has enriched ſcience with ſo many valuable publications.

What has already tranſpired reſpecting the ſubject of the following Sketch, is, for the moſt part, of a political nature: indeed, his life was an active one; but he joined theory and practice; and though *Holland* may boaſt a *Cocborn*, and *France* a *Vauban*, yet *England* can boaſt their ſuperiors in a *Robins* and a *Watſon*.

HENRY WATSON was the ſon of a grazier, who lived at Holbeach in Lincolnſhire, where he was born in or about the year 1737. When twelve or thirteen years old, he was ſent to Goſberton ſchool, then kept by Meſſ. Burks. Here his genius for the mathematics ſoon diſcovered itſelf; and his application was ſo great, that, it is ſaid, in a little time he ſurpaſſed his maſters; indeed, his progreſs muſt have been rapid, for as early as 1753 he cut a conſpicuous figure as a mathematician in the Ladies Diary.

About this time the late Mr. Whichcot of Harpſwell, then and many years after one of the Members of Parliament for Lincolnſhire, hearing of young Watſon's extraordinary abilities, ſent for him, and had him examined by the maſter of Brigg ſchool; whoſe report was ſo much in his favour, that Mr. Whichcot, ever ready to encourage riſing merit, uſed his intereſt and got him into the Royal Academy at Woolwich; and he ſoon after obtained a commiſſion in the corps of Engineers.

Under that great mathematician Mr. Thomas Simpſon, then the Profeſſor, he proſecuted his ſtudies, and continued to write for the Ladies Diary, which at that time was conducted by Mr. Simpſon, till 1761, the year after Simpſon died. After being the ſcholar, he became the friend and intimate of Simpſon, who always held him in the greateſt eſteem; and ſuch was his opinion of Watſon's abilities, that at his deceaſe he left him his unfiniſhed mathematical papers, with a requeſt, that he would reviſe them, and make what alterations and additions he might think neceſſary; and it is ſaid, that the Colonel employed much of his leiſure-time in correcting and finiſhing them. One of theſe manuſcripts of Simpſon, I am told, is a Treatiſe on the Conſtruction of Bridges: this the Colonel has finiſhed, and it is hoped, that the mathematical world will not be deprived of it.

During the war which broke out in 1756, he gave ſignal proofs of his ſuperior abilities as an engineer; particularly at the ſiege of Belleiſle in 1761, and at the Havannah in 1762. At the latter place his ſkill was particularly put to the proof; for having declared at a conſultation, contrary to the opinion of the other engineers, that a breach might be made in the Moro Caſtle, then deemed impregnable, he was aſked by the Commander in Chief, in what time he would engage to make the breach? He gave for anſwer, that with a certain number of men and cannon (naming them) he would undertake to do it in forty-eight hours after the propoſed batteries were erected. Accordingly he undertook it, and though he was ſtruck down by the wind of a ball which paſſed near his head, and carried for dead to his tent, yet he ſoon recovered and returned to his duty, and the breach was made in a little more than half the time. For this piece of ſervice he not only received the particular thanks of the Commander in Chief, but of his Majeſty.

His abilities ſoon became too conſpicuous to be overlooked by that eminent ſoldier and politician Lord Clive, who fingled him out as an engineer qualified for great and noble enterprizes. Accordingly, he accompanied his Lordſhip to Bengal, for the purpoſe of carrying ſuch plans into execution which might be thought neceſſary for the preſervation of the Britiſh acquiſitions in that quarter; or to aſſiſt his Lordſhip in any further operations he might think requiſite for the intereſt of his country.

It was not difficult for a perſon of the Colonel's penetration to ſee the advantageous

ſituation

ſituation of the Bay of Bengal. He knew that if proper forts were built, and the Engliſh marine put on a tolerable footing in that part, they might ſoon become maſters of the Eaſtern ſeas; he, therefore, got a grant of lands from the Eaſt-India Company for conſtructing wet and dry docks, and a marine yard at Calcutta, for cleanſing, repairing, and furniſhing with ſtores the men of war and merchantmen. A plan of the undertaking was drawn, engraved, and preſented to his Majeſty, and the Eaſt-India Company, and fully approved of; and the works were carried on for ſome years with a ſpirit and vigour that manifeſted the judgment and abilities of the undertaker; and though the utility of ſuch a great and national concern is too obvious to be inſiſted on, yet the Colonel, after ſinking upwards of 100,000l. of his own property in the noble deſign, was obliged to deſiſt, to the eternal diſgrace of this nation.

It is very natural for the reader to aſk, why the Colonel was ſtopped in his proceedings? Time, perhaps, may anſwer this queſtion; at preſent we muſt be content with conjectures. It is well known that about this time the French had ſufficient reaſon to be jealous of the growing power of Great Britain, eſpecially in the Eaſt-Indies; and it is alſo as well known how Lord Clive and his friends were treated both at home and in the Eaſt-Indies after the Earl of Chatham's adminiſtration.

Col. Watſon had determined to come immediately for England to ſeek redreſs; but, on conſulting his friend Mr. Creaſſy, (the ſuperintendant of his works) he changed his reſolution. Mr. Creaſſy repreſented to the Colonel, the loſs he would ſuſtain in quitting ſo lucrative an employment as chief engineer to the Eaſt-India Company; the gratification his enemies would receive on his leaving that country; the expences attending a voyage to and from Europe; the loſs the Company might experience during his abſence; and finally, the delay and uncertainty of the Law. Theſe conſiderations induced him to ſend Mr. Creaſſy in his ſtead. This happened juſt at the eve of the laſt Spaniſh war; and, as the Colonel had great quantities of iron and timber in ſtore, he reſolved to build three ſhips, two of 36, and one of 32 guns; and in conſequence he ſent inſtructions to his agents in England to procure *Letters of Marque*; and Mr. Creaſſy was to return with them over land. Theſe veſſels were to croiſe off the Philippines for the purpoſe of intercepting the Spaniſh trade between Manilla and China. This deſign, however, was fruſtrated, perhaps by the ſame means that ſtopped his proceeding with the docks; for his agents on applying for the letters received a poſitive denial.

But theſe diſappointments did not damp the Colonel's enterpriſing ſpirit; for, as ſoon as he heard of the ill ſucceſs of his agents in England, he very prudently employed the two veſſels he had finiſhed in commercial ſervice. The third remains to this day unfiniſhed.

Perhaps the Colonel has not left his ſuperior as an engineer. For near ten years he was the chief engineer of Bengal, Bahar, and Oriſſa. The Eaſt-India Company, in a great meaſure, owe their valuable poſſeſſions in that quarter to his unexampled exertions; for, in ſpite of party diſputes, of bribery on the part of the nations then at war with the Company, and of the numerous cabals which perplexed and embarraſſed their councils, he executed the works of *Fort William*, which will long remain a monument of his ſuperior ſkill, and, for its ſtrength, may juſtly be ſtiled the *Gibraltar of India*. Nor are the works at *Buge Buge* and *Melancholy Point* conſtructed with leſs judgment.

But he did not confine his ſtudies to the military ſciences. In 1776 he publiſhed a Tranſlation of the celebrated *Euler's* Treatiſe, entitled, "*Theorie complete de la Conſtruction et de la Manœuvre des Vaiſſeaux.*" His motives for this undertaking will be ſeen beſt in the following extract from the dedication to Lord Sandwich.

"The great variety of important knowledge contained in *Euler's Theory of the Conſtruction and Management of Ships*, and a wiſh to extend the benefit of his labours to ſuch of my countrymen as are not converſant in the technical language of the original, have been my ſole motives for attempting an Engliſh tranſlation of that celebrated work. I ſhall be happy if the ſucceſs of the learned profeſſor, in treating the natural difficulties of the ſubject, may excite the navigators and artiſts of this kingdom to render his theory more perfect, and to become as eminently ſkilled in the ſcientific as they now confeſſedly are in all the practical branches of their profeſſion."

This work is divided into three Books, beſides a Supplement. *Book* 1. is upon the efforts of the water to bend the veſſel.——Upon the means of giving to veſſels a ſufficient degree of ſtability —Upon the rolling and pitching of veſſels.—*Book* 2. of the reſiſtance which veſſels experience in their courſes, and upon the action of the rudder.—*Book* 3. Upon the maſts, and of the management of veſſels. The *Supplement* is upon the action of oars. This the Colonel received in manuſcript from *Euler* juſt before he had finiſhed the tranſlation of what was publiſhed. But the Colonel has not given a

mere

mere tranſlation; for he has enriched it with many additions and improvements of his own; and he intended to have enlarged the work in a future edition, by making experiments for diſcovering the reſiſtance of bodies when moving in a fluid; but I have not been able to learn if he has left any papers on the ſubject.

This book, which is almoſt the only one of the kind in the Engliſh language, ought to be in the hands of every Maſter-ſhip-builder; for though the ſubjects are handled ſcientifically, yet ſuch practical rules for conſtructing veſſels to advantage might be drawn therefrom as would amply repay the trouble of a cloſe peruſal. The Colonel has given the beſt proof of this in the *Nonſuch* and *Surprize* frigates; the firſt, of 36, and the other of 32 guns. Theſe were built under his particular direction by Mr. G. Louch, and a few black carpenters at Bengal, at his own expence, and have proved the ſwifteſt ſailers of any ſhips hitherto known.

The Colonel's genius was formed for great undertakings. He was judicious in planning, cool and intrepid in action, and undiſmayed in danger. He ſtudied mankind, and was a good politician. Few, perhaps, better underſtood the intereſts of the ſeveral nations of Europe and the Eaſt. He was humane, benevolent, and the friend of indigent genius. His friendſhip and generoſity towards Simpſon's widow is well known. And when Mr. Rollinſon, a man of great abilities as a mathematician, conducted the Ladies Diary, after the death of Mr. Simpſon, and was barely exiſting on the pittance allowed him by the Stationers Company, the Colonel ſought and found him in an obſcure lodging, and generouſly relieved his neceſſities, though a ſtranger to his perſon. This the old man related while the tears of gratitude ſtole down his cheeks. He ſurvived the Colonel's bounty but a ſhort time.

By long and hard ſervice in an unfavourable climate, he found his health much impaired, two or three years before he left India; and therefore, in 1785, he put his affairs in a train of ſettlement, in order to return to England, not only to try the effects of his native air, but to proſecute the *Eaſt India Company* for not ſupporting the faith of the grant they had ſolemnly made to him for the dock-yard. In the ſpring of 1786, he embarked on board the Deptford Indiaman; but the flux, and a bilious complaint with which he had ſometimes been afflicted, ſo much reduced him by the time he reached St. Helena, that he was not able to proſecute his voyage in that ſhip. This iſland is remarkable for the ſalubrity of its air, of which the Colonel ſoon found the benefit; but the importunity of his friends, or his own impatience to ſee England, got the better of his prudence, for as ſoon as he began to gather ſtrength he took his paſſage in the Aſia; the conſequence was a relapſe, which weakened him to ſuch a degree by the time he arrived at Dover, that he lingered but a ſhort time, and at that place departed this life on September 17, 1786.

He was buried in a vault made in the body of the church at Dover, on the 22d of the ſame month, in a private manner; only three of his confidential friends attended the funeral, namely, John Barchard, Eſq. his agent, Mr. James Creaſſy, and Mr. George Louch, his ſhip-builder.

It is to be hoped that the Colonel's plan will ſtill be carried into execution; but it is much to be regretted that he was not permitted to finiſh it himſelf: his knowledge of the country, joined to his great ſkill, in a little time muſt have laid the foundation for a ſuperiority of the Britiſh arms in the Eaſt; and therefore his death may be accounted a national loſs. No Engliſh engineer, ſince Mr. *Benjamin Robins*, F. R. S. poſſeſſed equal abilities. The ſame climate proved fatal to both; Mr. *Robins* died at Madras in the Company's ſervice; and it may be ſaid of the Colonel, that after he had quitted it, he lived but juſt long enough to bring his bones to England. The life of the former has been written by men of literary reputation, and it is the wiſh of the writer of this haſty ſketch, that a more able pen would do juſtice to the diſtinguiſhed merit of the latter.

*** We hope to give a farther account of the *Dock buſineſs* in ſome future Number.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Written by ARTHUR MURPHY, Eſq. And Spoken by Mr. PALMER, at the ROYALTY-THEATRE, On the Benefit Night for the MARINE SOCIETY.

FOR noble ends when here this audience meets,
And every breaſt with Britiſh ardour beats;
When thus the naval Guardians here conſpire
In the brave ſea-boy's mind to fan the fire;
May I—a perſecuted Actor!—dare
In zeal like yours to claim an humble ſhare?
In this great cauſe how willing could I ſoar
To heights, my feeble wing ne'er reach'd before.
O for a Muſe of fire! great Shakſpeare's Muſe!
Wide thro' the realm one ſpirit to diffuſe.

But

But not for me th' immortal bard to quote:
Three modern Managers claim all he wrote,
Elſe Henry's war and Agincourt we'd ſhow,
And bid with kindred warmth your boſoms glow.
What ſcenes ſo worthy here to ſtrike your view,
As that which Britain's ſons now act anew?
Rouz'd by the Gaul, when late with fierce alarms
The nation rung, and Heroes graſp'd their arms,
The Genius of the Iſle then ſtood confeſs'd:
Still our Fifth HARRY lives in GEORGE's breaſt.
A people's rights 'tis Britain's to reſtore,
And ſpread fair Liberty from ſhore to ſhore.
A Brunſwick here ſupports the public cauſe;
For Naſſau there his ſword a Brunſwick draws.
United thus, we chaſe all danger far,
Content with Peace, but ſtill prepar'd for War;
One voice, one hand, when Liberty inſpires;
Man but our navy, and the foe retires.
Firm as Gibraltar Albion's cliffs ſhall ſtand,
And other ELIOTTS guard their native land;
To France and Spain once more our power diſplay,
And bid them ſummon on one glorious day,
An amphitheatre of Princes round,
To view the ſcene and tremble at the ſound.
If war muſt come, with ten-fold vengeance ſtor'd,
Our flag diſplay'd and Engliſh hearts on board,
Our fleets in ev'ry clime the wave ſhall ſweep,
And bear their thunder o'er the furrow'd deep;
'Till fartheſt Indus, near the riſing day,
With willing hearts ſhall own Britannia's ſway;
'Till the new world the ſeas in vain divide,
And wealth come floating on each ſwelling tide;
'Till hoſtile nations all ſtate craft ſhall ceaſe,
And bind with ſacred Truth a laſting Peace.
This glorious end the Navy's friends purſue;
Of their wiſe ſyſtem this the gen'rous view.
Ye Patriot Band, proceed: to Albion's eyes
From your own School of *War*, new HAWKES, new riſe;
Perhaps ſome youth, whom now with care you train,
In time may *wield* the TRIDENT of the main.
And hark! they come:—theſe ſounds proclaim them near;
The Plants you rear'd! Britannia's Sons appear.

The back ſcene draws and diſcovers a view of the ſea, a man of war with colours flying.—Then a proceſſion of the Marine boys, with officers and ſailors. The curtain drops to "Rule Britannia."

PROLOGUE
TO
The NEW PEERAGE,
Written by RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Eſq.
And ſpoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

POETS were privileg'd in ev'ry age
To nominate the Peerage of the Stage:
New Lords and Ladies—and when you join hands,
As their SUPPORTERS, the Creation ſtands.
But our Stage-Lords are not like Lords of State,
For 'tis not merit only makes us great;
Forts well defended—hoſtile fleets ſubdu'd—
Long life devoted to our country's good;
Deſerts like theſe make not promotion certain
To our great Houſe of Peers behind the curtain:
No, Sirs; the Comic Muſe revokes theſe rules,
And deals her titles out to knaves and fools;
Her Lady Babs and Bettys—(fye upon her!)—
Are not all Ladies of the pureſt honour.
This night our Comic CIRCE with a word
Transforms a ſober Cit into a Lord;
To make the metamorphoſis complete,
Her real Lord ſhe ſends to Lombard-ſtreet:
Mean while the moral of theſe transformations
Teaches Content in your reſpective ſtations.
You above Temple-bar, and you below,
Steer to the Weſtward you—you EAST-WARD-HO!
Keep wide apart, good Sirs, for your own ſakes;
Here Courts of Aldermen—there Clubs of Rakes:
Here Bank of England—there let Pharaohs ſit—
Wit without money, money without wit.
To you, ye Lords, if Nature lends a heart,
The world's great ſtage preſents a leading part;
Act up to your high caſt—exert your ſkill,
And ſtudy well the characters you fill:
The Muſe ſhall prompt you in the glorious cauſe,
And Theatres reſound with your applauſe!
Hold faſt, ye traders, to your own domain,
The ſeat of credit, and the ſource of gain:
Whilſt you ſupport a Britiſh merchant's fame,
The Peerage cannot boaſt a nobler name.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

WELL, here I come, my ſex's right to claim,
Who by loquacity aſpire to fame:
The laſt word ever was a woman's rage,
And prudent poets grant it on the ſtage;
Our curtain lectures ſurly ſpouſes bear,
And beaux unmarried take a ſample here.
And yet, methinks, our author of to-night
Might well the boldeſt friend to Hymen fright.
What! raſhly bid each parent claim his child!
How could ſhe venture on a thought ſo wild!
A Comedy ſhe calls the piece too! fye!
I rather think ſhe means a Tragedy:
For ſay what direful ſcenes muſt ſoon ariſe,
Should ev'ry parent learn to doubt his eyes?
Or ſome ſtrange magic ev'ry ſon inſpire.
In wicked days like theſe to claim his ſire;
What civil wars!—But hold—ſuppoſe my fan
For one half hour this dangerous taliſman.
(*Waves it.*) Before its magic pow'r what crowds retire!
Peer, ruſtic, merchant, alderman, and 'ſquire!
I ſee them ſtruck at once with wild affright!
I ſee—I ſee them—tho' they're not in ſight!
Here, hopeful fathers ſtand without a ſon;
There, batchelors—by families undone!
A ſtrange contraction ſeizes well-turned locks,
And in a ſnug round curl beaux mount the box!
While unplumed toaſts—now toaſts, alas! no more,
Contented dreſs thoſe caps which once they wore.
Are there who angrily the portrait view?
Ah, let them turn to life, and own it true!
Mark that rank ſoil where vice or folly thrives,
The careleſs huſbands and the faithleſs wives:
Then bid ſome favouring Genius once again
Deſcend and bring the Virtues in her train;
Bring ſome fair gift by magic touch refined,
Which more than bond or ſettlement may bind.
And ſoft—ev'n now I've found the precious ſpell,
'Twas from the brilliant eyes around it fell!
'Tis love—of every tie the certain teſt;
Secure the charm and bind it to your breaſt!
Without it, marriage vows are dicers oaths;
And folly ſullies what affection loaths.
Then ſeize the hint, adopt the generous paſſion,
Bid Doctors Commons be no more in faſhion:
Guard what the trueſt conſtancy imparts,
And ſince your eyes deceive you—truſt your hearts.

Dec. 11. The tragedy of *Julia*, acted one night laſt ſeaſon, after various impediments was again produced at Drury Lane. The performers were the ſame, except that Mr. Wroughton repreſented the character before acted by Mr. Palmer, and all acquitted themſelves as well as on the former occaſion.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

Tragedy of JULIA.

Written by EDMOND MALONE, Eſq.

Spoken by Mr. KEMBLE.

FROM Theſpis' days to this enlighten'd hour,
The ſtage has ſhewn the dire abuſe of power;
What mighty miſchief from ambition ſprings;
The fate of heroes, and the fall of kings.
But theſe high themes, howe'er adorn'd by art,
Have ſeldom gain'd the paſſes of the heart:
Calm we behold the pompous mimick woe,
Unmov'd by ſorrows we can never know.
Far other feelings in the ſoul ariſe,
When private griefs arreſt our ears and eyes;
When the falſe friend, and blameleſs ſuffering wife,
Reflect the image of domeſtic life:
And ſtill more wide the ſympathy, more keen,
When to each breaſt reſponſive is the ſcene;
And the fine cords that *every* heart entwine,
Dilated, vibrate with the glowing line.—
Such is the theme that now demands your ear,
And claims the ſilent plaudit of a tear.
One tyrant paſſion all mankind muſt prove,
The balm or poiſon of our lives—is *love*.
Love's ſovereign ſway extends o'er every clime,
Nor owns a limit or of ſpace or time.
For love, the generous fair-one hath ſuſtain'd
More poignant ills than ever poet feign'd.
For love, the maid partakes her lover's tomb,
Or pines long life out in ſad ſoothleſs gloom.
Ne'er ſhall Oblivion ſhroud the Grecian wife *,
Who gave her own to ſave a huſband's life.
With her contending, ſee our Edward's bride
Imbibing poiſon from his mangled ſide.
Nor leſs, though proud of intellectual ſway,
Does haughty man the tyrant power obey:
From youth to age by love's wild tempeſt toſt,
For love, even mighty kingdoms has he loſt.

* —*Spectant ſubeuntem fata mariti,*
Alcſtem. Juv.

Vain—wealth, and fame, and Fortune's
soft'ring care †,
If no fond breaſt the ſplendid bleſſing ſhare;
And each day's buſtling pageantry once paſt,
There, only there, his bliſs is found at laſt.
For woes fictitious oft your tears have
flow'd;
Your cheek for wrongs imaginary glow'd.
To-night our poet means not to aſſail
Your throbbing boſoms with a fancy'd tale.
Scarce ſixty ſuns their annual courſe have
roll'd,
Since all was real that our ſcenes unfold.
To touch your breaſts with no unpleaſing pain,
The Muſe's magic bids it live again;
Bids mingled characters, as once in life,
Reſume their functions, and renew their
ſtrife;
While pride, revenge, and jealouſy's wild
rage,
Rouſe all the genius of the impaſſion'd ſtage.

EPILOGUE,

Written by JOHN COURTENAY, Eſq.
Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

THOUGH tender ſighs breathe in the tragic page,
What lover now complains—but on the
ſtage?
No ſuitor now attempts his rival's life,
But lets him take that cordial balm—a wife:
And yet, to prove his pure and conſtant
flame,
Still loves his miſtreſs in the wedded dame;
Still courts his friend, and ſtill devoutly bows
At the fair ſhrine where firſt he breath'd his
vows.
For love ſhe knows ſome gratitude is due,
Searches her heart, and finds there's room for
two;
And often ſees, her coy reluctance o'er,
Good cauſe to prize her *caro ſpoſo* more.
Thus modiſh wives with ſentimental ſpirit
May go aſtray, to prove their huſbands' merit,
Or ope the door in this commodious age,
Without death's aid, to 'ſcape from wedlock's
cage.
Abjuring rules, that ſoon will ſeem romance,
Love's gayer ſyſtem we import from France;
Reſcind politely our old Engliſh *duty*,
And take off all reſtraints from wine and
beauty;
While lighter manners cheer our native
gloom,
As Spaniſh wool refines the Britiſh loom.
Had Faſhion's law of old ſuch influence
ſhed,
The raptur'd Claudio ne'er had timeleſs bled:
His bliſs with joy Mentevole had ſeen,
And Julia's favourite Ciciſbe' had been.
The aſſiduous lover, and the huſband bland,
Like Brentford kings, had ſtill walk'd hand
in hand;
Together ſtill had ſhone at Park, and play,
Quaffing the fragrance of the ſame bouquet.
Our varlet poet, with licentious ſpeech,
Thus far our injur'd ſex has dar'd *impeach*.
The female character thus rudely ſtorm'd,
'Tis fit, at laſt, that *I* ſhould have a word.
Firſt then, without rejoinder or diſpute,
This *virtuous* circle might each *charge* refute.
That 'tis a *nuptial age*, I ſure may ſay,
With their own wives when huſbands run
away.—
But truce with jeſt. Howe'er the wits may
rail,
The cauſe of truth and virtue muſt prevail.
Of former times whatever may be told,
We are juſt as good as e'er they were of old.
Connubial love here long has fix'd his throne,
And bliſs is ours, to foreign climes unknown.
If *now and then* a tripping fair is found,
On Scandal's wings the buzzing tale flies
round:
While blameleſs *thouſands*, in ſequeſter'd life,
Adorn each ſtate, of parent, friend and wife;
From private cares ne'er wiſh abroad to
roam,
And bleſs, each day, the ſunſhine of their
home;
Unnotic'd keep their noiſeleſs happy courſe,
Nor dream of ſecond wedlock or divorce.
I ſee the verdict our's; you ſmile applauſe;
So, with your leave, again I'll plead our
cauſe;
New triumphs nightly o'er this railer gain,
And to the laſt our female rights maintain.

15. *All on a Summer's Day*, a comedy by Mrs. Inchbald, was acted at Covent Garden; but meeting with ſome diſapprobation from the audience, was immediately withdrawn. This comedy, which poſſeſſed ſome of the merits of the Lady's former performances, ſeems to have been not finiſhed with that care which the reputation ſhe has acquired demanded from her; but as we find it was produced without her hearty concurrence, we ſhall recommend a reviſal of it, when we think it will meet with more approbation.

† "Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd."
Timon of Athens.

The

The following letter to the Conductor of one of the Morning Papers, which has not been contradicted, ought to be preserved.

SIR,

IT is with the utmoſt concern I write upon the ſubject you require—yet no conſideration can prevent my repeating, thus called upon—what—before the repreſentation of "All on a Summer's Day"—I never kept a ſecret—but had I been ſo fortunately cautious, I ſhould certainly now have kept a profound one.—This Play was given to the Theatre *contrary to my inclination*, and *even contrary to my moſt earneſt intreaties*. It has been laying by me *above two years*, in which time I have written two plays, beſides other pieces, *merely to poſtpone* the fate I had conceived would attend this.—Yet, compelled to ſay thus much in juſtification of what you demand, I muſt add, that the friendly, liberal, and very *generous* behaviour of the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre to me, as an Author, prevents me from the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion, that my advantage was not ſeriouſly conſidered in the producing this piece—and if to his miſtake I have to lament its being repreſented, I likewiſe owe to his judgment the repreſentation of many pieces, which, but for his good opinion of them, would moſt probably never have been brought forward.—"The Midnight Hour" I repeatedly declined tranſlating, and at laſt undertook it, ſolely in deference to his opinion rather than my own, for which I have ever acknowledged myſelf obliged to him, and have never refuſed to mention that circumſtance in the ſame manner as I have frequently mentioned my *extreme reluctance*, that "All on a Summer's Day" ſhould be performed, which, I imagine, firſt gave occaſion to the paragraph I am now called upon to vindicate.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

ALL ON A SUMMER's DAY,

Written by H. S. WOODFALL, *jun.*
And Spoken by Mr. FARREN.

WHEN haughty man uſurp'd fair Learning's throne,
And made the empire of the Stage his own,
He rul'd the realm where Genius ſeldom ſmil'd,
And Nonſenſe hail'd him as her darling child;
She bade polemic perſecution rage,
And faction's tumults thunder on the Stage;
And oft' when meaner ſubjects would avail,
Rais'd the loud laugh by Gammer Gurton's tale.
There were, who, zealous in the Drama's cauſe,
Strove to enforce its violated laws;
Who, ſcorning Cuſtom's tie, indignant broke
Her ſlaviſh bonds, and ſpurn'd her galling yoke;
To whom her golden gates Fame open threw:
Great were their merits, but their numbers few.
Bard followed bard, yet few could juſtly claim
The laurell'd trophies of a laſting name,
'Till gentle woman ſeiz'd the pen, and writ,
And ſhone not leſs in beauty than in wit.
Woman! by honeſt emulation fir'd,
By ſenſe directed and by wit inſpir'd;
Sportive, yet elegant; tho' pointed, chaſte,
To mend our manners, and refine our taſte.
Man from her learnt the faſcinating art,
To pleaſe the fancy, captivate the heart,
And paint the ſcenes of happineſs and ſtrife;
The various ſcenes that chequer human life!
This night a woman for your favour ſues,
(When beauty aſks, can gallantry refuſe?)
At whoſe command, the buffo's ductile face
Licentious humour moulds not to grimace.
No dragons wave their fiery pinions here;
She bids no giants on the ſtage appear;
No phantom riſes to appal your ſouls,
No lightning flaſhes, and no thunder rolls.
'Tis her's the tale of ſorrow to impart,
And melt to ſympathy the feeling heart.
Nor you behold her efforts with diſdain,
Damp her warm hopes, and let her write in vain.
On your deciſion all her joys await,
Whoſe ſmiles are rapture, but whoſe frowns are fate.

Wedneſday the 26th inſt. a new pantomime, called *The Dumb Cake, or, The Regions of Fancy*, was performed at Covent-Garden for the firſt time.

Pantomime is one of the few things which defy Fortune.—It was always ſo bad, that we know not when or where it could have altered for the worſe.

From the amending Taſte of the Times, the late proper condemnation of Rich's nonſenſe, it was hoped that this ſort of mockery was gone by. They who think it ſhould come again, may let it come, on this occaſion, as well as any other.

The Dumb Cake, we are told, is found as a paſtime in ſome of the diſtant parts of England. Moſt people, probably, will be contented to leave it where they find it. It is no more than ſome half dozen female figures with Columbine, in dumb ſhew, about a large cake—till a ſhade on the wainſcot exhibits a whole length of Harlequin by himſelf—and then with Colombine and a prieſt. This viſion is ſucceeded by the reality of Harlequin aſcending through the cake—This is followed by the elopement, and that by the purſuit—

which, with more than the uſual quantity of fathers, mothers, lover, and his ſuite; with the ſurpriſes, eſcapes, and recoveries, fill up about an hour and a half, till Cupid ſtops them, and reproduces the united pair, in a Tranſparent Palace.

This Pantomime, like all other modern productions of the ſame kind, has its ſhare of incongruity, and violation of probability, but it poſſeſſes more food for laughter, and infinitely ſtronger claims to public favour, than any of the various Pantomimes lately produced. The buſineſs is ſuch as ſerves to keep attention awake, and to gratify thoſe who admire all that tends to "elevate and ſurprize." The machinery is various and well contrived, the muſic (by Mr. *Glugett*) ſprightly and agreeable, and the ſcenes are in general well painted; ſome of them in a ſuperior ſtyle.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER, at the ROYALTY THEATRE,

On Mr. SEDGWICK's Firſt Appearance.

Written by Mr. BIRCH.

BROAD as the light, and gen'ral as the air,
Is public candour to dramatic fear;
Profuſely beaming on the dawn of worth,
To call the latent gems of genius forth.

But in this age, whate'er the genius be,
"Who ſhall decide when critics diſagree?"
When cruſh'd and cheriſh'd in the ſame day's news,
His doubtleſs fame the timid actor views.
Nor knows the cenſure or the praiſe to truſt,
Leſt this too flatt'ring prove, or that too juſt;
But fears as much (ſince equal miſchiefs flow)
Too warm a friend as too ſevere a foe!

Whether the voice of ſober ſenſe to drown,
Fame proſtitutes her clarion thro' the town,
And in high ſounding paragraphs ſhe draws,
The coarſer colouring of unearn'd applauſe;
Or Merit meekly from her humble ſhed
Diſtruſts her ſtrength, and droops abaſh'd her head;
'Tis your's to try, to cenſure, or to raiſe,
And ours to cheriſh, what enjoys your praiſe.

To-night, a plant of Britiſh growth we rear,
To grace our garden green throughout the year.
One ſoil ungracious to the infant ſhoot,
Or ere it bloſſom'd, ſapp'd its wholeſome root.
Tranſplanted here, we truſt, a gen'rous ſoil,
And not unfriendly to the planter's toil,
Tho' chang'd the climate, ſtill may we behold
The ſame warm ſun its beauties to unfold;
So ſhall its ſtrength increaſe, its pow'rs expand,
And ev'ry rude aſſailing blaſt withſtand;
Firm by your ſanction fix its vig'rous root,
And highly favour'd yield its grateful fruit.

The FAREWELL ADDRESS of Mr. C. LEE LEWES,

Spoken on Thurſday Night the 20th inſt. at the ROYALTY THEATRE.

Written by EDWARD NOLAN.

HARD is the taſk—unwelcome is the view,
To bid our friends and native land adieu!
Where many a ſcene I bore, and many a part,
When Mirth unlock'd her ſtores to cheer the heart;
Each ſeaſon only cloſ'd upon my care,
To meet your favour the returning year,
In ſuch a nurtur'd ſoil, ah! need you know
What genial ſhoots of gratitude muſt grow?
The thought how irkſome then, the pain how keen,
To view, perhaps no more, this once-lov'd ſcene!
When half the tenor of our life is paſt,
To part with home, and all that's dear, at laſt!
By all the feelings of your bounty preſt,
Conceive the conflict in this ſtruggling breaſt!—
When bound is plighted honour to reſtore,
The pang of *Regulus* was ſcarcely more.
But let me boaſt, (what nations can't divide)
With manly candor, and with honeſt pride,—
Whatever ſcale of empire I may tread,
There muſt I ſee, the Flag of England ſpread;
And hear, where'er the God of Day can run,
Of Britain's glory, and of Chatham's Son!
Let Fortune ſhift the ſcene, or chance diſplay
The various colours of my future day;
The light of ſunſhine, or the gloom of ſhade,
Beam on my boſom, or enwrap my head,
While memory wakes me to your goodneſs paſt,
Or the warm pulſes of this frame can laſt,
Tho', like the Hebrew, to retard my ſtay
Angels ſhower'd manna in my deſtin'd way;
If Heav'n ſhou'd deign my wiſhes to fulfil,
My *Land of Promiſe* ſhall be *England* ſtill;
And while the diſtant journey I purſue,
I'll think of *Gratitude*, and think of *You*.

[PRO-

PROLOGUE to MATILDA,

Written by Mr. PRATT,

Spoken by Mr. FECTOR, on the 18th inſt. at his private Theatre at DOVER.

[*Enters, as ſpeaking* Hamlet's *Soliloquy.*]

TO fight or not to fight? that is the queſtion—
The grand debate, and general ſuggeſtion:
The martial note of warlike preparation,
Rings an alarum bell throughout the nation;
There's ammunition in each face you meet,
And ſmells of gunpowder in every ſtreet;
The regimental'd and the trowſer'd trains
Already count their conqueſts and their gains;
The hardy veteran now reſtor'd to pay,
Again anticipates the glorious fray;
Graſps his good ſword, which peace condemn'd to ruſt,
And ſees in viſion ſquadrons bite the duſt;
While the brave youth feels all his boſom glow,
Dreams every night he ruſhes on the foe;
Ev'n beardleſs boys aſſume the proud cockade,
Brandiſh their bamboos, and cry, "*Who's afraid?*"
In ſhort, ſo broad has ſpread the martial paſſion,
That blue and ſcarlet will be all the faſhion.
O! had there been a war, Sirs, ere we play'd,
We would ourſelves have joined the glorious trade;
In caſe of proclamation, I beſpoke——
An *Epic Prologue*, full of *fire* and *ſmoke*;
I had contracted with the Muſe to ſound
The clarion till it echoed ten miles round:
You ſhould have ſeen, although no blood they ſpill,
A more than blunderbuſs in every quill;
Here would we pitch our tents, and prove an hoſt;
And FECTOR's buſkin'd heroes guard the coaſt.
To arms!—to arms!—Blank verſe and rhyme ſhould rattle,
And every ſcene ſhould animate the battle——
The Foe ſhould hear us more than half ſeas over,
And dread our cannonading here at Dover:
As erſt in Rome, the dazzling eagle ſtood
On the Chief's beaver in the Granic flood;
Upon our helmets ſhould it proudly light,
And our ſport emulate the real fight.
Our little Stage, a War Office ſhould be,
Fraught with *Dramatical Artillery!*
And *Maſter of our Ordnance*—NAT. LEE.
While even you, ye Fair, in Glory's cauſe,
Would aid our thunder with your kind applauſe;
For oh! in Peace or War, in Beauty's frown
More terror lies than ſacking of a town;
And from your ſmiles dart forth ſuch conquering powers,
I feel now, now—the Victory is our's.

EPILOGUE to MATILDA.

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. FECTOR.

WHILE like the clock, the Satiriſt ſo four
Still points his finger to the paſſing hour;
In follies preſent loſes follies paſt,
And ſwears this age much worſe is than the laſt;
Why will not ſome good-natur'd ſoul among ye,
Proclaim aloud how much ſuch blockheads wrong ye?
Improvement now old hobbling Time derides,
And hurries after with gigantic ſtrides;
Learn what you will, an advertiſing tutor,
Who teaches by the hour, becomes your ſuitor.
Why ſend a boy for years to ſchool and college,
When he may travel poſt the roads of knowledge?
Where the blind tutor gallops, tho' a ſtranger,
Faſter than him whoſe eyes deſery his danger.
Should your Son with in minuet ſteps r advance,
Twenty-four leſſons teach the boy to dance;
Or ſoaring to *comment-vous porte-vous*,
French he may jabber in a day or two.
Then as for muſic, half an hour each night,
And he'll ſoon play an eaſy tune at ſight:
Improvement thus improved by *diſtillation*,
A week at moſt compleats an education.
Would our young Hero farther yet proceed,
And think it neceſſary he ſhould read;
Kind Criticiſm with candour long unknown,
(On pocket volumes raiſed her new-made Throne)
ESSENCE *of Authors* daily advertiſes,
And ſells their Beauties at the loweſt prices.
Nay, ſhould the taſk of reading be too great,
There are Societies for ſhort debate,
Where for a *ſingle ſixpence* once a week,
You're taught to read—at leaſt you're taught to ſpeak,
Where the wide range of ſubjects muſt admit
A ſomething which ſhall every ſpeaker hit.
The *financier*, who warm with Rhetoric grown,
Pays Britain's debts, but thinks not of his own,
Mourns o'er her treaſury—tells how to ſtock it,
Speaks but of what he feels—an empty pocket.

Or ſhould debate round to taxation wheel,
There all muſt ſpeak of what they all muſt feel.
The *City Blood*, who rails at the Police,
Beſt knows its weakneſs, for he breaks the peace;
Knocks watchmen down to prove our laws not right,
And in the watch-houſe roars reform all night.
But hold, our Prompter beckons——could I ſtay,
I meant to give the moral of our Play;
To talk of *Edwin's* virtues——*Morear's* rage,
And ſermoniſe the follies of the age;
Then quick as thought, digreſs to ſilks and gauze,
To rival Theatres and Monſtrous Craws,
Mix politics with ſatire on a gown,
And put in rhyme the news of all the Town;
All this, and much more too, I meant to ſay,'
But for this Prompter whom I muſt obey;
Who ſwears that he'll not prompt another time,
So, go I muſt. Adieu! the fault's not mine.

POETRY.

ODE to the CAPE of GOOD HOPE.

Written the 2d of January 1786 at Sea,

By EYLES IRWIN, Eſq.

SEE! where, emboſom'd in the main,
The tow'ring Cape appears,
Whoſe diſtant aſpect not in vain
Recalls the lapſe of years.
Full nineteen ſuns have run their courſe,
Since guided by impulſive force,
This ſtormy land was ſafely paſt:
Alas! what numbers ſhall relate
The changes of his chequer'd fate,
Who here returns at laſt!

By love of independence fir'd,
Indoſtan's ſhores he fought—
From * civil anarchy retir'd,
With knowledge dearly bought,
Ere half his pilgrimage was out,
To Britain's ſhores he took his route.
'Long where the faithleſs Arab roves,
On Hejaz' lands, or Thebais' coaſt,
Or Nilus' banks, Egyptia's boaſt!
He various miſery proves.

The ſcene is chang'd!—On Britiſh lands
Kind Fortune ſmiles again;
For him her brighteſt page expands,
And blots an age of pain.
Beauty applies her ſilken ſnares,
And Virtue's charms the conqueſt ſhares.
What bulwarks in his bliſs combin'd!
When tenderneſs with kindneſs ſtrove,
And conſtancy with nuptial love,
Th' ambroſia of the mind!

But evil ſtill to good is nigh,
On pleaſure borders woe;
The brighteſt day that gilds the ſky,
A tranſient cloud muſt know.
The airy dome of his deſires,
Than love a groſſer baſe requires.
O! baneful want of ſordid gold!
Rich in affection and content,
Why to their loves did fate preſent
No Arcady of old?

But duty calls—the huſband parts,
His orient ſtore t' encreaſe;
Again when abſence rends ſuch hearts,
Thy triumphs, Death! ſhall ceaſe:
Strange lot! enamor'd of retreat,
Forc'd into high ambition's ſeat,
To public truſt, and public care;
Torn from the Muſe, whoſe ſoothing ſong
Was wont his raptures to prolong,
His anxious thoughts to ſhare!

'Tis paſt—the hard probation o'er,
Secure he ſpreads his ſails,
While beaming from Ierne's ſhore,
His Cynoſure he hails!
Nor yet a votary to gold,
To av'rice has repoſe been ſold:
Pleas'd, in the texture of his fate,
That ſhe, whoſe dear award is fame!
To wealth prefers an honeſt name,
And happineſs to ſtate!

* This alludes to the revolution in the government of Fort St. George in 1776. What misfortunes have been the conſequence of the national ingratitude to Lord Pigot! It would be a painful though eaſy talk to trace the deſolation of the fineſt country in the world from that meaſure. May we mend while we ſay, "Hinc illæ lacrymæ!"

By

By all the terrors of thy reign!
To navies fatal found;
When whirlwinds ſweep the ſouthern main,
And ſurges burſt around;
By his, the † Luſitanian's fame!
Who chang'd to *Hope* thy *ſtormy* name,
When, preſſing his advent'rous ſails,
By ſcience and ambition led.
He rounded firſt thy ſable head
With favourable gales!

By all the tribes of wandering ghoſts,
Who hapleſs met their doom,
When daſh'd on thy inhuman coaſts,
And 'ſcap'd a watery tomb,
They ſtray'd forlorn o'er deſart ſands,
By want to die, or ſavage hands!
By him, renown'd as ‡ Diu's chief!
Who, here enduring many a death,
While fled his wife or infants' breath,
From tygers ſought relief!

By their ſevere, but dubious lot,
Who late thy vengeance brav'd,
If living, to the world forgot,
Or but for mis'ry ſav'd!
Amid the § Groſvenor's deſtin'd crew,
By thoſe to whom the tear is due;
But chief, her friend in earlier days,
By Hoſea and his partner lov'd,
Who for a change ſo fearful prov'd,
The Muſe her tribute pays!

And if a more prevailing ſpell
Thy marble breaſt require,
By him ‖, who made thy echoes ſwell
The thunders of his lyre,
When round thy baſe by fortune driv'n,
He ſhrin'd thy lofty brow in heaven.
Tybur and Peneus heard the ſound,
And Phœbus with the epic wreath,
Whoſe bays Mœonian incenſe breathe,
The bard of Tagus crown'd!

Proud Cape! if then one Poet more,
Tho' of the mortal kind,
In notes infrequent, hail thy ſhore,
May they acceptance find!
Still ſet thy ¶ winds his canvaſs kiſs,
And waft him to the lap of bliſs;
So in thy bays each ſail be furl'd;
War ſtill reſpect thy friendly coaſt,
And Belgia in thy fortune boaſt
Th' emporium of the world!

THE ROSE.

THE Roſe had been waſh'd, lately waſh'd in a ſhow'r
That Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it ſeem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a noſegay; ſo dripping and drown'd;
And ſhaking it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I ſnapp'd it! it fell to the ground!

"And ſuch," I exclaim'd, "is the pitileſs part
"Some act by the delicate mind,
"Regardleſs of wringing and breaking the heart
"Already to ſorrow reſign'd!

"This elegant Roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
"Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile:
"And the tear that is wip'd, with a little addreſs
"May be follow'd perhaps with a ſmile."

† Vaſca de Gama, the Portugueſe navigator, who firſt rounded the Cape, or rather effectually rounded it, by his diſcovery of the East-Indies anno 1494.

‡ Don Emanuel de Souza, ſeveral years Governor of Diu, a Portugueſe ſettlement in India, where he amaſſed immenſe wealth. On his return to his native country, the ſhip in which were his lady, children, and all his riches, and 500 men, ſailors and domeſtics, was daſhed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape! For the particulars of their ſufferings vide the notes to Mickle's Luſiad.

§ The reader will find this melancholy ſtory detailed by the accurate pen of Mr. Dalrymple. It may be only neceſſary to add, that the humane reſearches of the late Governor of the Cape have been attended with no ſucceſs; and that the deſtiny of the greater part of the paſſengers and crew is not aſcertained.

‖ It is ſcarcely neceſſary to mention the name of Camoens, whoſe epic poem, on the diſcovery of India, has been introduced to us by the channel of the elegant and ſpirited Muſe of Mickle. The Luſiad may be eſteemed a claſſic, by the European nations in India; and cannot fail to delight thoſe who have ſailed on the ſeas, and explored the regions it deſcribes.

¶ It ſhould be underſtood here that the year is divided between the N. W. and S. E. winds at the Cape. On this account veſſels lie in Table, or Falſe Bay—open to the oppoſite points—as the ſeaſon ſerves. The S. E. wind blows from October to April.

APOLOGUS

APOLOGUS de RUSTICO et HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo ſapidiſſima mala quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino:
Hic, incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
Mota ſolo aſſueto, protinus aret iners.
Quod laudem ut paſſus domino, ſpe luſus inani,
Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quanto ſatius fuit illa colori
(Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipſa parens.

The SQUIRE and the COUNTRYMAN:

A PARODY of the above.

IN Suſſex, if report ſay true,
Behind a peaſant's cottage grew
An apple-tree—one only tree
(But that a *nonpareil*) had he.—
Aloft it rear'd its aged head,
Around its fruitful branches ſpread,
That bent beneath the plenteous ſtore
Of mellow fruit it yearly bore;
Which ſoon as ripe the peaſant pull'd,
And for his town-bred landlord cull'd,
With honeſt heart, and duteous care,
As many as he well could ſpare:
Then with his baſket on his head,
To town his annual journey ſped.
That honeſt Hodge was well receiv'd
In town, will not be diſbeliev'd—
Nor in our page will be recorded
The pleaſure which his fruit afforded—
His landlord ate them to the core,
And would have done as many more—
But, John, ſays he, methinks this load
Muſt t're you vaſtly on the road!
A plan I have this moment found,
Which to your eaſe will much redound,
And ſave you trudging up and down.—
God bleſs your honour, quoth the clown,
As hoping that the Squire of courſe
Would compliment him with a horſe.—
'Tis this—you'll take a horſe or two—
An't pleaſe you, maſter, one will do—
Replies the peaſant full of glee,
Old Bail will fit me to a T.
But, ſays the Squire, what I intend,
You do not rightly comprehend;
I mean to ſend the e horſes down,
And have the tree remov'd to town—
What would I give were it tranſplanted!
The only thing on earth I wanted
You little garden to compleat.—
John reliſh'd not the Squire's conceit,
But was too prudent to complain;
Indeed remonſtrance had been vain,
So took a horſe or two, and went
To execute the Squire's intent.
Uprooted from its native ſoil,
With ill-judged, ill-requited toil,
This tree, ſo fruitful heretofore,
Nor bloſſom now nor apple bore;
But in the Squire's incloſure coop'd,
There wither'd, there untimely droop'd.—
When vegetation languid grew,
Nor from the earth its nurture drew
The ſapleſs trunk—Ah! cry'd the Squire,
As he beheld the tree expire,
Had I my tenant's gift, tho' ſmall,
With thanks receiv'd, nor long'd for all—
Yon fruit-tree in its native ground
Its branches ſtill had ſpread around—
Had bent beneath its wonted load,
And part on me as erſt beſtow'd.
But ſince the ſickly tree's decline,
The fruits of avarice are mine.

Bromley, Dec. 8, 1787. T. S.

To JOHN FONBLANQUE, Eſq.

On the Death *of a much-loved* Parent.

By Mr. PRATT.

O Friend! if *Agony* could ne'er diſplace
Peace from her ſoul, or beauty from her face,
If years of ſufferance like ſome ſaint ſhe bore,
And breath'd to virtue till ſhe breath'd no more,
If keeneſt anguiſh ne'er ſubdu'd the mind
Where hero courage chriſtian meekneſs join'd,
If when its aid the failing tongue deny'd,
Her ſpeaking eyes extinguiſh'd voice ſupply'd,
If every look, each motion that remain'd,
The parent fondneſs of her heart explain'd,
If in a huſband's and a child's embrace
Dying ſhe prov'd how dear ſhe lov'd her race,
If life's laſt parting ſigh was kindly given,
That each might ſhare that bliſs allied to Heav'n,
Which no vain jarrings of the world annoy,
Th' according muſic of domeſtic joy,
If without blame from youth to age ſhe trod,
Till nature led her to the throne of God;
Well may the muſe attend thy mother's bier,
And pay the tribute of a heart-felt tear.

O may the drops of ſympathy impart
The healing balm of comfort to thy heart,
And cheer the drooping * little ones like ſhow'rs,
When ſoft as dew-drops they deſcend on flow'rs!
But lo! from ſtores, dear mourners, more divine,
Than all the wond'rous magic of the Nine:
From more than bards or prophets holy fire,
Ev'n could Iſaiah ſtrike the heav'nly lyre,

* The Lady here regretted has left a numerous and amiable Family.

On her white pinions, bearing ſweet relief,
Virtue herſelf deſcends to calm your grief.
O hear her hallow'd voice as thus ſhe ſings,
Dulcet as muſic from a thouſand ſtrings.

" Forbear to weep, and huſh'd be ev'ry ſigh,
" Forbear to weep a parent in the ſky;
" Ev'n now her ſpirit in the realms of reſt
" Baſks in the cloudleſs ſunſhine of the bleſt!
" When filial Piety conſigns to Earth
" The ſacred corpſe of her who gave it birth;
" When on the coffin the cold duſt deſcends,
" And o'er the cloſing vault Affection bends,
" VIRTUE permits the kindred tears to flow,
" But mingles comfort in the tide of woe.
" Severe your loſs, but, oh, a parent's gain,
" Triumphant pleaſure blends with gen'rous pain;
" Forbear to weep a parent in the ſky,
" Or weep with joy as you exulting cry,
" *Death hath no ſting, her grave is victory.*"

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Verſailles, Nov. 19.

IT having been determined in Council, on Sunday night, that the King ſhould meet his Parliament the next day; his Majeſty ſet out from Verſailles at 8 o'clock this day, and arrived at the *Palais* in Paris about nine, when the Peers, Preſidents of Parliament, and Counſellors of State attended to receive him. His Majeſty carried with him two edicts to be regiſtered; one for a new *loan* of 460 millions of livres, (18,750,000l.) the other for the re-eſtabliſhment of *Proteſtants* in all their *civil* rights. His Majeſty opened the Meeting with the following Speech.

Gentlemen,

"I Am come to this Aſſembly to recall to my Parliament thoſe principles from which it ought never to deviate; to hear what you have to ſay upon two great acts of adminiſtration and legiſlation, which to me have appeared neceſſary; finally, to reply to you upon the repreſentations made to me by the Chamber of Vacations in favour of my Parliament at Bourdeaux. The principles which I mean to recall to your recollection, are a part of the eſſence of the monarchy, and I will not ſuffer them to be evaded or changed. I had no need of ſolicitation to aſſemble the Notables of my kingdom. I ſhall never be afraid of being among my ſubjects. A King of France is never more happy than when he enjoys their love and fidelity; but it is I only who am to judge of the uſe and neceſſity of theſe aſſemblies, and I will not ſuffer myſelf to be indirectly importuned for that which ought to be expected from my wiſdom, and the love I have for my people, whoſe intereſts are inſeparable from my own. The act of adminiſtration which I propoſe to myſelf, is an edict, containing a creation of ſucceſſive loans for five years. I wiſhed to have no farther recourſe to the reſource of loans; but order and economy muſt have time to make them effectual. Limited and well calculated loans will retard the operation of the former, but they will not prevent them. No new impoſts will be eſtabliſhed, and my engagements will be fulfilled. I will ever maintain, by the moſt conſtant and uniform protection, the holy religion in which I have the happineſs to be born, and I will not permit it to ſuffer the leaſt diminution in my kingdom. But I am of opinion, that this ſame religion commands me not to leave a part of my ſubjects deprived of their natural rights, and what the ſtate of ſociety promiſes them. You will ſee in my anſwer upon the ſubject of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, to what a degree its conduct is reprehenſible. My Parliaments ought to reckon upon my confidence and affection; but they ought to merit them, in confining themſelves within the functions confided to their execution by the Kings my predeceſſors, being careful not to depart from, nor refuſe them, and more particularly never to fail in giving to my ſubjects an example of fidelity and ſubmiſſion. My Keeper of the Seals will more fully communicate to you my intentions."

Permiſſion having been announced to the Aſſembly, that every Member ſhould deliver his ſentiments without reſtraint, a debate enſued on the loan, warmly ſupported in its favour and againſt it; which laſted till near ſix o'clock in the evening, when his Majeſty obſerving that the general opinion was for regiſtering the edict, tired with the debate, and preſſed by hunger, roſe and ordered it to be regiſtered. The Duke of Orleans aroſe immediately and proteſted againſt the proceedings of that day. His Majeſty aſtoniſhed, repeated his orders, left the Aſſembly, and arrived about ſeven o'clock at *Verſailles* to *breakfaſt*.

The King having retired, the Duke of Orleans, who had conducted his Majeſty to his coach, returned, and the court deliberating on what had paſſed in the royal ſeſſion, conſidering that the votes were not counted, as the ſtanding orders of the court require, (ſo that no deliberation has been taken on this affair) reſolved, that the court do not conſider themſelves as having any ſhare in the buſineſs of this ſitting.

Baron Breteuil the next day (Tueſday evening) preſented his Majeſty's letter to the Duke of Orleans. It contained theſe conciſe orders.

"I have reaſon to be diſſatisfied with your conduct. I order you to retire to Villers Cotterets, [one of the Duke of Orlean's

ſeats, about fifteen leagues from Paris] where you ſhall receive no company except that of your own family. I order you to depart immediately. You ſhall lie at Reincy, [about four leagues from Paris] where, for this night, you ſhall ſee none of your family, nor any perſon belonging to your houſe."

The ſame day L'Abbe Sabatier, and Mr. Freteau, another Member of the Parliament, were ſent to priſon; the firſt to Mount St. Michael, in Normandy, the ſecond to Hamp, in Picardy.

After the exile of the Duke of Orleans, and the impriſonment of the two Magiſtrates, the Parliament went to Verſailles, on the 21ſt, when the Firſt Preſident thus addreſſed the King.

SIRE,

YOUR Parliament is come, in obedience to your orders. It has this morning been informed at the opening of the ſitting, that a Prince of your auguſt blood has incurred your diſpleaſure, and that two Counſellors of your Court are deprived of their liberty. Your Parliament, in conſternation, humbly ſupplicates your Majeſty to reſtore to the Prince of your blood, and to the two Magiſtrates, the liberty which they have loſt; having, in your preſence, freely declared what their duty and conſciences dictated in a ſitting, wherein your Majeſty had announced, that you came to take the ſenſe of the Aſſembly by a plurality of ſuffrages.

The KING's Anſwer.

When I put away from my perſon a Prince of my blood, my Parliament ought to believe, that I have very ſtrong reaſons for ſo doing. I have puniſhed two Magiſtrates, with whom I ought to be diſſatiſfied.

ADDRESS of the PARLIAMENT to the KING, on the Exile of the DUKE of ORLEANS, *November* 23.

SIRE,

THE public affliction has preceded your Parliament at the feet of the Throne. The firſt Prince of your blood is exiled; two Magiſtrates of your Parliament are impriſoned by your orders: the error of this auguſt Prince, the crime of theſe two Magiſtrates, is unknown to us. Can it have been a crime to ſpeak the truth in the preſence of your Majeſty? to ſpeak it with a reſpectful frankneſs which might merit your approbation? Your Majeſty has come among us to demand our free ſuffrages: to give them on every occaſion, is the right and duty of your Parliament, and the intereſt of your Majeſty. He is come *ſurrounded with our intelligence and our love.*— It is true, the Keeper of the Seals has expreſſed the ſentiments of your Majeſty;—but the counſel we have given to you would no longer come from the ſanctuary of juſtice, the aſylum of the law, and the truth, but from the abode of terror and of ſilence. If the Duke d'Orleans is guilty, we are all ſo. It was worthy the firſt Prince of your blood to repreſent to your Majeſty, that you was transforming a meeting of the Parliament into a bed of juſtice: his declaration has but announced our ſentiments; his conſcience has judged of ours; and if by the effect of that concord, which nothing can deſtroy, between the wiſhes and the duty of your Parliament, the Duke of Orleans has ſhewn a courage worthy his birth and rank, he has no leſs manifeſted a zeal neceſſary to your glory. In fact, Sire, ſtrangers cannot conceive, poſterity will not believe, that we could be expoſed to any danger in telling your Majeſty that truth, which you have demanded in perſon. Your preſence is always accompanied with favour; muſt it henceforth produce fear and affliction? A bed of juſtice would be leſs terrible than a ſitting of Parliament; the loyalty of your Majeſty would ſuppreſs our voices, if our confidence, encouraged by yourſelf, was no other but the ſignal of our exile or impriſonment. And what impriſonment, Sir? Honor and humanity, as well as juſtice, tremble at it:—— the baſeſt men have laid hands on the perſon of one of your Magiſtrates;—his houſe has been beſieged; inſtruments of the Police have driven away his family. It was by prayers and entreaties to them that he was permitted to ſee his wife, his children, and his ſiſters, on his departure. They have forced him away without a ſervant; and that Magiſtrate, who, on Monday, thought himſelf under the perſonal protection of your Majeſty, is gone to a diſtant priſon, unattended but by three men, devoted to arbitrary power.—The ſecond of theſe Magiſtrates, ſeized by your orders, tho' treated in his own houſe leſs cruelly than the other, has nevertheleſs been conſtrained to depart with a fever, and threatened with an inflammatory diſorder, to a place where life is a continual puniſhment. His dwelling is a rock; his priſon beat by the waves of the ſea; the air he breathes unwholeſome; all aſſiſtance is remote, and your Majeſty, without wiſhing it, without knowing it, in ſigning the order of impriſonment, has, perhaps, ſigned that of his death.——Thus are two Magiſtrates treated without any other known crime than that of having told the truth, which they owe to you, and which you demanded; two Magiſtrates acting under the dictates of their conſcience, their honor, their oaths,—encouraged by your orders, your goodneſs, your looks—and depending with reaſon on the perſonal generoſity of your Majeſty. If exile is the recompence of the fidelity of the Princes of your blood; if outrages and captivity threaten the ingenuouſneſs of the firſt Magiſtrates of the kingdom,—we may aſk ourſelves with

terror

terror and grief, what will become of the laws, the public liberty, ſo nearly allied to our own, the national honour, and the manners of the French; thoſe manners ſo mild, ſo neceſſary to be preſerved for the common intereſt of the Throne and of the people. Such deſigns, Sire, are not in your heart: Such examples are not the principles of your Majeſty.—They ariſe from another ſource. Your Parliament, Sire, moſt humbly beſeeches your Majeſty, by the intereſt of your glory, to remove thoſe afflicting councils, to conſult and liſten only to your own heart; and then, juſtice with humanity, encouraged by the return of the firſt Prince of your blood, and by the releaſe of your two Magiſtrates, will begin to efface an example which would end by the deſtruction of the laws, the degradation of the Magiſtracy, an univerſal diſcouragement, and the triumph of the enemies to the honour of the French.

A deputation from the Parliament went again to Verſailles on the 26th *Nov.* and received the following anſwer from the King to its ſupplications:—

"The day I ſat amongſt you, my Keeper of the Seals informed you by my orders, that the more goodneſs I ſhewed when I could follow the dictates of my heart, the more firm I could prove myſelf when I ſaw my goodneſs abuſed. I might here finiſh my anſwer to your ſupplications. But I am willing to add, that if I blame not the concern you ſeem to give yourſelves about the detention of two Magiſtrates of my Parliament, I diſapprove of your exaggeration of its circumſtances and conſequences, and of your ſeeming to attribute it to motives which the freedom of opinion I allowed, does not permit you to ſuggeſt. I owe no explanation to any body of the motives of my reſolutions. Seek no longer to join the particular cauſe of thoſe whom I have puniſhed, with the intereſt of my other ſubjects, and that of the laws. All my ſubjects know that my goodneſs is continually awake to their happineſs, and they feel its effects even in the acts of my juſtice. Every one is intereſted in the preſervation of public order, and this eſſentially belongs to the ſupport of my authority. If thoſe who have been charged with the execution of my orders have behaved in a manner contrary to my intentions, I will puniſh them. If the place wherein the two magiſtrates are detained be prejudicial to their health, I will order them to be tranſferred to another.

"The ſentiment of humanity is inſeparable in my heart from the exerciſe of my juſtice. With reſpect to the abſence of the Duke of Orleans, I have nothing to add to what I have already ſaid to my Parliament."

Since this anſwer was given, the ſentences of Mr. Freteau and the Abbe Sabbatier have been changed from impriſonment to exile; the former to one of his eſtates, the other to a Convent of Benedictines —*But the King's Edict for the Loan had been previouſly regiſtered by the Parliament.*

SECOND PETITION *of the* PARLIAMENT *of* PARIS *to the* FRENCH KING,

On the Aſſembly of the Great Chamber of Parliaments, 10th Dec. 1787.

SIRE,

YOUR Parliaments, the Princes and Peer of your realms, being ſeated, have charged us with the commiſſion of laying to the feet of your Throne their moſt reſpectful repreſentations on your Majeſty's anſwer to their ſupplication.

The Magiſtracy of your kingdom, as well as every true citizen, are equally aſtoniſhed at the reproaches it contains, and the principles which are manifeſted in it.

We are however far from attributing theſe reproaches to the perſonal ſentiments which inſpire your Majeſty.

Public decency received a ſevere wound in the choice of the executors of your orders. If their crime was not carried to the perſonal arreſt of one of your Magiſtrates, the expoſition of other facts, far from being exaggerated, is yet incomplete, and your Parliament may add, that the Magiſtrate, whoſe houſe was inveſted by armed men, himſelf delivered up to the agents of the Police, like a malefactor, ſaw himſelf reduced to the humiliation of being liable to the ſummons of an Officer, from a ſubmiſſion to your Majeſty's order.

May we be allowed, Sire, to repreſent to you, that in devoting ourſelves to the public ſervice; in promiſing to releaſe your Majeſty of the firſt duty you owe to your nation, namely, that of juſtice; in bringing up our children to be ſubject to the ſame ſacrifices; we never could have ſuppoſed we were deſtining ourſelves and our children to the misfortunes, ſtill leſs to outrages of ſo heinous a nature.

But we do not come ſo much to claim your benignity, as the protection of the laws. It is not to your humanity alone we addreſs ourſelves; it is not a favour which your Parliament ſolicits; it comes, Sire, to *demand juſtice*

This juſtice is ſubject to regulations independent of the will of man—even Kings themſelves are ſubſervient to them; that glorious Prince Henry the IVth. acknowledged he had two ſovereigns, God and the Laws.

One of theſe regulations is to condemn no one without a hearing; it is a duty in all times, and in all places; it is the duty of all men, and your Majeſty will allow us to repreſent to you, that it is as obligatory on you as on your ſubjects.

But your Majeſty has not to execute this function, and your Parliament with pleaſure brings to your recollection its glorious privilege, that of ſhewing mercy to condemned criminals. To condemn them yourſelf, is no a function belonging to Majeſty. This painful and dangerous taſk the King cannot exerciſ

ercise but thro' his Judges. Those who find a pleasure in hearing your Majesty pronounce the dreadful word of punishment, who advise you to punish without a trial, to punish of your own accord, to order exiles, arrests, and imprisonments; who suppose that acts of rigour are compatible with a benign disposition, equally force a wound to eternal justice, the laws of the realm, and the most consolatory prerogative belonging to your Majesty.

It does not allow, that opinions delivered in Parliaments should be considered as motives for your rigour, and in some measure, a consolation for us. But if strong reasons should actuate you to the exile of the Duke of Orleans—if it can be called a kindness that you no longer leave two magistrates exposed to perish in distant prisons, or unwholesome places—if it is considered as an act of humanity which temperates justice, in releasing them from such a situation, they must indeed be guilty! But it is the duty of your Parliament to judge them, and we demand only, that their crimes should be published.

The meanest of your subjects is not less interested in the success of our reclamations than the first Prince of your blood—Yes, Sire, not only a Prince of your blood, but every Frenchman punished by your Majesty, and especially who is punished without a hearing, becomes necessarily the subject of public alarm. The union of these ideas is not the work of your Parliament, it is that of nature, it is the voice of reason, it is the principle of the most wholesome laws, of those laws which are engraved in every man's heart, which is the principle of your's, and which assures us of your personal approbation. The cause of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, and of the two Magistrates, is then without our consent; and by forcing those principles, the act of the Throne, whose only foundation is justice, and without which no nation can be happy.

It is therefore, in the name of those laws which preserve empires, in the name of that liberty for which we are the respectful interpreters and the lawful mediators, in the name of your authority, of which we are the first and most confidential Ministers, that we dare demand the trial or the liberty of the Duke of Orleans and the two exiled Magistrates, who are imprisoned by a sudden order, as contrary to the sentiments as the interests of your Majesty.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Nov. 30.

BEING St. Andrew's day, the Royal Society met at Somerset-house, and re-elected their former officers for the ensuing year.

The gold medal (called Sir Godfrey Copley's) was presented to John Hunter, esq. for the 3 papers he communicated last year, viz.

1. An experiment to determine the effect of extirpating one ovarium upon the number of young produced.—2. Observations tending to shew that the wolf, jackall, and dog, are all of the same species.—3. Observations on the structure and economy of whales.

The whole amount of the bounties paid by the Chamber of the city of London to Volunteers to enter into his Majesty's service during the late commotions does not exceed 500l.

The following ANECDOTES of Mr. HOWARD form part of a Letter written by Dr. LETTSOM to a Gentleman in America, and inserted in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, from which we have copied them, as worthy of being preserved in our Repository.

"Just as Mr. Howard got out of the stage (on his return from his travels through the East) in Bishopsgate-street, London, to take a hackney-coach, into which he was removing his trunks, one was stolen, and has never since been recovered: besides a duplicate of his travels, it contained twenty-five guineas and a gold watch. A friend of mine, who visited Newgate the next day, was told by a convict, (such intelligence have they) that the papers were all burnt. Of the Lazaretto at Marseilles he had no duplicates, and luckily the drawings were in the preserved trunk. Howard told me, he valued them so highly, that, had they been stolen, he would have returned to Marseilles to acquire new ones. To enter this place is forbidden by strangers; and it was by a singular stratagem that he got in nine days successively, without being discovered. Having heard at Marseilles, that an English Protestant was confined in a prison at Lyons, into which the intrusion of a stranger was always punished with confinement to the gallies for life; the difficulty of access only stimulated the enthusiasm of Howard. He learned, as well as he could, the different turnings and windings that led to the prison he more particularly wished to visit. Howard is a little man, of extenuated features, who might pass for a Frenchman: he dressed himself like one, with his hat under his arm, and passed hastily by twenty-four officers, and entered the very apartment he wished to see without suspicion. He disclosed the secret to an English Minister at Lyons, who advised his immediate departure, as he would inevitably be discovered if he remained at Lyons all night. He therefore departed hastily, and got to Nice.

"When he arrived at Paris, it was almost eleven o'clock at night. He had concluded to depart at three in the morning by the Brussels stage, and to the inn he sent his baggage, and,

and, hoping to get an hour or two's ſleep, he went to bed. He had ſcarcely fallen aſleep, before his room door was forced open, and in ſtalked a formal dreſſed man, preceded by a ſervant, bearing two lighted candles, and ſolemnly interrogated him in French to this purpoſe:—"Are you John Howard?"—"I am," replied the Engliſhman. "Did you travel with ſuch a perſon?"——"I do not know any thing of him," ſaid Howard. The queſtion was again repeated, and the ſame reply, but with ſome warmth, was given to it. The perſonage left the candles on a table in the room, and departed; immediately Howard dreſſed himſelf, and ſtole to the Lyons hotel; he heard of two meſſengers in purſuit of him, but he arrived at Bruſſels undiſcovered.

"At Vienna he propoſed to remain two days; but the Emperor Joſeph, hearing of his arrival, deſired to ſee him: but as he had found his priſons upon a bad plan, and badly conducted by perſons in high truſt, Howard evaded an interview at firſt; but Joſeph ſending him a meſſage that he ſhould chuſe his own hour for an interview, the Engliſhman conſented to the Emperor's requeſt. The moment Howard's name was announced, he quitted his Secretaries, and retired with him into a little room, in which there was neither picture nor looking-glaſs. Here Joſeph received a man who never bent his knee to, or kiſſed the hand of any Monarch: here he heard truths that aſtoniſhed him, and often did he ſeize hold of Howard's hand, with inexpreſſible ſatisfaction and approbation. "You have priſoners," ſaid Howard, "who have been confined in dungeons without ſeeing day-light for 20 months, who have not yet had a trial, and ſhould they be found innocent, your Majeſty has it not in your power to make a compenſation for the violated rights of humanity." To the honour of this great Prince, let it be remembered, that alterations were made in the priſons before Howard's departure."

PREFERMENTS.

War-Office, Oct. 27.

5th reg. LIEUT-COL. Oliver Nicolls, from 1ſt batt. of royals; 66th reg. Major Henry Roper; Col. Abercrombie reg. Col. James Hartley, of the Eaſt-India company's eſtabliſhment at Bombay;—to be Lieutenant-Colonels.

66th reg. Brevet Lieut.-Col. Henry Bowyer, to be Major.

10th reg. drag. Lieut. John Slade, to be Captain of a troop.

17th reg. Capt.-Lieut. Gideon Shairpe; 66th reg. Lieut. Rich. Gabbit, ſen.—to be Captains of companies.

Oct. 29. The moſt Rev. Richard Baron Rokeby, Archbiſhop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, the Right Hon. James Viſc. Litford, Chancellor of the ſaid kingdom, and the Right Hon. John Foſter, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, to be his Majeſty's Juſtices and General-Governors of the ſaid kingdom of Ireland.

Nov. 2. George Marquis of Buckingham, to be Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of his Majeſty's kingdom of Ireland.

Scroop Bernard, Eſq. to be Uſher of the Black-Rod in Ireland.

The Rev. Lilly Butler, Dean of Ardfert, to be firſt Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. John Harley, Dean of his Majeſty's Chapel-Royal in the caſtle of Windſor, to be Biſhop of Hereford, vice Dr. J. Beauclerk, deceaſed.

The Right Rev. Father in God, Beilby, Lord Biſhop of Cheſter, to be Biſhop of London, vice Dr. Lowth, deceaſed.

Lieut.-Col. Grey, and Lieut.-Col. Gwynn, to be Aids-de Camp to the King.

Henry Edw. Bunbury, Eſq. to be one of her Majeſty's Pages of honour, in the room of George Hotham, Eſq.

The Rev. Rich. Farmer, D. D. Maſter of Emanuel, to be Vice-Chancelor of Cambridg.

The Rev. Dr. Lockman, Clerk of the Cloſet to the Prince of Wales, to be Maſter of the Hoſpital of St. Croſs, near Wincheſter.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, Head-Maſter of Weſtminſter-School, to be a Prebendary of Peterborough-Cathedral, vice the late Rev. Mr. Geary.

The Rev. John Pretyman, Prebendary of Norwich, to the Prebend of Aylesbury in the Cathedral church of Lincoln.

Thomas Cowper, Eſq. of Overleigh, to be Recorder of Cheſter, vice Robert Townſend, Eſq. reſigned.

Lieut.-Col. Robert Maſon Lewis, from the late 19th reg. light drag. to be Captain of Cariſbrook-Caſtle, in the iſle of Wight, vice Lieut.-Col. Powlett, deceaſed.

Mr. Charles Weltjee, to be Comptroller and Clerk of the Kitchen and Cellars to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York.

His Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Leiceſter.

The Right Rev. Father in God, Beilby Lord Biſhop of London, ſworn of his Majeſty's Moſt Hon. Privy Council, and to be Dean of his Majeſty's Chapels Royal.

MARR-

MARRIAGES.

THE Rev. James Yonge, rector of Newton-Ferrers, Devon, to Miſs Ann Granger, of Exeter.

Capt. Thomas Hodgſon, of the Earl Cornwallis Eaſt-Indiaman, to Miſs Sarah Warren, of Warminſter.

Nicholas Mello, Eſq. to Miſs Saunders, of Highgate.

Francis Seymour Bailey, Eſq. nephew to the Earl of Sandwich, and ſecond-couſin to the Duke of Somerſet, to Miſs Haines, of Netherhaven.

At Liverpool, Capt. William Roſe, of the 9th regiment, to Miſs Chetwode, heireſs of the late Charles Chetwode, Eſq.

His Serene Highneſs Prince Anthony, brother to the Elector of Saxony, to her Royal Highneſs the Archduchefs Maria Thereſa, daughter to the Grand Duke of Tuſcany.

The Rev. Mr. Poulkes, to Miſs Symons, of Saltaſh.

Edward Cotsford, Eſq. member for Midhurſt, to Miſs Lydia Manning, youngeſt daughter of the Rev. Henry Manning.

George Shiffner, Eſq. of Pontrilas, Herefordſhire, to Miſs Bridger, daughter of Sir John Bridger, of Combe-Place, Suſſex.

At Hereford, William Symons, M. D. to Miſs Woodhouſe, daughter of the late James Woodhouſe, Eſq.

Peter Cowling, Eſq. of Fenſtanton, to Miſs Dickens, daughter of the Rev. Dr. C. Dickens.

The Rev. George Chamberlaine, of Wimbledon, to Miſs Long, youngeſt daughter of the late Beeſton Long, Eſq.

Sir Joſeph Senhouſe, of Carliſle, to Miſs Aſhley, daughter of Joſeph Athley, Eſq. of St. Legers Aſhley, Northamptonſhire.

Richard Cowling, M. D. of Wigan, to Miſs Hampſon, of Bedford, Lancaſhire.

James Garner, Eſq. to Miſs Champneys, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Champneys, of St. Paul's.

The Rev. Dr. Kilvert, prebendary of Worceſter, to Miſs Green, of the College Precinct.

At Colcheſter, Lieut. Craven, of the 63d regiment, to Miſs Kerſteman.

John Popham, Eſq. captain in the Iſle of Wight militia, to Miſs Mary Perry, of Wootton, in the ſaid iſle.

Col. Yorke, of the 33d regiment of foot, to Miſs Dodd, daughter of the late John Dodd, Eſq many years member for Reading.

John Bartholomew Bicknell, Eſq. of Doctor's-Commons, to Miſs Charlotte Foxcroft, daughter of Edward Foxcroft, Eſq. late of Halifead, Yorkſhire.

Mr. Vint, of Cheapſide, to Mrs. Say, of Avemaria-lane, printer.

James Thomas, Eſq. captain of the Ponſborne Eaſt-Indiaman, to Miſs Woodhouſe, daughter of Mr. Woodhouſe, of Leominſter.

James Duberley, Eſq. of Soho ſquare, to Miſs Howard, youngeſt daughter of the late Gerrard Howard, Eſq. of Hampſtead

Mr. Andrews, attorney, of Sible-Hedingham, to Miſs Ann Bullock, niece to William Bullock, Eſq clerk of the peace for Eſſex.

The Rev. Mr. Holme, rector of Bungay, Suffolk, to Miſs Charlotte Lyon.

George Sumner, Eſq. member for Ilcheſter, to Miſs Pemble, daughter of the late Charles Pemble, Eſq. commander-in-chief at Bombay.

James Bradſhaw, Eſq. of George-ſtreet, to Miſs Dymoke, eldeſt daughter of the late Hon. Champion Dymoke, of Screveſby, Lincolnſhire.

The Rev. Samuel Chambers, rector of Higham in Leiceſterſhire, to Miſs Fiſher, of Caldicot, Warwickſhire.

William Digges Latouche, Eſq. of Dublin, to Miſs Puget, eldeſt daughter of Mrs. Puget, of Redlion-ſquare.

John Gibton, Eſq. of Ramſgate, to Miſs Pars.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, at Bombay, Joſeph Hughes, Eſq. late of the civil eſtabliſhment there.

Nov. 17. The Rev. Mr. Broke, rector of Hentleſham and Nacton, in Suffolk.

20. John Grantham, Eſq. of London Stile Houſe, near Kew, Middleſex,

23. Mr. Benjamin Williams, cornfactor, Tooley-ſtreet.

At York, John Sinclair, Eſq. late Major of the 7th regiment of foot

John Wells, Eſq. Peckham, Surry.

At Marybury, Cheſhire, the Honourable Richard Barry, ſon of James, formerly Earl of Barrymore.

24. Till Hillier, Eſq. many years collector: and, Lately, Mr. Bere, Surgeon, at Rocheſter.

25. Edward Johnſon, Eſq. Secretary to the Commiſſioners of the Lottery.

Lately, Paul Fiſher, Eſq. of Clifton, near Briſtol.

26. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Hamilton, brother to Lord Abercorn, Canon of Windſor,

ſor, Prebendary of Saliſbury, Rector of Taplow, and Vicar of Bray,

The Rev. Mr. Hopkins, ſucceſſor to Dr. Gifford as Paſtor of the Baptiſt meeting, Eagle-ſtreet.

Lately, in Ireland, Capt. Edward O'Brien, brother to Sir Lucius O Brien.

27. John Pritchard, Eſq. of Lamb's Conduit-ſtreet.

28. Mr. Dickens, maſter of Garraway's coffee-houſe, Exchange-alley.

Lately, in Yorkſhire, —— Pilkington, Eſq. brother of Sir M. Pilkington, Bart.

29. Mr. Henry Sterry, a quaker in Hatton-garden.

Mr. Rayſon, maſter of the Ship tavern, Greenwich.

Joſeph Manning, Eſq. Stevenage, aged 106 years.

30. Mr. Thomas Collins, confectioner, in St. Paul's Church Yard.

Lately, Lord Riverſdale, of the Kingdom of Ireland.

Dec. 1. William Clark, Eſq. Bow Church Yard.

Mr. Francis Moore, of Cheapſide.

At Summerhill, near Tunbridge, Henry Woodgate, Eſq.

2. Mr. Edward Wix, many years Deputy of Biſhopſgate ward within.

Lady Sutton, wife of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart. and firſt-couſin to Lady North.

At Biſhop Middleham, near Durham, General John Beckwith, who had retired many years from the Army.

The Rev. Dr. Bernard Mills, at Kitchen, Cambridgeſhire, aged 72.

4. At Dartmouth, Lieut. John Summers Browne, of the Navy.

Sir John Vanhatten, Knight, of Dintonhall, Bucks.

At Ravenhead, Lincolnſhire, Mr. La Bruyere, manager of the Britiſh caſt plate-glaſs manufactory there.

Lately, Anthony Oldfield, Eſq. Steward of the Courts of the Duke of Rutland.

5. At Ilford, Mr. John Maſon, aged 88, formerly a wine merchant, in London.

6. Mr. Burland, Commoner of Oriel College, Oxford.

7. Edward Wormley, eſq. of Riccal in the Eaſt Riding of Yorkſhire.

Miſs Mary Pitt, at Hertford.

Mr. John Heming, linen-draper, of the Borough.

John Ruſſel, eſq. aged 81.

Mr. Robert Palmer, father of Meſſrs. Palmers of the Royalty Theatre and Drury-lane.

Lately, the Rev. John Fiſher, M. A. Rector of Calborne, in the Iſle of Wight.

8. Mr. Bennet, late partner with Mr. Sayer, printſeller, in Fleet-ſtreet.

Mr. Henry Caſlon, Gower-ſtreet, Bedford-ſquare.

Mr. Goodluck, of New-ſtreet, Shoe-lane, partner with Mr. Richardſon, of Bank-buildings, ſtock-broker.

John Coulthard, eſq. at Carliſle, twice mayor of that corporation.

Mrs. Allan, wife of George Allan, eſq. Darlington.

9 In Norwich Caſtle, William Southgate, commonly called Capt. Southgate, of Thornham, impriſoned on an Exchequer writ for 3164l.

John Blagrave, eſq. aged 75, formerly Member of Parliament for Reading.

At Earl Barton, Northamptonſhire, aged 68, the Rev. Thomas Gery Bennet, 43 years Vicar of that pariſh.

The Rev. Wm. Gelly, Rector of Hawkedon, in Suffolk.

10. The Rev. John Heap, A. M. Rector of Cottingham, Nottinghamſhire, and late Fellow of Brazen Noſe College, Oxford.

Lately at Galway, the Rev. Dr. Blake, titular Primate of Ireland.

11. Mr. Richard Wincſtone, at Briſtol, aged 88, formerly of Drury-lane Theatre.

12. Mr. Robert Court, wardrobe-keeper and aſſiſtant clerk at Chriſt's Hoſpital.

Mr. Henry Peter Kitchen, of Drury-lane.

Mr. Robert Sterling, ſurgeon, of Colcheſter, F. R. S.

Charles Finch, eſq. at Cambridge, aged 81.

At Beverley, in the 83d year of his age, Samuel Spendlove, eſq. many years an alderman of that corporation, and one of the oldeſt lieutenants in the navy.

Lately, Capt. Court, late commander of the King George Eaſt-Indiaman

13. Robert Bruce, eſq. of Bloomſbury-ſquare.

At Canterbury, the Rev. John Airſon, 58 years Minor Canon of the Cathedral, Rector of St. Martin's and Vicar of St. Paul's in that city.

14. Chriſtopher Johnſon, eſq. county clerk and treaſurer of the county of Durham.

John Hollingworth, eſq. banker.

Lately, Robert Dundas, of Arniſton, eſq. Lord Preſident of the court of ſeſſion in Scotland.

15. Mr. Jonathan Delvere, ſen. whalebone merchant, near Cripplegate.

Lately, at Broſley, in Shropſhire, Thomas Stephens, eſq. many years ſenior Curſitor of the court of Chancery.

15. Mr Chamier, at Southampton.

At Kirby, near Stokeſly, the Rev. Wm. Ellis, brother of Mr. Elias Ellis, of Clifton, near York.

George Errington, eſq. Newcaſtle.

Lately,

Lately, at Whitby, Mr. Marmaduke Watſon, aged 98.

17. At Dover Place, Capt. Waghorn, of the royal navy.

Robert Bunney, eſq. Kingſton, in Surrey.

At Bradfield, Suffolk, James Weller, eſq. aged 109 years.

18. At his houſe in Tylney Street, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Soame Jenyns, Eſq. in the 83d year of his age. (Some particulars of him in our next.)

At Hackney, John Barclay, Eſq. ſon of the late David Barclay, Eſq. of Cheapſide, who had the ſingular honour of entertaining three ſucceſſive Kings.

Henry Milles, Eſq. timber merchant, in Rotherhithe.

At Windſor, Miſs Clayton, aged 18, only daughter of Lady Louiſa Clayton.

Richard Cheſlyn, Eſq. of Langley Hall, Leiceſterſhire, aged 72.

The Rev. J. Swift, Vicar of Stoke Prior, Worceſterſhire, and one of the Minor Canons of that Cathedral.

19. Mr. Daniel Webſter, in Leadenhall Street.

Mr. James Gaffard, grocer, in Bridges Street, Covent Garden.

Colonel Hazeler, of the Firſt Regiment of Foot-Guards.

George Mellor, Eſq. Captain of the Derbyſhire Militia.

Lately, Joſeph Pickering, Eſq. of Bedford Row.

20. Mr. Hugh Hughes, ſilk mercer, Charing Croſs.

21. Thomas Gibſon, Eſq. Benwell Lodge, near Newcaſtle.

Mr. John Payne, merchant at Malden.

At Cheſhunt, Mr. William Blackmore, jun. late of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

22. At Colcheſter, the Lady of Sir Edmund Affleck, Bart.

Mr. John Maidment, of Dowgate-hill, coal-merchant.

Capt. Richard Ayrton, one of the oldeſt captains of the navy.

John Sage, eſq. at Stanmore, aged 78.

At Hammerſmith, Mr. George Medlicot, formerly a merchant in the Levant trade.

24. Mr. Turner, partner with Mr. Abbot, in Fleet-ſtreet.

25. William Yeats, eſq. Edmonton.

P. P. Walſh, M. D. Member of the College of Phyſicians, and phyſician to the Lying-in Hoſpital, Brownlow-ſtreet.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN Smith and Jacob Smith, of Fendit-ton, William Smith, of Blackman-ſtreet, James Smith, of Cambridge, and John Smith, of Kingſton-upon-Thames, merchants. John Standerwick, of Whitechapel, dealer. Robert Jackſon, of Charing-croſs, merchant. Richard Todd, of Hunſlet, in the parish of Leeds, clothier. James Anger, of Romſey, butcher. James Angus, of Burr-ſtreet, maſter mariner. John Steward, of Chelmsford, perfumer. Joſeph Freeman, of Corbet-court, Grace-church-ſtreet, corn-factor. Jane Manby, of Pall-mall, milliner. John Cropper, of Welbeck-ſtreet, coach and coach-harneſs maker. Thomas Hopkins, of Epſom, brewer. James Weſt, of Caſtle ſtreet, St Giles's, broker. William Thompſon, of Friday ſtreet, inn-holder. Thomas Collins, of Princes-row, dealer. John Stewart, of St. Saviour, Southwark, butcher. Wm. Williamſon, of Cornhill, hardwareman. Tho. Malm, St. Martin's-le-Grand, grocer. Tho. Wilſon, of Deptford, brewer. Wm. Miller, of Hanway-ſtreet, ſtable-keeper. Richard Lolley, of Liverpool, merchant. Joſeph Mares otherwiſe Mare's, and Morris Morris, of Nicholas-lane, merchants. Wm. Anderſon, of Tid St. Giles, Iſle of Ely, ſhopkeeper. George Payne, of Newgate-ſtreet, hoſier. Benjamin Stevens, of St. Mary Lambeth, victualler.—John Gould, of Coventry-ſtreet, linen-draper. William Manning, of the Strand, hoſier. Charles Atkinſon, of Newcaſtle upon Tyne, iron and tar merchant. Anthony Morgan, of Briſtol, grocer. James Yerrall, of Tower-ſtreet, London, turner.—William Waite, of Calne, Wilts, cheeſe-factor. Matthew Wilkinſon, of Huddersfield, thread-maker. John Williams, of Dover-ſtreet, ſadler. Wm. Atkinſon, of Bear-ſtreet, Soho, currier. John Smith, of George-ſtreet, Portman-ſquare, bricklayer. Philip Baker, of Tothil-ſtreet, linen-draper. John Alderman, of Batterſea, apothecary. Benjamin Howes, of Shadwell, mariner. Wm. Magneſs, of St. Mary-le-bone, grocer. Chriſtopher Hall, of St. Martin's-lane, button-ſeller. Peter Beldam, of Royſton, Cambridgeſhire, draper. John Bevan, of Marazion, merchant. John Doman, of Taunton, maltſter. Robert Sinclair, of Burr-ſtreet, merchant. David Swinſcow, late of Queen-ſtreet, brandy-merchant. Lolly Pretty, of St. John Wapping, linn-draper. Joſeph Symes, of Northampton-ſtreet, St. James, Clerkenwell, butcher, John Franklin Tunnard, of Epſom, in the county of Surry, dealer.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1787.

THE following ſtory, on which the new tragedy of JULIA appears to have been founded, was related by the clergyman of the place where the facts happened; and but a few years ago many perſons were living who remembered every material circumſtance of it.

ABOUT the year 1726, John Andrew Gordier, a gentleman of French extraction, and of conſiderable fortune, in the Iſland of Jerſey, was upon the point of marrying the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Guernſey; but, on a ſudden, he was loſt to his friends and relations, as well as to the lady who was to have been his bride; and, notwithſtanding the moſt diligent enquiry in both iſlands, with every poſſible ſearch that could be made, not the leaſt intelligence could be obtained, either of his death or his retreat.

It happened, however, that, after a time, when all diſcourſe concerning him had ſubſided, his body was accidentally found in Guernſey, by ſome boys in traverſing the beach, with two wounds on the back, and one on the head, thruſt into the cavity of a rock, whoſe mouth was ſo ſmall, that it muſt have been with difficulty that the body could be made to enter it.

This diſcovery, with thoſe evident proofs of murder, alarmed the two families; the former enquiries were in vain renewed; not the leaſt light, either to countenance ſuſpicion, or to ground conjecture, could be gathered, to trace out the murderer; and all that could be done, was, to pay the laſt duty to the remains of the unfortunate youth, by ſolemnizing his funeral with all the marks of unaffected ſorrow.

The mother of the young gentleman remained inconſolable; and the lady, to whom he was ſoon to have been wedded, pined in ſecret for the loſs of the only man in the world whom ſhe could love. She was, indeed, courted by a young merchant; but though ſhe was, in a manner, conſtrained by her parents to admit his addreſſes, ſhe was inwardly reſolved never to give him her hand.

The mother of Gordier, who never ceaſed to ruminate on the cataſtrophe which had befallen her ſon, was not a little ſolicitous for the welfare of the young lady, whom ſhe looked upon as her daughter-in-law, and whom ſhe regarded with the greater tenderneſs, as ſhe heard how ſeverely ſhe was affected by the ſudden diſappearance of her intended huſband.

Some years afterwards, being told that the young lady's life was in danger, ſhe reſolved to croſs the ſea that divides the iſlands, in order, to afford her every conſolation in her power, by condoling with her, ſharing her griefs, and thereby endeavouring to alleviate the ſorrows of her heart. As attendants in her voyage, Mrs. Gordier took with her a beloved brother and an only ſurviving ſon. When they arrived, they were adviſed by the apothecary, who attended the young lady, not to ſurpriſe her by an unlooked-for viſit, till ſhe was prepared by degrees to receive it; but, notwithſtanding all the care that could be taken, the ſight of the mother brought to her mind the full remembrance of the ſon, and the ſhock was too great for her weak ſpirits to bear; ſhe fainted upon the firſt approach of Mrs. Gordier, and it was with difficulty that ſhe was brought to herſelf. The mother was curious to know every little circumſtance that attended the laſt interview of the young lovers, and of all that had paſſed ſince the diſcovery of the murder of her ſon; and the young lady was no leſs earneſt to prolong the converſation, but her fits returned at almoſt every period, and ſhe could only ſay how tenderly they parted, and with what ardency ſhe expected his promiſed return the next day. It was no ſmall concern to the afflicted mother, to ſee the poor lady in this weak ſtate, dying as ſhe plainly perceived ſhe was, of a broken heart; and the company preſent could not forbear vehement execrations againſt the author of this double diſtreſs.

Mrs. Gordier, all on a ſudden, burſt into a flood of tears, on ſeeing a jewel pendent to the young lady's watch, which ſhe knew her ſon had purchaſed as a preſent to her, before he left the Iſland of Jerſey. The violence of her grief was obſerved by the young lady, who had juſt ſpirits enough to aſk her the immediate cauſe. Being told that the ſight

of a jewel, the preſentation of which to his beloved bride was to be the pledge of their mutual happineſs, revived in her mind her irreparable loſs, the young lady was ſeemingly ſtruck with horror and aſtoniſhment at the declaration, and, touching the jewel, as with an expreſſion of contempt, ſunk into the arms of her weeping viſitor, and without uttering a ſingle word, except only M. Cl—a—r—, breathed her laſt. The manner of her expiring ſeemed to involve a myſtery. All preſent were aſtoniſhed. The confuſion which her death occaſioned, ſtopped for ſome time, all further utterance; but when every means had been uſed to reſtore her, without being able to bring her to life; and when the effuſions of ſorrow, poured forth at her death, had for a while ceaſed, all who were preſent began to ſpeak what they thought of her behaviour in her laſt dying moments. Mrs. Gordier, who was totally unacquainted with the ſoft and delicate temper of the deceaſed, could not help dropping ſome unfavourable expreſſions concerning her manner of leaving the world, which ſhe thought plainly enough indicated a knowledge of the murder. Her own parents, who were preſent at the laſt affecting ſcene, fired with indignation at the inſult offered to the unſpotted innocence of their darling child, could not help reſenting the ungenerous interpretation put upon the laſt cloſing moments of her blameleſs life. A ſcene of trouble and mutual reproach enſued, which is eaſier to conceive than to relate. When the commotion, however, was a little abated, and reaſon began to take place, the friends of both families very cordially interpoſed, and endeavoured to reconcile the mothers by a cool examination of the circumſtances that occaſioned the unſeaſonable heat.

Young Mr. Gordier recollected, that he had heard his brother declare, that the jewel in queſtion was to be preſented to his bride on her wedding-day; and, therefore, as that had never happened, his mother might be juſtified in her ſuſpicions, though perhaps the lady might be innocent. The ſiſter of the deceaſed calmly replied, that ſhe believed the warmth that had happened to be founded on a miſtake, which ſhe thought herſelf happy in being able to correct. The jewel, ſhe ſaid, which her ſiſter wore, was not preſented to her by Mr. Gordier, but was a preſent to her ſome years after his unhappy death by Mr. Galliard, a very reputable merchant in Jerſey, who had very aſſiduouſly paid his addreſſes to her, encouraged ſo to do with a view, if poſſible, to relieve her mind, by diverting her affections to a new object; that as many jewels have the ſame appearance, that purchaſed by Mr. Gordier, and that preſented by Mr. Galliard, might probably not be the ſame. Mrs. Gordier very readily acquieſced; and, having had time to recover her temper, fell again into tears, and in the moſt affecting manner apologized for her late indiſcretion, adding, at the ſame time, that if it was the jewel purchaſed by her ſon, his picture was artfully concealed within it, which, by opening, would put the matter beyond a doubt. The ſiſter nor any of the family had ever ſeen it opened, and knew nothing of ſuch a contrivance. Young Gordier in a moment touched a ſecreted ſpring, and preſented to the company the miniature encloſed, moſt beautifully enriched. The conſternation was now equal to the diſcovery. The myſtery was unravelled. It was inſtantly concluded, that the horror of the murder muſt have ſtruck the deceaſed, and the deteſtation of the murderer overcame her. The contempt with which ſhe wanted to ſpurn the jewel from her, and her deſire to declare from whom ſhe had it; all theſe circumſtances concurred to fix the murder on Mr. Galliard, who having been formerly her father's clerk, the laſt word ſhe attempted to utter was now interpreted to mean the cl-a r-k.

The clergyman who was preſent, and who gave this relation, being the common friend of Galliard and the family where he now was, adviſed moderation and temper in the purſuit of juſtice. Many circumſtances, he ſaid, may concur to entangle innocence in the ſnares of guilt; and he hoped, for the honour of human nature, that a gentleman of ſo fair a character as Mr. Galliard, could never be guilty of ſo foul a crime: he therefore wiſhed he might be ſent for, on the preſent melancholy occaſion, rather as a mourner, than as a murderer; by which means the charge might be brought on by degrees, and then, if innocent, as he hoped he would appear, his character would ſtand fair; if guilty, care ſhould be taken that he ſhould not eſcape. He added, in ſupport of his counſel, that a man, once publickly charged with murder, upon circumſtances ſtrong as the preſent appeared, though his innocence might be clear as the Sun at noon-day to thoſe who examined him, yet would never again be able to redeem his character with the world, let his whole life after be ever ſo irreproachable.

The greateſt part of the company ſeemed to approve of his advice and reaſons; but it was viſible, by the countenance of Mrs. Gordier, that ſhe, in her own mind, had prejudged him *guilty*. However, in conformity to the advice that had been given, Mr. Galliard was ſent for, and in a few hours

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the meſſenger returned, accompanied by Mr. Galliard in perſon. The old lady, on his entering the room, in the vehemence of her paſſion, charged him abruptly with the murder of her ſon. Mr. Galliard made anſwer coolly, that indeed he well knew her ſon, but had not ſeen him for many days before the day of his diſappearance, being then out of the iſland upon buſineſs, as the family in whoſe houſe he now was could atteſt. "But this jewel, (ſaid the mother, ſhewing him the jewel open as it was) is an inconteſtible proof of your guilt: you gave the deceaſed this jewel, which was purchaſed by my ſon, and was in his poſſeſſion at the time of his death." He denied ever ſeeing the jewel. The ſiſter of the deceaſed then confronted him; and taking it in her hand, and cloſing it, "This jewel, (ſaid ſhe) you gave to *my* ſiſter in *my* preſence, on ſuch a day, (naming the day, the hour, and the place) and preſſed her to accept it: ſhe refuſed it. You preſſed her again; ſhe returned it, and was not prevailed on to take *it*, till I placed it to her watch, and perſuaded her to wear it." He now betrayed ſome ſigns of guilt; but, looking upon it when it was cloſed, he owned the giving it, and preſently recollecting himſelf, ſaid he knew it not in the form it was firſt preſented to him: "But this trinket (ſaid he) I purchaſed of Levi the Jew, whom you all know, and who has travelled theſe iſlands for more than twenty years. He, no doubt, can tell how he came by it." The clergyman now thought himſelf happy in the counſel he had given; and, addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. Gordier—"I hope, madam, you will now be patient till the affair has had a full hearing. Mr. Galliard is clear in his juſtification, and the Jew only, at preſent, appears to be the guilty perſon: He is now in the iſland, and ſhall ſoon be apprehended." The old lady was again calm, and forced to acknowledge her raſhneſs, owing, as ſhe ſaid, to the impetuoſity of her temper, and to the occaſion that produced it. She concluded with begging pardon of Galliard, whom ſhe thought ſhe had injured.

Galliard triumphed in his innocence, hoped the lady would be careful of what ſhe ſaid, and threatened, if his character ſuffered by the charge, to refer the injury to the deciſion of the law. He lamented the ſudden death of the unfortunate young lady, and melted into tears when he approached her bed. He took his leave after ſome hours ſtay, with becoming decency; and every one, even the mother, pronounced him innocent.

It was ſome days before the Jew was found; but when the news was ſpread, that the Jew was in cuſtody who had murdered young Gordier, remorſe, and the fear of publick ſhame, ſeized Galliard, and, the night preceding the day on which he was to have confronted the Jew before a Magiſtrate, he was found dead, with a bloody pen-knife in his hand, wherewith he had ſtabbed himſelf in three places, two of which were mortal.

A letter was found on the table in his room, acknowledging his guilt, and concluding with theſe remarkable words: "None but thoſe who have experienced the furious impulſe of ungovernable love will pardon the crime which I have committed, in order to obtain the incomparable object by whom my paſſions were inflamed. But thou, O Father of Mercies! who implanted in my ſoul thoſe ſtrong deſires, wilt forgive one raſh attempt to accompliſh my determined purpoſe, in oppoſition, as it ſhould ſeem, to thy Almighty providence."

POETRY.

AN ELEGY,

Written at BRUSSELS,

On the 31ſt of DECEMBER, 1787.

By the Author of the "Elegy written on the Plains of Fontenoy."

YES, I will climb yon rough Rock's giddy height,
That o'er the Ocean bends his brow ſevere;
And as I muſe on *Time's neglected flight*,
Wait the laſt ſunſhine of the Parting Year!

Why do the winds ſo ſadly ſeem to rave?
Why broods ſuch ſolemn horror o'er the deep?
It is, that *Fancy* points the yawning grave:—
And ſick'ning, ſhudders at the pond'rous ſleep!

For O! ſince *laſt December*'s hoary head
Bow'd to oblivion's wave, and ſunk beneath,
From this ſtrange World what flutt'ring crowds are fled,
To throng the caverns of relentleſs Death!

And every tranſitory ſhade is loſt,
That in its courſe was fondly call'd "*To-day!*"
Spring's ſweets are gone! and Summer's flow'ry boaſt!
And Autumn's purple honours paſs'd away!

And now tho' *Winter*, in rude mantle dreſt,
Extends his icy ſceptre o'er the plain!
Soon ſhall he ſink on *April*'s dewy breaſt!
And laughing *May* ſhall reaſſume her reign!

But *man*, when once his bright day's fluſh is o'er,
And youth's too fleeting pleaſures take their wing,
Muſt on Life's ſcene revegetate no more,
But leap its gulph, to find a ſecond Spring.

And can that *ſomething* each man calls "*Himſelf*,"
'Midſt this wide miracle of earth and ſky,
Waſte the ſwift moments in the toil for pelf,—
Nor raiſe one thought to Nature's Majeſty?

On the globe's ſurface creep a grov'ling worm!
Nor joy the noon-tide radiance to behold,—
Nor trace the Mighty Hand that guides the ſtorm,——
But think exiſtence relative to gold?

Ah! ſince this awful Now remains for me,
To think, to breathe, to wonder at the whole,
To move, to touch, to taſte, to hear, to ſee,
To deem the myſtic conſciouſneſs, *my Soul*;

Fain would I ſeek awhile the ſportive ſhade,
Ere the ſcene cloſe upon this doubtful ſtate;
Catch every painted phantom ere it fade,
And leave the vaſt Uncertainty to fate.

But *grief is mine*—yet can I quit the crew
Whoſe boſoms burn with avarice and pride,
In yon blue vault to quench my thirſty view,
Or tell my feelings to the boiſt'rous tide.

For are there not, as journeying on we go,
With pilgrim ſtep thro' an unfriendly vale,
Oppreſſion, Malice, Cruelty, and Woe,
And do not Falſehood's venom'd ſhafts aſſail?

Were it not nobler far, with ſocial love,
As fellow-trav'lers in a rugged road,
That each the other's evils ſhould remove,
And with joint force ſuſtain the gen'ral load?

O while ſuch *fancied* happineſs I trace,
A glow of gladneſs runs thro' ev'ry vein,
Rapture's warm tear ſteals ſilent down my face,
And thus I wake the philanthropic ſtrain.

Long, long, may Britain's gen'rous Iſle be bleſt
With foreign fame, domeſtic joys increaſe;
At ev'ry Inſult, ſhake the warlike Creſt;
Then weave her laurels in the bow'r of Peace!

Bleſt be her Sons in hardy valour bold,
And all who haunt meek Learning's ſacred ſhade;
Th' aſpiring Young; and the repoſing Old;
The modeſt Matron; and th' enchanting Maid.

And bleſt be thoſe whoſe wiſdom rules the land;
Who cheriſh Freedom with a ſoft'ring wing!
All who obey; and all who give command;
Brunſwick's fam'd Houſe; and Albion's *Patriot King!*

And might the *Bard* upon *himſelf* beſtow
One humble wiſh, that ſoon his cares may end!
With the dead Year, reſign his weight of woe!
And live to better days;—to find a *Pow'rful Friend.*

DELLA CRUSCA.

SONNET.

Imitated from METASTASIO.

AND ſtill, inconſtant goddeſs of the ſphere,
And doſt thou ſtill thy cruel ſport diſplay,
And ſtill with thorns perplex my "weary way,"
And ſhow the diſtant bleſſing ever near?

Ah! once, or warmed by hope or chill'd by fear,
I marked in doubtful joy thy wandering ray,
Held the fair promiſe of the coming day—
And ſunk beneath thy ſudden blow ſevere.

No longer now I heed thy dangerous ſmile:
Thy frowns no longer kill—perhaps are kind,
They win my ſoul from falſehood's ſpecious wile;
So the pure ſteel, to nobler uſe aſſigned,
By the fierce flame ſubdued and torturing file,
Shines a bright emblem of the conſtant mind.

The EMBARRASSMENT.

A SONNET.

IF her dear favour I obtain,
For whom I heave the frequent ſigh,
My tranſports ſuch an height will gain,
Of too great pleaſure I ſhall die.

Or, if her heart, with coldneſs ſteel'd,
So high forbid me to aſpire,
My certain doom will then be ſeal'd,
The victim of too fond deſire.

Thus the ſharp pain that grieves my heart,
Admits no palliative cure;
Alike the remedy and ſmart,
My inſtant ruin will enſure.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Nov. 21.

LAST night a number of villains (as yet unknown) found means to conceal themſelves in the Palace of his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of Dublin, where they murdered the porter and houſe-maid, and ſet fire to the Palace in ſeveral places, but happily the flames were extinguiſhed without much damage. The Coroner's inqueſt has ſat on their bodies, and brought in their verdict, Wilful Murder.

It is remarkable that the cellars were not broke open; nor do we learn that any goods were taken away, which is attributed to the courage of the ancient faithful porter, who had once been in the army, and probably made a ſtout reſiſtance.

Corke, Dec. 6. Tueſday James Kingſton, Eſq. Mayor, the City Sheriffs, and Corporation, waited on his Royal Highneſs Prince William Henry, who lately arrived at this port in the Pegaſus, from America, and preſented him with the freedom of this city in a gold box.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 17. The King having ſignified to my Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty his royal pleaſure that the frock uniform cloathing, at preſent worn by the flag officers of his Majeſty's fleet, and the uniform cloathing now worn by the Captains, Maſters, and Commanders, Lieutenants and Midſhipmen of his royal navy, ſhall be altered in the manner mentioned at the foot hereof; and alſo that the uniform cloathing hereafter deſcribed ſhall be worn by the Warrant officers and Maſters Mates of his royal navy; their Lordſhips do hereby give notice thereof to all Flag Officers, Captains, Maſters and Commanders, Lieutenants, Warrant Officers, Maſters Mates, and Midſhipmen above mentioned, and require and direct them to conform ſtrictly thereto.

Such Officers, however, as are provided with the uniforms in preſent uſe, are permitted to wear the ſame, if they think fit, until they have occaſion to make up new ſuits of cloaths.

Ph. Stephens.

Admirals Frocks.—Blue coat with blue capes and cuffs, gold-lace holes three, pointing at the end, with the ſame diſtinction in the diſpoſition of them for the different ranks as before; ſtand-up collar, with one hole on each ſide, three holes on the flap, three on the outſide cuff, and three behind; white lining; new anchor button with laurel, ſame as to the full dreſs.

Captains, poſt of three years, Full Dreſs.—Blue coat, with white lapels and cuffs, laced with gold lace, the pockets double laced, round cuff with two laces, three buttons to the pockets and cuffs; blue ſtand-up collar double-laced; white lining; new buttons with the anchor in an oval: white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches, plain.

Ditto Frocks.—Blue cloth coats, blue lapels and round cuffs; fall-down collars; gold lace holes, ſquare at both ends, regular in the lapels; two to the pocket, and two to the cuff, none behind; white lining; buttons ſame as above: white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches, plain.

Captains under three years, Full Dreſs.—Blue coat, with white lapels and cuffs laced with gold lace; the pocket once laced; round cuff with one lace; three buttons to pockets and cuffs; blue ſtand-up collar double laced; white lining; buttons as above: white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches, plain.

Ditto Frocks.—Blue cloth coat, blue lapels and ditto round cuffs; fall-down collar; gold lace holes, ſquare at both ends, nine holes in the lapels by three's; two to the pockets, and two to the cuff, none behind; white lining; buttons ſame as above; white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches, plain.

Maſters and Commanders, Full Dreſs.—Blue cloth coats, with blue lapels and ditto round cuffs, laced with gold lace; the pocket once laced, and one on the cuff; three buttons to each; ſtand-up collar, double laced; white lining; buttons as above; white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches, plain.

Ditto Frocks.—Blue cloth coats, with blue lapels, round cuffs, and fall-down collar; gold lace holes, ſquare at each end, ten in the lapels, by two's; two to the pocket, and two on the cuff; none behind; white lining; buttons as above; white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches, plain.

Lieutenants, Full Dreſs.—Blue cloth coat with white lapels and ditto round cuffs; holes regular in the lapels; three buttons to the pocket, and three on the cuff; ſtand-up collar; white lining; buttons ſame as the Captains; white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches.

Undreſs.—Blue cloth coat, edged with white cloth; blue lapels and ditto round cuffs; three buttons to the pockets and cuffs; ſtand-up collar; buttons as above; white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches.

Warrant Officers.—Blue cloth coat, with blue lapels and round cuffs; fall-down collar; three buttons to the pocket and cuff; white lining, but not edged with white; button with an anchor, ſame as the Captains' former one; white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches.

Maſters Mates.—Blue cloth coat edged

with white; no lapels; blue round cuff with three buttons, and three to the pocket; fall-down collar; white lining; buttons ſame as Warrant Officers; white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches

Midſhipmen—Blue cloth coat, no lapels, blue round cuff, with three buttons, and three to the pocket; ſtand-up collar, with ſmall white turn-back as before; white lining, but not edged; buttons ſame as Warrant Officers; white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches.

22. On a motion for a new trial yeſterday in an action brought by the aſſignees of a bankrupt, the Court decided the following point:—A trader being arreſted, goes to priſon, and while there, employs a perſon to ſell goods, who accordingly does ſo, and pays the produce over to the trader, in gaol. The trader remains in priſon above two months, and thereby commits an act of bankruptcy, which, by the ſtatutes of bankrupt, ſhall relate to the firſt day of the impriſonment. The perſon ſelling the goods and paying over the produce, is liable to the aſſignees, either for the value of the goods in an action of trover for them, or for the produce of them in an action for money received to their uſe; the goods being by the bankruptcy become the goods of the aſſignees for the benefit of the creditors.

30. Being St. Andrew's day, the Royal Society met at Somerſet-houſe, and re-elected their former officers for the enſuing year.

The gold medal (called Sir Godfrey Copley's) was preſented to John Hunter, eſq. for the three papers he communicated laſt year, viz.

1. An experiment to determine the effect of extirpating one ovarium upon the number of young produced.—2. Obſervations tending to ſhew that the Wolf, Jackall, and Dog, are all of the ſame ſpecies.—3. Obſervations on the ſtructure and œconomy of Whales.

Dec. 1. His Majeſty has been graciouſly pleaſed to give directions to the Admiralty Board, that every commiſſioned officer who has been on duty, viz. Captains and Lieutenants, ſhall receive three months pay; that the warrant officers ſhall receive two months pay—and common ſeamen one month's pay extraordinary, as a gratuity for the expences they may have been at in preparing for actual ſervice.

The whole amount of the bounties paid by the Chamber of the City of London to volunteers to enter into his Majeſty's ſervice during the late commotion, does not exceed 500l.

4. We learn from Berlin, that his Serene Highneſs the Duke of Brunſwick arrived in perfect health the 24th of laſt month at Potſdam, and was moſt graciouſly received by his Pruſſian Majeſty, who honoured that diſtinguiſhed General with the moſt affectionate tokens of eſteem.

By a private letter from the Continent we are aſſured of the following inſtance of rigid juſtice:—The Prince of Orange, reſolved to diſcourage as much as it is in his power, the diſorders and ravages produced by the unprecedented oppreſſions of the Patriotic Party, has lately given an inſtance of his determined love of juſtice, by ordering a regiment in his ſervice that had been guilty of pillaging the inhabitants of Bois le Duc, to march from thence to Maeſtricht, under the pretence of doing garriſon duty.—On their arrival they were ordered to the parade, and to lay down their arms. After which they were ſtript to their very ſhirts, and narrowly ſearched, officers and men, on whom it is ſaid that jewels, gold, and ſpecie, have been found to the amount of 300,000 florins, part of which was even concealed in their hair. A third, at leaſt, of the officers, it is ſaid, will be diſmiſſed. Several of the men are under confinement, and it is not doubted but they will be made a ſevere example of.

7. By virtue of a Judge's warrant, Lord George Gordon was apprehended at Birmingham, for contempt of the Court of King's-Bench, in not appearing upon the proſecution laſt Hillary Term for publiſhing a libel, of which he was found guilty. Lord George was conveyed before Joſeph Carles, eſq. who directed him to be conducted to town, attended by an officer from Bow-ſtreet, and the keeper of the priſon there.—It was in the month of Auguſt laſt that Lord George came to Birmingham, and he has ever ſince lodged at the houſe of a Jeweſs, in Dudley-ſtreet, to whom he was unknown when firſt he arrived. When the officers waited upon him he did not deny himſelf, but told them he was a Jew, and whatever might happen, ſhou'd continue one; and when he learnt it was ordered that he ſhould be in London on Saturday evening, he expreſſed much concern thereat, as it would oblige him to travel on the Sabbath-day of the religion he had embraced.

The next evening (Saturday the 8th) he was brought before Mr. Juſtice Buller, who committed him to the cuſtody of the Marſhal of the King's Bench Priſon; but it being too late to be admitted that night, he was taken to Froome's Grand Hotel, Covent-garden, and next morning at ten o'clock, was delivered into the cuſtody of the Marſhal of the King's Bench.

8. Three actions for damages were tried at Guildhall, againſt Capt. Rogers, of the Middleſex Eaſt-Indiaman, for improper treatment to one of the Mates belonging to the ſame ſhip, and two paſſengers, on their voyage to India, when verdicts were given in each action, the firſt in 1000l. the ſecond for 850l. and the third in 600l. damages.

The Mars Eaſt-Indiaman, Capt. Farrington, got aſhore off Margate, where the ſea ran ſo furiouſly, and beat the ſhip ſo much, that

that in a ſhort time after ſhe ſtruck, her maſts went overboard, and ſhe had twelve feet water in her hold, in conſequence of which her cargo is much injured. She is laden with tea, and juſt arrived from China.

The loſs of the Eaſt-India Company by the wreck of the Mars, amounts to between thirty and forty thouſand pounds. About one hundred and forty cheſts of tea have been ſaved.

The Truſtees of the Surrey new roads put up at auction, at the Royal Oak, at Vauxhall, the tolls ariſing from the ſame, when they were let on leaſe for three years to Mr. Sabine, for 3,255l. per annum. They were let during the laſt year at 4,000l.

The Iriſh papers announce, that all the debts of the late Duke of Rutland have been already ſettled and paid.

The expences of the late Duke of Rutland's funeral amounted to 7021.

10. Laſt week a dangerous riot took place at Leiceſter among the working manufacturers, occaſioned by the introduction of Sir Rich. Arkwright's *Spinning Jennys*. They went to Market-Harborough and deſtroyed all the machines there: the riot act had been read, and the Magiſtrates of Leiceſter had ſworn in 500 conſtables to keep the peace.—In the courſe of the Mayor's diſcharge of his duty he was dangerouſly wounded with a large ſtone by one of the rioters; two of the conſtables were alſo very much hurt.

An unfortunate affair happened at Chriſt Church, Oxford: two ſinging men belonging to the Cathedral, Whitney and Woodcock, having ſome words upon their return from evening ſervice, a ſcuffle enſued, in which the latter ſtruck the former ſo violent a blow, that it occaſioned his death in leſs than two hours afterwards. The beſt medical aſſiſtants were immediately called in, but all their united efforts proved ineffectual. The Coroner's Inqueſt ſat upon the body of the deceaſed on Monday morning, and brought in their verdict Manſlaughter. Woodcock was immediately ſecured, and he now lies in the Caſtle-gaol to take his trial at the next Spring aſſizes.

12. The Lottery-office keepers inſuring in the Iriſh Lottery were *pigeoned* to an immenſe amount, by ſome perſons who had, it is ſuppoſed, hired a private expreſs, which arrived before that of the Committee; in conſequence of which thouſands of people laſt night ſurrounded the offices for their money—but every place in London and Weſtminſter was ſhut up, and refuſed to pay. Some were taken in for 3000, ſome for 4000, and one for 8000l.

13. Lord George Gordon was removed from the King's Bench priſon to Newgate.

In conſequence of a Council held at the Cock-Pit, to take into conſideration the preſent ſtate of the copper coin of the kingdom, Lord Effingham, who is Maſter-Warden of the Mint, attended, and repeated the various repreſentations that had been officially made to him, in order to prevent the preſent abuſe of that ſpecies of coinage. It was then determined immediately to commence a new coinage; and, in order to put a total ſtop to counterfeit halfpence and farthings, which are now ſo great a burden to the public, it was reſolved, that in the new arrangement one pound of copper ſhould be made into 24 halfpence, inſtead of 48, which has been the practice hitherto; and the farthings in the ſame proportion of ſize and weight.

14. Henrietta Radbourne, convicted in April Seſſions laſt for the murder of Mrs. Morgan, her miſtreſs, was executed before Newgate.

18. The Seſſions ended at the Old Bailey, when eight convicts received judgment of death, 57 were ordered to be tranſported, two to be kept to hard labour in the houſe of correction, one to be impriſoned in Newgate, four to be whipped and diſcharged, and 22 diſcharged by proclamation; and five were acquitted.

Among the priſoners capitally convicted, was James Caſe, late cooper on board his Majeſty's ſhip Boreas, for the wilful murder of Sarah Hays (an unfortunate woman of the town, into whoſe company he was accidentally introduced by another woman of the like deſcription), by cutting her throat with a claſp knife in a moſt ſhocking manner, of which ſhe inſtantly expired. He received ſentence to be executed to-morrow, but on ſome evident marks of inſanity, and a general good character as a peaceable quiet man, the Court were pleaſed to reſpite his execution until his Majeſty's pleaſure be further known.

19. A general half yearly Court was held at the India-houſe, Leadenhall ſtreet.

After the uſual form, a motion was made and ſeconded, that the dividend for the laſt half year on the Company's ſtock be 4l. per cent. which was paſſed unanimouſly.

The long-expected engagement between Ryan and Johnſon, which was to have been fought at an inn-yard at Staines, but from whence they were driven by order of the Juſtices, was decided in Wraybury-field, in Buckinghamſhire. After a very ſharp conteſt of about five-and-twenty minutes, the battle terminated in favour of Johnſon, who beat his antagoniſt very handſomely. When the conteſt was over, Johnſon made a ſhort addreſs to the audience, in which he told them, that having now won this victory, he ſhould not accept of another challenge.

20. By a caſe lately adjudged in a Court of Juſtice, it was formally determined, that all veſſels upon rivers, in paſſing each other, ſhould incline to the left hand, as in the manner of carriages, and that any damage that was ſuſtained by their not doing ſo, ſhould be made good by the party who neglected to do it.

22. *Dublin-Caſtle, Dec.* 16. His Excellency the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, landed near Dunlary this afternoon at four o'clock; and proceeding to the Caſtle, attended by a ſquadron of horſe, was introduced in form to the Lords Juſtices and Council; and the oaths being adminiſtered to him, his Excellency was inveſted with the collar of the moſt illuſtrious order of St. Patrick, and received the ſword of ſtate from the Lords Juſtices.

23. This morning, at 7 o'clock, four men entered the houſe of Mrs Graham, in Liverpool, one of whom ſtayed below, whilſt the other three, armed with piſtols and knives, went into the different lodging-rooms, and with horrid imprecations in caſe of reſiſtance, tied the perſons in their beds, and robbed them of 19 guineas, ſome ſilver, one bill of 30l. another of 10l. ſeveral ſecond, third and fourth ſets of bills of exchange for different ſums, none under 100l. and none exceeding 300l. and many other articles.

BIRTHS.

THE Infanta Dona Maria Victoria, Conſort of the Infant Don Gabriel of Spain, of a Princeſs.

The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Bayham, of a daughter.

The Counteſs of Tankerville, the Right Hon. Lady Deerhurſt, and Mrs. Jolliffe, wife of William Jolliffe, Eſq. Member for Peterſfield, each delivered of a daughter.

PREFERMENTS.

LIEUT. Col. Robert Mafon Lewis, to be Governor of Carisbrook Caſtle.

Dr. Adam Smith, late Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy at Glaſgow, Rector of that Univerſity, vice Robert Graham, Eſq. of Gartmore.

The Rev. George Law, M. A. to a prebend in York Cathedral.

His Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Leiceſter.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. William Preſton, Biſhop of Killala and Achonry, tranſlated to the united Biſhoprics of Leighlin and Ferns, vice Dr. Walter Cope, dec.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. John Law, Biſhop of Clonfert and Kilmacdugh, tranſlated to the united Biſhopics of Killala and Achonry; and the Rev. Richard Marlay, M. A. Dean of St. Edan's, in the diocefe of Ferns, promoted to the united Biſhopries of Clonfert and Kilmacdugh, all in Ireland.

The Rt. Rev. Beilby Lord Biſhop of London, ſworn of his Majeſty's moſt Hon. Privy Council.

The Hon. and Rev. Thomas Stopford, M. A. Dean of St. Flannan, Killaloe, to the Deanery of the Cathedral of St. Edan, in the Diocefe of Ferns, Ireland.

The Rev. Mr. King, Private Secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham in 1782, to be Preacher to the Hon. Society of Gray's-Inn, vice Dr. Stebbing, dec.

The Rev. Richard Ormerod, M. A. Reader in Hebrew at Chriſt College, Cambridge, to be Rhetoric Lecturer by the Maſter and Fellows of that Society.

The Rev. Benjamin Blayney, D. D. to be Profeſſor of Hebrew in Oxford Univerſity, vice Dr. Jubb, dec.

Charles Runnington and Samuel Marſhall, both of the Inner Temple, Eſqrs. and James Watſon, of Lincoln's Inn, Eſq. D. L. called to the degree of Serjeant at Law.

69th reg. of Foot. Major Johnſon, from the 46th foot, to be Lieutenant Colonel, vice Major Gen. Skeene, Lieutenant Colonel, reſigned.

Francis Smythies, Eſq. formerly Townclerk, to be Recorder of Colcheſter.

The Rt. Hon. Alleyne Fitzherbert, to be one of his Majeſty's moſt Hon. Privy Council.

Dr. Jones, to be Sub-Dean of Hereford.

Robert Thornton, Eſq. to be a Director of the Eaſt-India Company, vice Mr. Cumings, dec.

The Rev. John Plumptre, M. A. to the Prebend of Worceſter void by the reſignation of the Rev. William Langford, D. D. promoted to be a Prebend in his Majeſty's Chapel of St. George, Windſor, vice the Rev. George Hamilton, dec.

The Rev. John Murray, M. A. to be Dean of St. Flannan, Killaloe.

The

The Rev. James Douglas, F. A. S. Rector of Litchbarrow, Northamptonſhire, to be Chaplain in Ordinary to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales.

Dr. Cleaver, Rector of Petworth, to be Firſt Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

John Robinſon, Eſq. Firſt Secretary to the Treaſury in Lord North's Adminiſtration, to be Surveyor-General of his Majeſty's Woods and Parks, vice John Pitt, Eſq. dec.

Liſts of the three claſſes of Navy Officers, who have received Promotion, in conſequence of the expreſs declaration of his Majeſty.

Maſters and Commanders made Poſt-Captains.

John Boyle,	John Smith,
David Laird,	Piercy Brett,
T. Goldſbrough,	George Lumſdain,
William Heath,	John Hills,
Francis Pender,	Val. Edwards,
Joſiah Rogers,	George Counteſs,
David Snow,	James Drew.
W. Alb. Otway,	

Lieutenants made Maſters and Commanders.

John Trigge,	John Lawford,
J. Laugharne,	Robert Watſon,
Robert Parker,	Jeremiah Beale,
Maur. Delgarno,	Richard Purvis,
Alexander Frazer,	Henry Warre,
George Weſtcott,	John Edwards,
Henry Deacon,	Stephen P. Mouat.
Scory Barker,	

Midſhipmen made Lieutenants.

James Duncan,	Andrew Fitz Evans,
David Campbell,	William Elliot,
Richard Codlipp,	John Watſon,
William Barnes,	J. Culverhouſe,
John Blake,	M. H. Scott,
Alexander Wilſon,	C Thackray,
T. le M. Goſſelin,	George Andrews.
John Stevens,	

The Rev. Wm. Langford, D. D. to a prebend of St. George's Chapel, Windſor.

The Rev. Benj. Jeffreys, to the Fellowſhip at Winchester vacated by the death of Dr. Ballard.

By the Duke of Portland, Dr. Kaye, to the living of Marybone.

The Rev. Dr. Haines, of Nottingham, to be one of the Prebends of Southwell.

The Rev. James Mayo, A. B. to be Maſter of the Free Grammar-ſchool at Winbourn, Dorſet.

Thomas Millar, of Barſkimming, Eſq. Lord Juſtice Clerk, to be Preſident of his Majeſty's College of Juſtice in Scotland, vice Robert Dundas, Eſq. dec.

Robert M'Queen, of Braxfield, Eſq. one of the Lords of Seſſion, and a Senator of the College of Juſtice, to be his Majeſty's Juſtice Clerk in Scotland.

John Swinton, of Swinton, Eſq. one of the Ordinary Lords of Seſſion, to be one of his Majeſty's Commiſſioners of Juſticiary in Scotland.

John Maclaurin, Eſq. to be one of the Ordinary Lords of Seſſion in Scotland.

Mr. Evans, to be Secretary to the Commiſſioners of the Lottery, vice Mr. E. Johnſon, dec.

Col. Phillips, to be chief Engineer at Gibraltar, where he ſerved during the whole of the late ſiege, and for many years before.

41ſt reg. of foot. Major General Archibald M'Nab, to be Colonel.

Ditto. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Gordon, from the half-pay of the 83d regiment, to be Lieutenant-Colonel.

65th reg. of foot. Major Joſeph Buckeridge to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice Steynor Jones.

Ditto. Capt. Farnum Cloſe to be Major, vice Joſeph Buckeridge.

MARRIAGES.

THE Rev. Joſias Lambert, of Lancaſter, to Miſs D. Rotheram, fourth daughter of the late Dr. Rotheram, of Newcaſtle.

Mr. Robert Worſwick, banker, of Lancaſter, to Miſs Alice Betham, of Liverpool.

Alexander Luders, eſq. of the Temple, to Miſs Seawell, of Gower-ſtreet.

John Lloyd, of Dinas, eſq. to Miſs Williams, daughter of the late Mr. Roger Williams, of Brecon.

Mr. Granger, of Lambourn Woodlands, to Miſs Goodluck, of Henley-hall.

At Portſea, Mr. James Whitehall, of Wickham, a fine ſprig of 18, to Mrs. Mary Hutſon, a healthy evergreen of 62, with a handſome fortune.

Major Murray, brother of Sir David Murray, to Mrs. Hopkins, widow of Benjamin Hopkins, eſq.

The Rev. Chriſtopher Spurgeon, to Miſs Cooper, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cooper, miniſter of Great Yarmouth.

The

The Rev. Mr. S. Lovick Cooper, (ſon of Dr. Cooper) rector of Ingoldſthorpe, to Miſs Rede, of Beccles.

John Amherſt, Eſq. of Farleigh, in Kent, to Miſs Eliz. Lomax, daughter of the late Caleb Lomax, Eſq. of Chilwick-Bury, Herts.

At Atcham near Shrewſbury, (the firſt marriage having been ſolemniſed in Scotland) Thomas Oatley, Eſq. of Wroxeter, to Miſs Dana, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dana.

Mr. T. Mackenzie, a Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miſs Sarah Ann Coxe, daughter of the late Richard Coxe, Eſq. of Minehead.

At Dorcheſter, Charles Cozens, Eſq. barriſter at law, to Miſs Charlotte Smith, with a fortune of 3000l. which the gentleman generouſly preſented to her three maiden ſiſters.

The Rev. John Muſſo, jun. of South Stoneham, Hants, to Miſs Hallett, of Edgware, Middleſex.

Mr. Kemble, of Drury-lane Theatre, to Mrs. Brereton.

Eliſha Trapaud, eſq. Captain of Engineers, on the Madraſs eſtabliſhment, to Miſs Harriet Fotter, daughter of the late Jonathan Fotter, eſq. of Aiſtone.

Capt. Geo. Cowell, of the Artillery, to Miſs Ogilvie, daughter of the late Capt. Ogilvie.

William Becket, eſq. of Wincheſter, to Miſs Wools, of Alresford.

Capt. Wm. Harris, to Miſs Eliz. Williams, of Swanſea.

W. Dickinſon Raſtal, eſq. of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, to Miſs Harriot Kenrick, daughter of John Kenrick, eſq. Member for Bletchingly.

Wm. Boſanquet, eſq. of Queen Ann-ſtreet, Weſt, to Miſs Ives, eldeſt daughter of the late John Ives, eſq. of Norwich.

William Auguſtus Skynner, eſq. of Charlotte-ſtreet, to Miſs Ward, of Southampton-ſtreet.

At Newnham, in Glocesterſhire, the Rev. Mr. Knight, to Miſs Whittle.

Mr. A. Heathfield, of Lympſtone, to Miſs Hubert, daughter of Ja. Hubert, eſq. of Gosport.

At Paris, to a French Lady, the Hon. Thomas Walpole.

Ralph Leeke, eſq. to Miſs Thurſby, daughter of Walter Harvey Thurſby, eſq. of Shrewſbury.

At Ottringham, in Yorkſhire, Mr. Stephen Brignall, to Miſs Mary Chriſty. It is remarkable that the bridegroom paid the miniſter, clerk, and ringers, all in farthings; the miniſter received 252 as a fee, the clerk 72, and the ringers 250; a very large number were thrown among the populace.

The Rev. William Lance, vicar of Horsford, in Norfolk, to Miſs Elliot, eldeſt daughter of the late Gavin Elliot, eſq of Blackheath.

Thomas Strong, of Red Croſs-ſtreet, Cripplegate, eſq. F. R. S. to Miſs Iriſh, of Greenwich.

Robert Douglas, eſq. of Witham, in Eſſex, to Miſs Frances Jeffreys, daughter of Henry Vaughan Jeffreys, eſq. of Worceſter.

The Rev. George Buckſton, M. A. of Aſhborne, to Miſs Walhouſe, daughter of Moreton Walhouſe, eſq. of Hatherton.

The Rev. Dr. Barker, maſter of Chriſt's college, in Cambridge, and rector of Waddenham in Lincolnſhire, to Mrs. Dockwray, of Newcaſtle.

Samuel Peat, eſq. of the Eaſt-Indies, to Miſs Henrietta Kentiſh, daughter of Dr. Kentiſh, of Bridlington.

At Church Eaton, Staffordſhire, Mr. Thomas Swift, ſen. of Wood-Eaton, 72 years of age, to Mrs. Hall, aged 82; this is the third time they have both been married.

Samuel Long, eſq. of Bloomſbury, to the Right Hon. Lady Jane Maitland.

At Althorpe, in Northamptonſhire, the Rev. Price Jones, to Miſs Sally Jemſon, of Weldon-Beck.

Lord Viſcount Sudley, ſon to the Earl of Arran, to Miſs Tyrell, eldeſt daughter and coheireſs of the late Sir John Tyrell.

Pierce Stokie, eſq. of Lancaſhire, to Miſs Charlotte Preedy, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Preedy.

The Rev. Mr. Babbs, of Cheiſea, to Miſs Morris, of Holles-ſtreet.

Peter Rambu, eſq. M. D. to Mrs. Mary Rowlon, of Briſtol.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN Hodgſon, of Savage-gardens, merchant. John Lewis Francis Vacher de la Cour, late of Southampton-ſtreet, near Bloomſbury-ſquare, merchant. Thomas Price, of Serle-ſtreet, Lincoln's-inn-fields, wine-merchant. Philip Kinſey, of Paxton, Derbyſhire, innkeeper. Jonathan Mitchell, of Walſted-place, Paddington-road, carpenter. Edward Capper, of Great Shire-lane, jeweller. David Meredith and John Gibbon, of Queen-ſtreet, in the Mint, cabinet-makers. Wm. Weeden, of the Strand, cheeſemonger. James Hargraves, of Rotherhithe, linen-draper. Thomas Wall, of Briſtol, maltſter. Wm. Serrell, of Camberwell, carpenter. James Mills, of George-lane, merchant.

James

James Upchurch and Thomas Drudge, of Gravel-lane, Houndſditch, ſmiths. Nicodemus Ridout, of Briſtol, maltſter. John James, of Clipſtone-ſtreet, carpenter. Wm. Barnard, of Bures St. Mary, Suffolk, maltſter. Ann Baker, of Monmouth, grocer. Wm. Lowe, of Little Queen-ſtreet, Lincoln's-inn-fields, taylor. Thomas Capſtick, late of Knightſbridge, cheeſemonger. Robert Capner, of Birmingham, carpenter. Sam. Huxſtable, of Broad-ſtreet, Ratcliffe, ſhipbuilder. Tho. Bayly, of Deptford, baker. Tho. Laney, of Barnard's-inn, Holborn, money ſcrivener. John Fell, of Maſon-ſtreet, Lambeth, horſe-dealer. Wm. Volans, of Holborn, haberdaſher. Wm. Burtoft, of Well ſtreet, Ratcliffe-highway, coal-merchant. Daniel Juſtins, of Goſwell-ſtreet, merchant. Wm. Wright, of Spilſby, Lincolnſhire, ſhopkeeper. John Jollins, of Great Yarmouth, turner. Tho. Jarrett, of Storrington, carpenter. Wm. Fregleton, of Wolverhampton, mercer. George Garcke, of Stephen-ſtreet, Rathbone-place, muſical-inſtrument-maker. Tho. Beard, of Great Sutton-ſtreet, Clerkenwell, carpenter. John Tollody, of Miſtley, Eſſex, merchant. John Rodham, of Richmond, haberdaſher. Tho. Taylor, of Droitwich, butcher. Wm. Fiſher, of Norwich, linen-draper. Timothy Halton, of Bedale, ſhopkeeper. Joſeph Simpſon, of Warwick-court, coal dealer. John Spateman and John Hotham, of Cannon-ſtreet, grocers. Iſaac Moron, of Croſby-ſquare, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, broker. Charles Pollit, of Manchester, cotton-ſpinner. Andreas Emmerich, of the Adelphi, wine-merchant. James Philip Deſaunes, of Exeter, merchant. James Haviland, of Bridgwater, timber-merchant. John Champion, of Briſtol, merchant. Joſeph Langford, of Nottingham, hoſier. Wm. Richards the younger, of Darſley, Glouceſterſhire, victualler. Ely Sutcliffe and John Sutcliffe, of White-horſe-yard, Drury-lane, mercers. John Brace, of St. Martin, Worceſter, taylor. John Thompſon, of Blackborn, Lancaſter, cotton-manufacturer. Bennett Champion, of Helſton, in Cornwall, hat-maker. John Cuming, of Totneſs, Devon, tobacconiſt.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

HAY-MARKET.

Sept.
1. INKLE and Yarico—Widow's Vow.
3. Ditto—A Mogul Tale.
4. Ditto—Village Lawyer.
5. *Vimonda*—Golden Pippin.
6. Ditto—Gretna Green.
7. Ditto—Comus.
8. Inkle and Yarico—Croſs Purpoſes.
10. Ditto—Village Lawyer.
11. Ditto—Widow's Vow.
12. Ditto—Village Lawyer.
13. Ditto—Gretna Green.
14. Ditto—Guardian.
15. Ditto—Romp.

DRURY-LANE.

Sept.
18. Hamlet—Firſt Floor.
20. Stratagem—All the World's a Stage.
22. Country Girl—High Life below Stairs.
25. George Barnwell—Firſt Floor.
27. Love in a Village—Ditto.
29. Percy—Iriſh Widow.

Oct. 2. Way to keep Him—Harlequin's Invaſion.
3. The Country Girl—Virgin Unmaſk'd.
6. Venice Preſerv'd—Engliſhman in Paris.
9. The Clandeſtine Marriage—Comus.
11. Iſabella—Ditto.
13. School for Scandal—Virgin Unmaſk'd.
15. Love for Love—Harlequin's Invaſion.
16. Way to keep Him—Comus.
18. The Grecian Daughter—The Firſt Floor.
20. The Heireſs—Comus.
22. Beggar's Opera—Harlequin's Invaſion.
23. Venice Preſerv'd—High Life below Stairs.
24. The Wonder—Comus.
25. Artaxerxes—Engliſhman in Paris.
26. The Pilgrim—All the World's a Stage.
27. Othello—The Iriſh Widow.
29. Hamlet—Harlequin's Invaſion.
30. The Gameſter—The Humourift.
31. The Pilgrim—Comus.

Nov. 1. School for Scandal—The Sultan.
2. The Pilgrim—Comus.
3. Macbeth—The Sultan.
5. Cymbeline—Harlequin's Invaſion.
6. As You like It—Bon Ton.
7. The Heireſs—The Sultan.
8. Country Girl—Richard Cœur de Lion.
9. George Barnwell—Harlequin's Invaſion.
10. *The New Peerage*—High Life below Stairs
12. Ditto—The Sultan.
13. Ditto—Comus.
14. Love for Love—Harlequin's Invaſion.
15. The New Peerage—The Firſt Floor.
16. Jane Shore—Iriſh Widow.
17. New Peerage—Richard Cœur de Lion.
19. Ditto—The Sultan.
20. The Carmelite—Virgin Unmaſk'd.
21. New Peerage—Hurly Burly.

22. The

22. The Pilgrim—Richard Cœur de Lion.
23. New Peerage—Hurly Burly.
24. Merchant of Venice—Ditto.
26. New Peerage—Bon Ton.
27. Percy—The Diſtreſs'd Baronet.
28. The Pilgrim—Richard Cœur de Lion.
29. The Double Dealer.—Ditto.
30. Artaxerxes—The Diſtreſs'd Baronet.

Dec. 1. The Heireſs—Comus.
2. Hamlet—Harlequin's Invaſion.
4. School for Scandal—Comus.
5. Artaxerxes—Who's the Dupe.
6. The Provok'd Huſband—Comus.
7. The Jealous Wife—Harlequin's Invaſion.
8. The Weſt-Indian—Who's the Dupe.
10. Richard the Third—Comus.
11. Julia—The Humouriſt.
12. Love in a Village—Engliſhman in Paris.
13. Juha—High Life below Stairs.
14. New Way to pay Old Debts—Comus.
15. Julia—The Firſt Floor.
17. Richard the Third—The Deſerter.
18. Julia—Ditto.
19. School for Fathers—The Humouriſt.
20. Julia—The Firſt Floor.
21. The Double Dealer—Ditto.
22. Julia—The Deſerter.
26. Henry the Second—Harlequin Junior.
27. George Barnwell—Ditto.
28. Trip to Scarborough—Ditto.
29. Julia—Ditto.
31. Tamerlane—Ditto.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Sept.
17. Merry Wives of Windſor—Poor Soldier.
19. Bold Stroke for a Wife—Deſerter.
21. Cymon—Devil upon Two Sticks.
24. Romeo and Juliet—Midas.
26. He Would be a Soldier—Poor Vulcan.
28. The Foundling—Padlock.

Oct. 1. Macbeth—Love and War.
3. Love in a Village—The Lying Valet.
5. Such Things Are—The Two Miſers.
8. Love in a Village—The Lying Valet.
10. The Brothers—Love in a Camp.
11. Midnight Hour—Poor Soldier.
12. Othello—The Romp.
15. Ditto—Orpheus and Eurydice.
17. The Hypocrite—Love in a Camp.
18. Robin Hood—Intriguing Chamber-maid.
19. The Beaux Stratagem—Iriſh Widow.
20. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
22. Alexander the Great—Orpheus and Eurydice.
24. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
25. Ditto—Iriſh Widow.
26. Alexander the Great—Love in a Camp.
27. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
29. Venice Preſerv'd—Barataria.
30. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
31. Zenobia—*The Farmer.*

Nov. 1. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
2. All in the Wrong—The Farmer.
3. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
5. Henry IV. Part I.—Enchanted Caſtle.
6. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
7. Much Ado about Nothing—The Farmer.
8. The Follies of a Day—Ditto.
9. Jane Shore—Enchanted Caſtle.
10. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
12. Romeo and Juliet—Enchanted Caſtle.
13. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
14. The Weſt Indian—The Farmer.
15. Such Things Are—Ditto.
16. Macbeth—The Liar.
17. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
19. Henry the Eighth—Enchanted Caſtle.
20. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—Farmer.
21. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
22. Belle's Stratagem—The Farmer.
23. Such Things Are—Barnaby Brittle.
24. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
26. Merry Wives of Windſor—The Farmer.
27. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
28 Which is the Man—Ditto.
29. He would be a Soldier—The Farmer.
30. The Provok'd Wife—

Dec. 1. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
3. Roman Father—Enchanted Caſtle.
4. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
5. The Tender Huſband—The Farmer.
6. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
7. The Tender Huſband—The Farmer.
8. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
10. The Inconſtant—The Farmer.
11. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
12. The Tender Huſband—The Farmer.
13. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
14. The Inconſtant—The Farmer.
15. *All on a Summer's Day*—Midnight Hour.
17. Alexander the Great—The Farmer.
18. The Hypocrite—The Poor Soldier.
19. Robin Hood—Midnight Hour.
20. The Belle's Stratagem—The Farmer.
21. All in the Wrong—Roſina.
22. The Duenna—Midnight Hour.
26. Jane Shore—*The Dumb Cake.*
27. The Grecian Daughter—Ditto.
28. Douglas—Ditto.
29. A Bold Stroke for a Wife—Ditto.
31. Henry IV. Part I.—Ditto.

ROYALTY-THEATRE.

Sept.
1. Thomas and Suſan—Catch Club—Don Juan.
3. Lecture on Heads—Ditto—Hobſon's Ch.
4. Thomas and Satan—Ditto—Ditto.
5. *Hero and Leander*—Ditto—Ditto.
6. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
7. Ditto—Ditto—Don Juan.
8. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
10. *Almirina*—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.

11. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
12. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
13. Ditto—Ditto—Don Juan.
14. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. [Choice.
15. *True Blue*—Lecture on Heads—Hobson's
17. Hero and Leander—Catch Club—Don
18. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. [Juan.
19. Almirina—Ditto—Ditto.
20. Recruiting Serjeant—Do—Do—Do.
21. Almirina—Catch Club—Hero and Lean.
22. True Blue—Ditto—Ditto—Don Juan.
24. Ditto.
25. Ditto.
26. Ditto.
27. Thomas and Sufan—Almir.—C. Club—
28. Ditto. [Don Juan.
29. Ditto.
Oct. 1. Thomas and Sufan—Almirina—C. Club—Lecture on Heads—Don Juan.
2. Ditto.
3. Ditto.
4. Ditto.
5. Ditto. [Choice.
6. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Hobson's
8. Ditto. [Juan.
9. Ditto—Theat. Festival—C. Club—Don
10. Ditto—Almirina—Gray's Elegy.
11. Ditto.
12. Ditto.
13. Ditto. [Don Juan.
15. Recruiting Serj.—Almirina—C. Club—
16. Tho. & Sufan—Sailor's Resolve—Ditto.
17. Ditto.
18. Ditto. [Choice.
19. Rec. Serj.—Alm.—C. Club—Hobson's
20. Ditto
22. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Tho. & Sufan.
23. Ditto.
24. Ditto.
25. Ditto. [son's Choice.
26. Tho. & Sufan—Alm.—C Club—Hob-
27. Ditto—Ditto—Recrut. Serj.
29. Ditto—Ditto—Lect. on Heads—D. Juan.
30. Ditto—The Tavern Bilkers—Lecture on Heads—Don Juan.
31. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
Nov. 1. Sailor's Resolve—Gray's Elegy—C. Club—Don Juan. [Choice.
2. Tho. & Sufan—Ditto—Ditto—Hobson's
3. The Birth-day—Catch Club—Lect. on Heads—Ditto.
5. Tho. & Sufan—Almirina—Ditto—Ditto.
6. Sailor's Resolve—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
7. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto. [Ditto.
8. Ditto—Gray's El.—Pastoral Entertainm.
9. Ditto—Ditto—Lect. on Heads—Ditto.
10. Ditto.
12. Ditto.
13. Rec. Serj.—Ditto—Ditto—*Harlq. Mungo.*
14. Almirina—Tho. & Sufan—Ditto—Ditto.
15. Address for Mar. Soc.—Do—Do—Do.
16. Patriotic Baker—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
17. Ditto.
19. Ditto.
20. Ditto—Gray's Elegy—Ditto—Ditto.
21. Ditto.
22. Ditto.
23. Hero & Leand.—Almirina—Do—Do.
24. Ditto.
26. Ditto—Muses in Motion—Ditto—Ditto,
27. Ditto—Mar. Soc. Add.—Lect. on Heads
28. Ditto. [Ditto.
29. Ditto.
30. Ditto.
Dec. 1. Ditto—Almirina—C. Club—Ditto.
3. *Apollo turned Stroller*—Ditto—Ditto.
4. Ditto—Collins's Ode on the Passions.
5. Ditto—Gray's Elegy.
6. Ditto.
7. Ditto.
8. Ditto—Don Juan.
10. Ditto—Harlequin Mungo.
11. Ditto—Muses in Motion.
12. Ditto.
13. Ditto.
14. Ditto—Collins's Ode on the Passions.
15. Ditto—Lect. on Heads—Don Juan.
17. Ditto.
18. Ditto—Harlequin Mungo.
19. Ditto—Muses in Motion—Gray's El.
20. Ditto.
21. Ditto.
22. Constant Couple—Almirina—Don Juan.
26. Apollo turned Stroller—C. C.—Harl. M.
27. Hero and Leander—Collins's Ode—Ditto.
28. Apollo turned Stroller—C. C.—Ditto.
29. Ditto—Gray's El.—Cat. Cl.—D. Juan.
31. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.

A GENERAL BILL of all the CHRISTENINGS and BURIALS, From DECEMBER 12, 1786, to DECEMBER 11, 1787.

Christned in the 97 Parishes within the Walls 1084—Buried 1405.
Christned in the 16 Parishes without the Walls 4698—Buried 3961.
Christned in the 23 Out-Parishes of Middlesex and Surry 7536—Buried 9285.
Christned in the 10 Parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster 4190—Buried 4698.

Whereof have died,

Under two years of age	—	6119
Between two and five	—	1838
Five and ten	—	874
Ten and twenty	—	863
Twenty and thirty	—	1587
Thirty and forty	—	1840
Forty and fifty	—	1959

Fifty

Fifty and sixty	—	1556	A hundred	—	6
Sixty and seventy	—	1246	A hundred and one	—	6
Seventy and eighty	—	897	A hundred and two	—	1
Eighty and ninety	—	374	A hundred and five	—	1
Ninety and a hundred	—	44	Decreased in the Burials this year		1105.

The DISEASES and CASUALTIES this YEAR.

Abortive and Still-born	627	Dropsy	820	Miscarriage	2
Abscess	5	Evil	19	Mortification	182
Aged	1176	Fever, Malignant Fever, Scarlet Fever, Spotted Fever, and Purples	2887	Palsy	57
Ague	6	Fistula	5	Pleurisy	13
Apoplexy and Sudden	188	Flux	7	Quinsy	5
Asthma and Phthisic	358	French Pox	48	Rheumatism	5
Bedridden	4	Gout	42	Scald Head	1
Bleeding	8	Gravel, Stone, and Strangury	51	Scurvy	2
Bloody Flux	1	Grief	1	Small Pox	2418
Burften and Rupture	5	Head Ach	1	Sore Throat	27
Cancer	76	Headmouldshot, Horseshoehead, and Water in the Head	45	Sores and Ulcers	7
Canker	1	Jaundice	62	St. Anthony's Fire	8
Chicken Pox	1	Impostume	2	Stoppage in the Stomach	3
Childbed	213	Inflammation	163	Teeth	400
Cold	1	Leprosy	1	Surfeit	3
Colic, Gripes, and Twisting of the Guts	6	Lethargy	7	Thrush	32
Consumption	4579	Livergrown	1	Vomiting and Looseness	1
Convulsions	4159	Lunatic	38	Worms	9
Cough, and Hooping Cough	228	Measles	84	CASUALTIES.	
				Broken Limbs	3
				Bruised	1
				Burnt	15
				Drowned	106
				Excessive Drinking	8
				Executed *	24
				Found dead	4
				Fractured	1
				Frighted	1
				Killed by falls and several other accidents	49
				Killed themselves	25
				Murdered	2
				Overlaid	2
				Poisoned	3
				Scalded	2
				Smothered	1
				Starved	3
				Suffocated	6
			Chr.	Males 8929	
				Females 8579	
				In all	17508
			Bur.	Males 9821	
				Females 9528	
				In all	19347

CHRONOLOGY of the Most REMARKABLE EVENTS of 1787.

January 1, 1787.

A Large ox was shewn to his Majesty in the little park at Windsor, who ordered Mr. West to make a portrait of the animal.

2. The King of Prussia established in his dominions a court of honor to suppress the practice of duelling.

4. New Year's Day not celebrated at Court 'till this day.

9. Two ships sailed from Gravesend with the black people on board, intended to form a new settlement at Sierra Leona, on the coast of Africa.

10. The King of France convened a meeting of the *Notables*, for the purpose of reforming certain abuses, and regulating the finances of the Empire. A similar Convocation had not been held since the year 1626; the event of the meeting was at that period looked up to by the people with joy and reverence.

15. A Convention, explanatory of the late Commercial Treaty, signed at Paris by Mr. Eden and the French Plenipotentiary.

18. The Empress of Russia set out from Smolensko, on her journey to her new kingdom of Taurida, or the Crimea.

Feb. 20. Intelligence arrived from Paris of the death of Monsr. Le Comte de Vergennes, Minister of the Foreign Department in France. He had been in various offices in the state upwards of thirty years, during which time he effected great changes in the Government. He died in the 67th year of his age.

March 7. The King of Poland had an interview with her Imperial Majesty at Kiow.

17. The Parliament of Paris entered on their journals, the letters patent which abolish the Droits d'Aubaine, and by which all English subjects dying in France, are to be considered as natural-born subjects.

* There have been 113 executed, of which number 24 only have been reported to be buried as such within the Bills of Mortality.

21. Nine

21. Nine tranſport ſhips, with convicts on board, ſailed from Spithead, under convoy, for Botany Bay.

28. A motion in the Houſe of Commons for repealing the Corporation and Teſt Acts, negatived by 176 to 98.

31. The claims of the inhabitants of St. Euſtatia heard before the Privy Council, and determined in their favour againſt Lord Rodney and General Vaughan.

April 10. M. de Calonne, the Miniſter of the Finances of France, removed from his office.

A new Comet diſcovered between the Pleiades and the five ſtars at the head of Taurus.

20. A declaration in the Houſe of Commons to bring on a motion reſpecting the ſituation of the Prince of Wales; but a reconciliation taking place between his father and him within a few days, the motion was withdrawn.

25. The Royal aſſent given to the Commercial Treaty, and Conſolidation of the Cuſtoms Bill.

May 10. The Commons impeached Mr. Haſtings at the Bar of the Houſe of Lords.

19. A volcano in the moon diſcovered by Dr. Herſchell.

21. His Majeſty ſent a meſſage to both Houſes, reſpecting the debts of his Highneſs the Prince of Wales.

The firſt divorce brought before the Iriſh Houſe of Lords ſince they reaſſumed their judicial authority, was rejected unanimouſly, as tending to encourage breaches of conjugal fidelity.

22. Mr. Haſtings appeared at the Bar of the Houſe of Peers, and beſeeched their Lordſhips to admit him to bail, and give him time to be heard in his defence by counſel. He was accordingly admitted to bail in 40,000l. and his ſureties, who were Meſſrs. Sumner and Sullivan, in 10,000l. each; and their Lordſhips alſo agreed that he ſhould be heard by counſel at their bar.

23. The Empreſs of Ruſſia arrived at Cherſon.

24. His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, after an abſence of a conſiderable length of time, attended the Drawing-room at St. James's.

The Commons agreed to a loyal Addreſs to his Majeſty, and voted 161,000l. for the payment of his Royal Highneſs's debts, and 20,000l. on account of Carlton houſe.

The Hartwell Eaſt Indiaman loſt off the Iſland of Bona Viſta, the Captain and the greateſt part of the crew ſaved.

26. Their Majeſties honoured Mr. Whitbread with their preſence, and took a view of his extenſive brewery.

30. In the Court of King's Bench, Weſtminſter, Andrew Robinſon Bowes, Eſq. and others, were found guilty, fined and impriſoned, for having conſpired to aſſault and take into cuſtody Lady Strathmore, his lawful wife, at a period when her Ladyſhip had commenced a ſuit againſt him for a ſeparation and divorce.

June 1. Meſſ. Ternon and Columb arrived in London, deputed by the French Academy of Sciences, by order of the French Court, to viſit all the Hoſpitals in Great Britain

5. The celebrated Counteſs de la Motte eſcaped from her priſon in the Sal-Petriere, at Paris.

6. A proclamation iſſued for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and the ſuppreſſion of vice and immorality.

7. Dr. Herſchell diſcovered two Satellites belonging to the Georgium Sidus; the revolution of the firſt is about eight days, and that of the ſecond fourteen. Theſe moons appear like ſmall luminous ſpots on the diſks of the planets.

20. Mr. Palmer's theatre, in Well-Cloſe-ſquare, opened with the performance of As You Like It, with Miſs in her Teens.

21. Sir George Auguſtus Elliot arrived in town from Gibraltar.

July 5. The Theatre at Bury in Lancaſhire fell down, by which many perſons were killed, and dangerouſly wounded.

6. Accounts were received of the detention of the Princeſs of Orange, at Oudwater, in South Holland, on her way to the Hague, by a body of armed Burghers, inimical to the Stadtholderian party.

9. The niece of Alderman Boydell, accompanied by Mr. Nicol, Bookſeller in the Strand, was fired at by Mr Elliott, Surgeon, late of Carnaby-market: the piſtol was not loaded with ball, though the exploſion of the powder ſet fire to Miſs Boydell's handkerchief. Mr. Elliott on the trial proved to be inſane, and afterwards died in Newgate.

10. A Memorial preſented to the States of Holland by the Pruſſian Ambaſſador, demanding ſatisfaction for the inſult offered to the Princeſs of Orange, his Royal Maſter's ſiſter.

22. Her Imperial Majeſty arrived from Cherſon, at her Palace at Czarſkozelo, near Peterſburgh.

27. Deputies from the States of Brabant ſet out from Bruſſels to Vienna, to lay their grievances before the Emperor.

Auguſt 2. The Duke of York, after an abſence of ſeven years from England, arrived at the Caſtle of Windſor.

10. A new packet for the firſt time from Milford Haven to Waterford.

11. The Province of Nova Scotia erected into a Biſhop's See, and Dr. Charles Inglis appointed Biſhop thereof.

16. The Ruſſian Ambaſſador at Conſtantinople ſent priſoner to the Caſtle of Seven Towers.

The Parliament of Paris, for diſobedience, were, by the French King, baniſhed to Troyes.

22. The Turks declare war againſt Ruſſia.

September 4. Mr. Stone the maniac was taken into cuſtody for writing an extraordinary letter to his Majeſty, expreſſive of the very warm paſſion he had conceived for the Princeſs Royal. After an examination he was committed to Bedlam.

17. The Dutch mail brought intelligence, that the King of Pruſſia's troops, headed by the Duke of Brunſwick, had taken poſſeſſion of Utrecht, in Holland, and that the States of Holland had reſtored the Stadtholder to his juſt rights.

20. The Stadtholder made his public entry into the Hague.

21. Preſs warrants were iſſued from the Admiralty office, and ſent off by expreſs to every ſea port in England.

24. Twenty-three ſail of the line were put into commiſſion, and ſeventeen new Admirals appointed.

October 3. The uniform clothing of the Flag officers of his Majeſty's fleet ordered to be altered.

8. The Duke of Brunſwick, at the head of the Pruſſian troops, made himſelf maſter of the ſtrong holds of Amſterdam, and declined accepting any conditional ſurrender.

9. The States of Holland aſſembled on the 2d inſtant, and agreed to give the ſatisfaction required by the Duke of Brunſwick, rather than expoſe the city of Amſterdam to certain ruin.

11. The Pruſſians got entire poſſeſſion of Amſterdam.

13. A moſt remarkable aurora borealis.

The atmoſphere was ſo uncommonly red with the aurora borealis, that its appearance at intervals was truly terrific, and ſeemed like a dreadful and near fire.

16. The city of London came to the reſolution of giving an additional bounty to ſeamen; 40s. to able, and 20s. to every ordinary ſeamen, excluſive of government bounty.

27. Declaration and counter declaration ſigned at Paris between the Courts of Verſailles and St. James's, reſpecting diſcontinuing the armaments on both ſides.

29. Two meſſengers arrived from Ireland, with the intelligence of the death of the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Nov. 2. The Marquis of Buckingham was nominated by his Majeſty in Council Lord Lieutenant of Ireland;—the Hon. Doctor John Harley, Dean of Windſor, was appointed Biſhop of Hereford.

3. Doctor Robert Lowth, Lord Biſhop of London, died at his houſe at Fulham.

9, Doctor Beilby Porteous, Biſhop of Cheſter, was promoted to the See of London.

16. Doctor Douglas, Canon of St. Paul's, was promoted to the See of Carliſle.

19. The Grand Monarque of France met his Parliament at Paris—carried with him two edicts to be regiſtered, and gave permiſſion to the Members to deliver their ſentiments without reſtraint: a ſpirited debate on the ſubject of the edicts enſued: the King growing incenſed with thoſe Members who ſpoke againſt the regiſtering them, ordered them to be entered on the Journals; but the Duke of Orleans proteſting againſt it, ſo offended the high authority of his Majeſty, that he abruptly quitted the aſſembly, with a countenance which bore viſible marks of indignation. The following day the Duke of Orleans was, by the King's command, exiled to his ſeat at Ville Cotteretts; and L'Abbe Sabatier and another Member of the Parliament were ſent to priſon.

27. Both Houſes of Parliament met purſuant to prorogation, and the Duke of York took his ſeat in the Upper Houſe.

28. The London Gazette announced a victory gained by the Ruſſians over the Turks, at Kinburn; the latter were repulſed with the loſs of 4000 men killed and wounded.

Dec. 5. Parliament ratified the ſubſidiary treaty with the Landgrave of Heſſe Caſſel, for four years, and agreed to vote anually the ſum of 36,093l. 15s. The Landgrave in return is to furniſh Great Britain with 12,000 troops, whenever the occaſion is ſuch as to require their aſſiſtance.

6. Prince William Henry arrives at Cork from America.

7. Lord George Gordon was apprehended at Birmingham, where he had ſome time lived among the Jews, and had ſtrictly conformed to the doctrine of the Hebrew church. He was committed to Newgate, for a contempt of the Court of King's Bench, in which Court he had been found guilty of being concerned in the publication of a libel.

8. The Mars Eaſt Indiaman wrecked off Margate.

17. Sir Gilbert Elliot, in the Houſe of Commons, made his preparatory motions for the impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey, the late Chief Juſtice of India.

24. The Emperor writes to the Council of Brabant, in reſentment of their patriotic proceedings.